The Saturday Evening
POST
March 30, 1957 — 15¢

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The Yankees are Wondering: Is Larsen a One-Game Flash?

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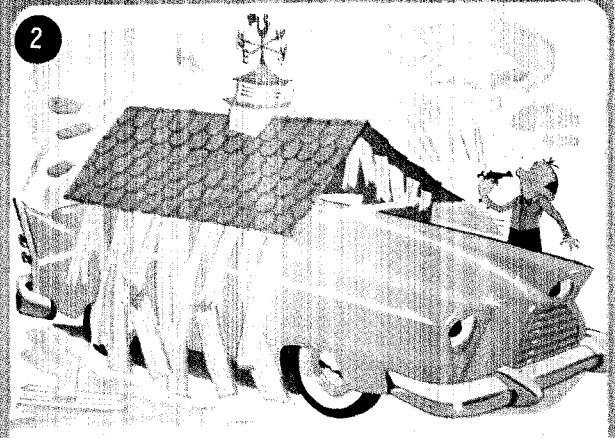
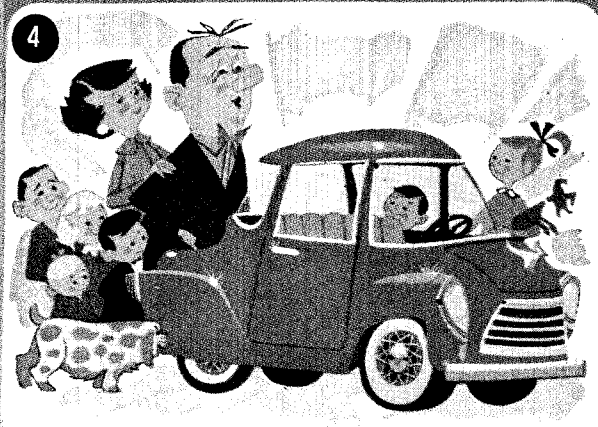
1 The Tale of the Man Who Bought A GAS HOG

Once upon a time, there was a man who bought a gas hog. That's what he called it. Actually it was a . . .

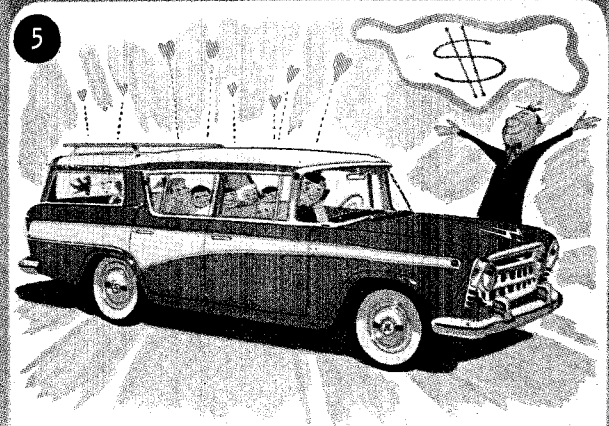


2 great, big, over-chromiumed rolling cabana called an automobile. It drank gas like a glutton. It wouldn't fit in the man's garage. It wouldn't fit in a parking space. Its engine was hard to service.

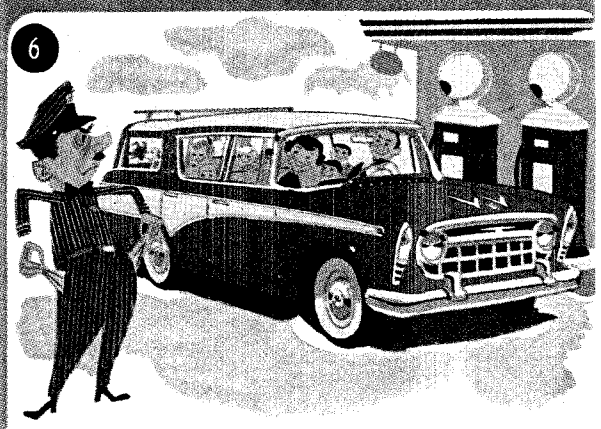
3 "Whoa," said the man. "How silly can I get? I'm blowing the whistle!" So he went shopping for a car that he could drive easy, park easy, and run on cupfuls, instead of carloads.



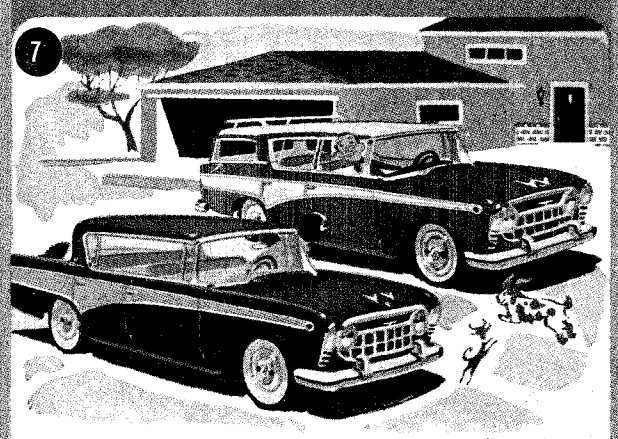
4 So he looked at one of those cute European cars that are easy on the gas. But the man had six children, two dogs, and a wife. They all couldn't get in. He loved his wife, and the dogs, and the children (sometimes), too.



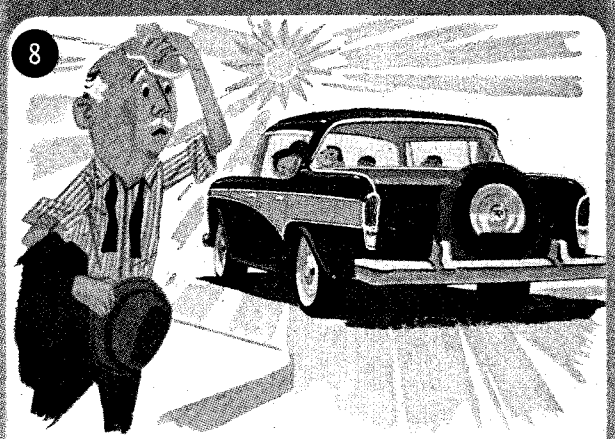
5 Then he found the only car with big car room inside, plus foreign car economy and handling. It was a Rambler 6, the car that holds the cross-country record of 32 miles a gallon with overdrive.



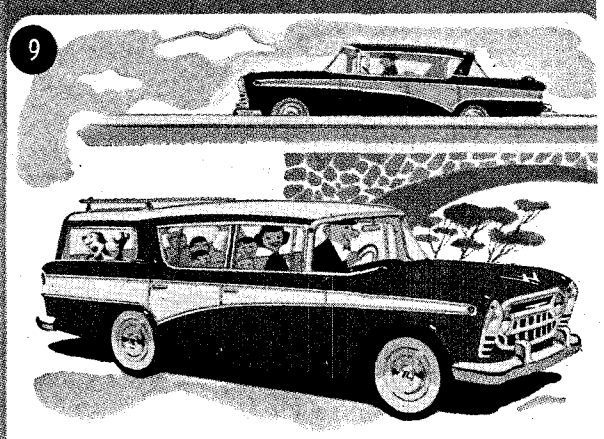
6 Now, when the man drove up to the gas station (which was seldom) his old friend the gas station manager sat down and cried. "You are ruining my business," he said. So the man smiled and smiled.



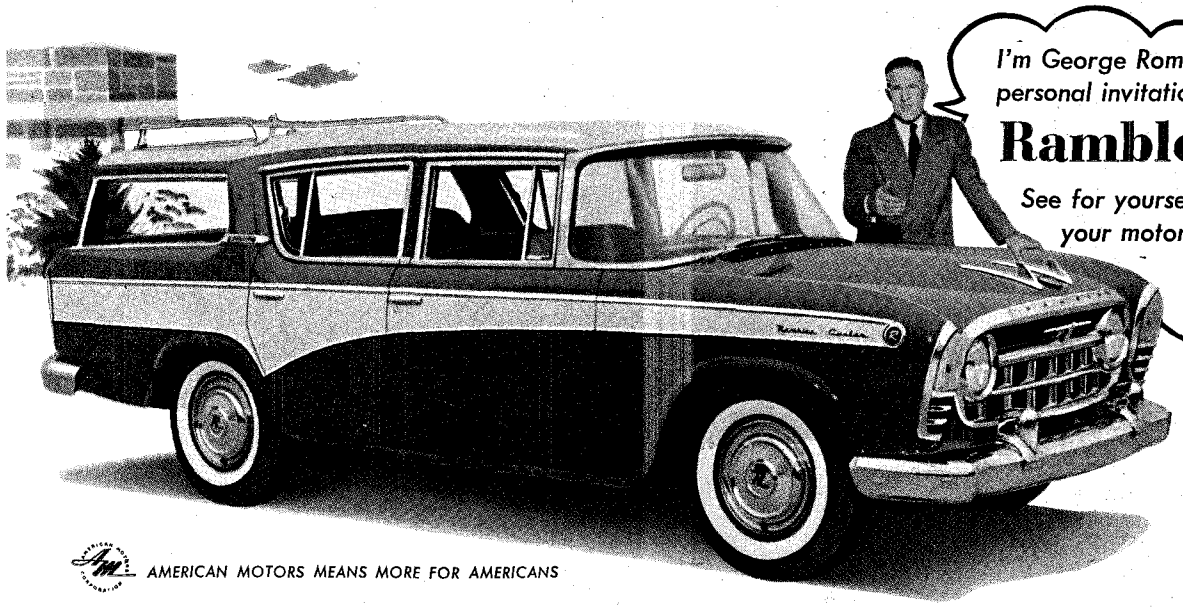
7 The man and his wife were saving so much money, they found they could afford a second Rambler—because two Ramblers would cost less than their old gas hog. So they bought a new Rambler V-8, too.



8 They got lowest-cost All-Season Air Conditioning that adds so much to resale value it may repay its cost when they trade. They got the comfort of coil springs on all four wheels, Reclining Seats, Twin Travel Beds.



9 If you're tired of feeding a gas hog, try Rambler. Get the car that has the highest resale value of all low-priced cars. And find out for yourself that Rambler's lots more fun to drive.



I'm George Romney, extending my personal invitation to you to road-test

Rambler 6 or V-8

See for yourself why this car will fit your motoring needs better than any car built today!

GEORGE ROMNEY
PRESIDENT, AMERICAN MOTORS

FREE! AUTHENTIC!
1957 CAR X-RAY!
COMPARES, APPRAISES
THE LOW-PRICED CARS.
IT CAN SAVE YOU HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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14250 Plymouth Road, Detroit 32, Michigan

Please mail free 1957 CAR X-RAY booklet to me.

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See Disneyland—Great TV for all the family over the ABC Network.

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The Picture of Health for April

by MAXINE DAVIS

In the early Spring my mother always did a big sales job trying to get the family to drink sassafras tea—and like it! When we squirmed and made faces, she'd tell us how much more tasty it was than that old-fashioned sulphur and molasses *her* mother forced down young and protesting gullets.

Our elders realized—as we do—that while the first sunny days give a happy lift to the spirits, winter sluggishness still persists.

Now, thank goodness, I don't have to stew the bark of a tree or struggle with a smelly mixture that may or may not be tonic. I have BEXEL Vitamins.

I give BEXEL to everybody in the house, from Gramp to the baby. Bexel vitamin-mineral capsules really do supply the nutritional elements that make the difference between feeling dragged down and ready to soar like the cardinals in our syringa bush.

We adults and half-growns take our BEXEL capsules gladly because we know what they do for us. The children like the bright little red ones, made especially for them, because they're like tiny Easter eggs—though sometimes they prefer their BEXEL in pleasant-tasting syrup. The baby burbles when she gets it in her formula. For all of us, BEXEL is a part of Spring.

With the bounce that BEXEL brings, you're looking forward eagerly to the Easter festivities.

The only cloud on the day of a party is remembering that as soon as it's the least bit warm you begin to perspire, especially under your arms.

You know that perspiration is a natural normal function. You guard your dresses daintily but nevertheless you fret because you know it's not—well—fragrant.

Actually, the odor doesn't come from the perspiration itself, as most people think, but from bacteria that flourish on it.

Well—I've investigated this problem, and find that the new YODORA is by far the best answer. YODORA is the newest idea in a deodorant. It's the only one compounded with an antibiotic (*pertexol*) which paralyzes those wretched bugs. It has a light cold cream base that soothes and heals any irritated surface, and a very delicate fresh evanescent scent that won't interfere with your new perfume. You can put it on, forget it until tomorrow, and have a wonderful time! The teen-agers help themselves to Mother's YODORA, and frequently.

With Easter holidays coming, they're likely to be more worried about their pimples and acne.

Personally I advocate a preventive program: the adolescent should begin to use UTOL as soon as she notices her first pimple spots and blemishes. For while we parents know there is no one treatment for acne we know too that UTOL not only helps the skin but also hides pimples, and therefore improves the youngster's state of mind, which is half the battle.

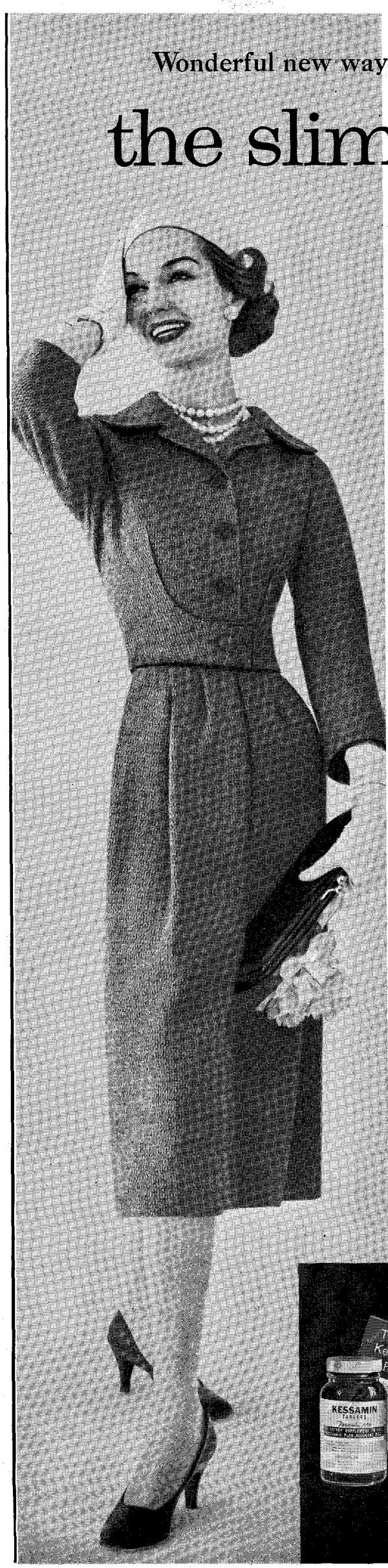
Suggest to your daughter that she smooth UTOL over her skin and put her make-up on over it. She'll be glowing at the Easter dances because she'll know her "spots" don't show! It's flesh-colored; your son can apply it without fear that anyone will notice it.

UTOL is an ointment, primarily antiseptic and antibiotic. It kills pimple germs, prevents new infections, relieves minor irritations and itching—and, that averts scratching which may cause permanent scars.

That's why they should also use UTOL routinely at bedtime. It's beneficent all around the clock.

April showers bring May flowers all right, but first they bring wet feet, houses and clothes that are too warm or not warm enough, rough irritated throats, and voices and tempers that are anything but joyful!

This is the time when I check on my supply of NEO-AQUA-DRIN lozenges. I keep a couple of tubesful in the medicine cabinet and one in my handbag, and offer them like blessings. Their antibiotic content (tyrothricin) guards against lurking secondary infection and their anti-pain action makes communication normal instead of a nightmare. I wouldn't be without them!



Wonderful new way to win—and keep

the slim figure of fashion

...the trim figure of health

McKesson offers a new Beauty Plan ...The Kessamin Plan...to help you lose 5 to 14 lbs., pleasantly, safely!

Have a new Beauty Figure for Spring—spend the Summer with a lovelier, slimmer you! Because here is a plan to help you reduce, safely, easily, pleasantly—and what's more, to keep your figure attractive and slender. It is called the Kessamin Plan for a "beauty figure."

The Kessamin Plan was compiled by a leading nutritional expert. It is safe for your health—and it really does work.

The Kessamin Plan helps you shed unwanted weight—without hunger pangs, without the nerves or fatigue that often go with losing weight—without any dangerous drug side-effects.

With the Kessamin Plan, healthful, enjoyable menus are supplemented with the almost magic formula Kessamin #14. These little tablets contain essential nutritional vitamins and iron to keep you feeling well, plus a neutral food additive that makes smaller food helpings seem quite enough. Thus, the Kessamin Plan helps you change over to better eating—painlessly—so you can easily prevent the return of excess weight.

It's guaranteed! Either you are pleased and happy with what the Kessamin Plan and Kessamin #14 do for you—either you win a new beauty figure—lose weight, and feel better—or your money back!

Ask your physician about reducing. Consult your druggist about the Kessamin Plan. Your druggist will tell you it is based on natural, normal, healthful processes. Your druggist will trust your confidence in wanting to lose weight. Along with your doctor, he is the man most concerned with your, and your family's health. As with other fine McKesson products, Kessamin is one more example of how McKesson "makes it better—so it's better for you."

• Watch the HOME Show with Arlene Francis.

KESSAMIN

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

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THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY required a special solvent for its chemically treated business forms. Shell Research supplied a solvent with the necessary qualities.

Now the "copy cat" comes cleaner

Now you can make copies without carbon paper. What's more, you can make *better* copies, without messy smudge.

The secret lies in colorless chemicals which react when you write. In developing this process, National Cash Register asked Shell to supply a solvent that could be used to give the paper an even coating of the chemicals. The solvent had to do this and vanish—leaving the paper clean and dry. Shell Engineers, working closely with NCR, helped solve the problem. Their answer: a "carrier" that disappears so completely that users think they're working with plain paper.

Development of new products is an important job at Shell Research. It's another reason why Shell maintains a leading position in the petroleum industry—and why you get better value when you buy products bearing the Shell name and trademark.

Leaders in Industry rely on Shell Industrial Products

SHELL

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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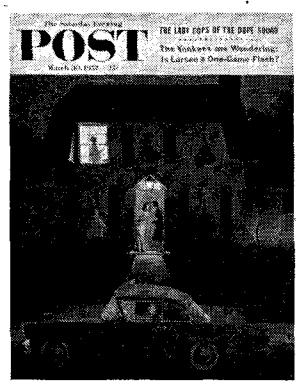

THE COVER

The ladies are talking about babies, budgets, bridge and skirt lengths, but not all at the same time. Meanwhile, the brisk spring temperature has gone into the house to get warm, and the furnace is mad at the thermostat. But are women the only gender which talks? When good fellows get together in a living room, do they ever fail to unfurl their tongues about business, baseball, business, politics and business? Yet fairly often men, the weaker sex, reach exhaustion first, like Mr. Knapp there in the car—and what's yon host doing in the bathroom, gargling his tonsils? This conversation piece is from the brush of George Hughes, who, though a gregarious fellow, has been known to gumshoe off to beddy-bye ere the last guest uttered the last sound on his bottom doorstep.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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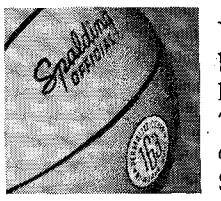
From Spalding...
a rubber-covered basketball that's practically kidproof!



You know the beating kids can hand a basketball. That's why Spalding's rugged new Sure-Shot Official makes such wonderful sense.

It's rubber-covered in a bright new orange-brown color for extra visibility, has a tough inside nylon winding to prevent soft spots.

And the Sure-Shot Official has deep channel seams for a better grip, is deep pebbled grained for fingertip control.

On the driveway, at the playground, in the gym—here's a basketball that can really take it and bounce back for more. Fully official in both size and weight, the Sure-Shot Official costs just $8.45.

Your sporting goods dealer offers a full line of Spalding basketball equipment at prices to suit every pocketbook. Like all Spalding merchandise, it's unconditionally guaranteed.

SPALDING sets the pace in sports

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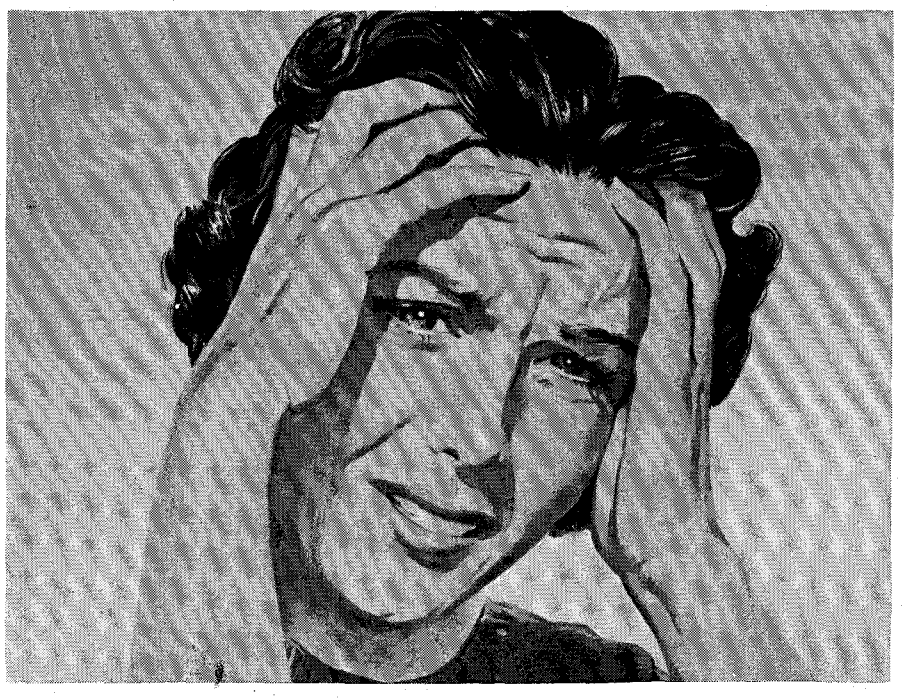
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES need ANACIN



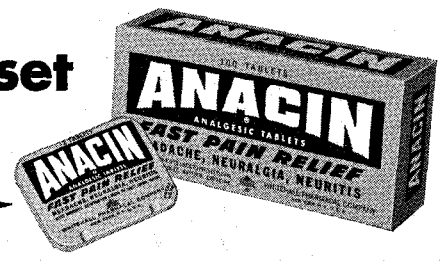
Why 3 out of 4 Doctors Recommend the Famous Ingredients of ANACIN

for Fast Fast Fast Pain Relief!

Tense, nervous headaches—so common today—need special pain relief. Here's why Anacin Tablets give you better *total* effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin—why a survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin® to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work *instantly*. Brings fast relief right to the *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one, but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients, each helping to increase the effectiveness of the others.
- **SAFER:** These tablets have a smoother action and simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also contains a special ingredient (*not* found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) which reduces nervous tension and anxiety—leaves you comfortably relaxed after your pain goes—thus giving you a better *total* effect in pain relief. Buy Anacin *today*.

Can not upset your stomach

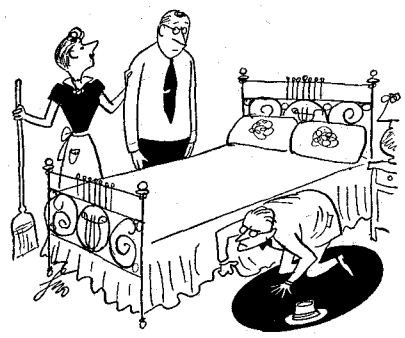


Letters

Who Wants $25,000?

Dear Sirs:

Aren't the candidates chosen for Mr. Howell's clients lucky? [MEN WANTED: $25,000 A YEAR, by Max Gunther, Feb. 23.] Their assiduous little wives either



did up the dishes immediately or had enough presence of mind to hide them from Mr. Howell's prying eyes.

Should my husband ever fail to become one of the "Ulcer Union" simply because I inadvertently left dishes stacked in the sink, I hereby vow to support him. . . .

Oh, Mr. Howell, don't forget to look under the beds for dust!

MRS. L. C. SHANNON
Mattoon, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Why condemn a man because his wife left the dishes in the sink—maybe he married a woman he can talk to instead of one of the original automatic dishwashers.

MRS. KATHARINE MCKNIGHT
Morristown, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Please inform Boyden Associates that I am the man they have been looking for to fill one of those $25,000 positions. My friends and acquaintances will attest that I always do and always have eaten my pie from crust to point.

R. MERRITT
Rome, N.Y.

Tribute to Perry

Dear Sirs:

I just read of the untimely death of Mr. George Sessions Perry, and . . . I would like to express to you my sorrow. The Post will not be the same without Mr. Perry's occasional article on every subject under the shining sun.

Every successful writer will remember him for his fine work, and every so-far-unsuccessful tyro will work just a little harder in an effort to live up to the inspiration Mr. Perry has been to us through the years.

R. BARTON LEFLER
Clinton, Okla.

Indispensable?

Dear Sirs:

Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr. (LETTERS, Feb. 23) advocates repeal of the 22nd Amendment, restricting the President to two terms. It is, he says, a constitutional "strait jacket" limiting the free choice of the electorate. So it is, and so it should be. . . . A basic function of law is not to carry out the will of the people, but to restrain their will long enough for them to have second thoughts. . . .

If his argument be accepted, perhaps we should also abolish the requirements that the President be natural-born and at least 35 years old, against the chance that these strictures might someday disqualify the indispensable savior.

GEORGE W. PRICE
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Representative Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr., feels that the 22nd Amendment, limiting a president to two terms . . . "excludes the one man who, in a time of war or serious crisis, might be most desperately needed." We would indeed be in desperate straits if, out of a nation of 170 million, there was only one man who could save us.

CHARLES A. TITUS
Mendham, N.J.

Marital Bliss

Dear Sirs:

Hannah Lees' advice in the February 16 issue on HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH INCOMPATIBLE was refreshing to read not only because it is reassuring to people who are happily married but don't know why, but also because she tells how to keep it that way. How unusual in this day of the sex statistic!

MRS. MILDRED J. KERR
Cupertino, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to shake Hannah Lees by the hand. . . . I sometimes feel that the word "incompatibility" is a scientific-sounding but feeble excuse for anyone too lazy to put forth a little effort in learning to get along with people.

If my husband and I were tested for likes and dislikes, and the other usual

things, there's a chance that UNIVAC would flip its levers. In more reflective moments, it seems to me that we each serve as a sort of counterbalance for the other, meeting the need or lack of one another.

MRS. DONALD MATUSZEWSKI
Rogers City, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

We . . . feel that . . . Hannah Lees deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame for her very clear insight into and analysis of matrimonial difficulties. . . .

As practicing lawyers . . . my son and I believe that . . . most lawyers much prefer the glow of satisfaction resulting from a reconciliation than the duty of obtaining divorces. . . . There are instances when divorce is the only possible or practical solution of domestic strife. But in the main, divorces could be avoided or at least minimized, if the

(Continued on Page 6)

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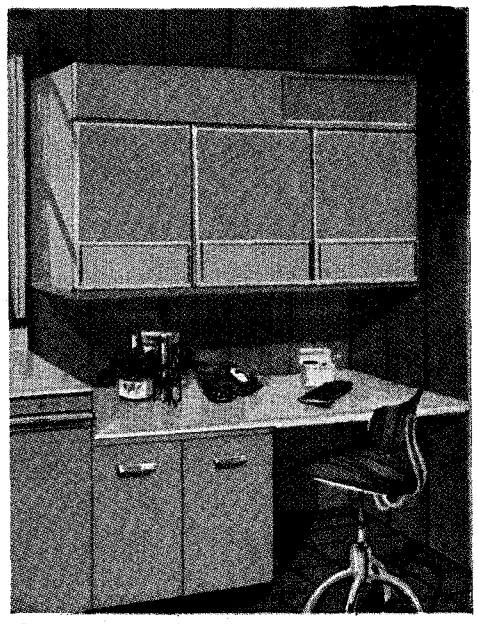
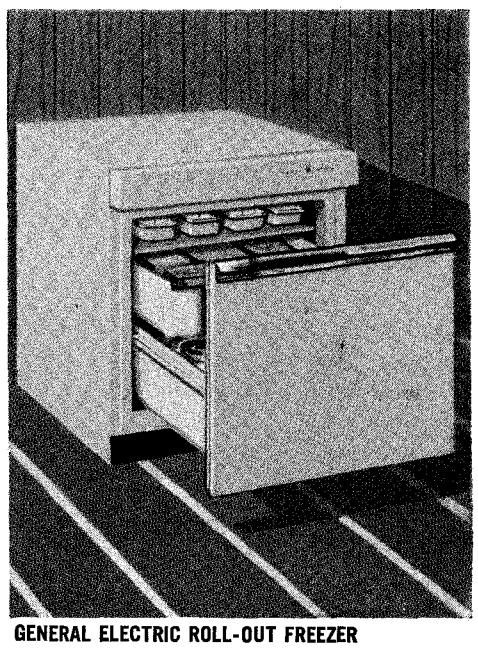
Newest idea in refrigeration

General Electric Refrigeration Center

Available in Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Woodtone Brown—or White

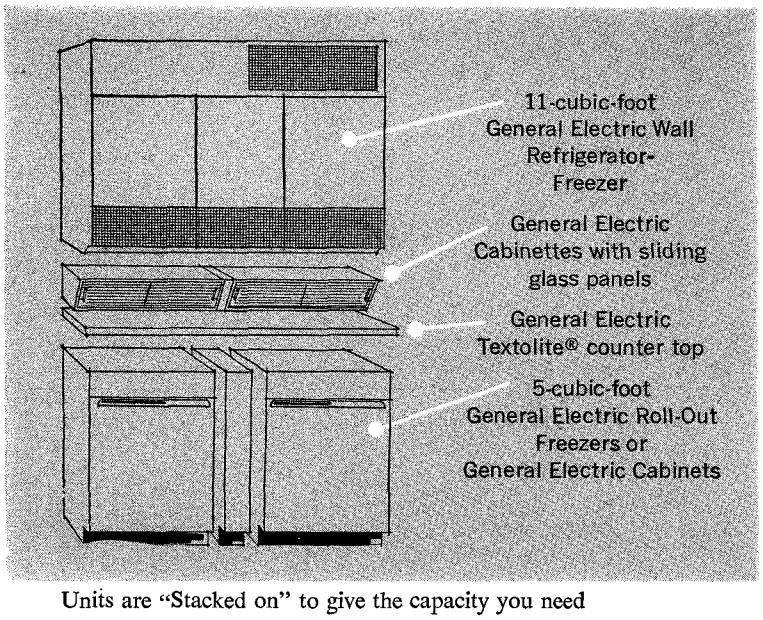


GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER



GENERAL ELECTRIC ROLL-OUT FREEZER

"Eye-level" General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer . . . plus two "Roll-Out" Freezers . . . put all foods within easy reach, and provide 21-cubic-foot capacity



Units are "Stacked on" to give the capacity you need

Basically, this Center combines two new exciting products: the luxurious, 11-cubic-foot Wall Refrigerator *above* the counter at your eye level . . . plus one (or two) 5-cubic-foot General Electric Roll-Out Freezers *below* the counter.

You can choose the capacity that fits your needs. For the large family, there's the 21-cubic-foot center, shown above, consisting of the Wall Refrigerator and *two* Roll-Out Freezers.

If you require less freezer space, you can choose the 16-cubic-foot center with *one* freezer under the counter. Or you can simply use the 11-cubic-foot Wall Refrigerator-Freezer that hangs on the wall like a cabinet.

You can install the entire unit as a dramatic and practical room divider . . . or you can place it against a wall. Your General Electric dealer will be glad to show you how easily and economically this can be done.

Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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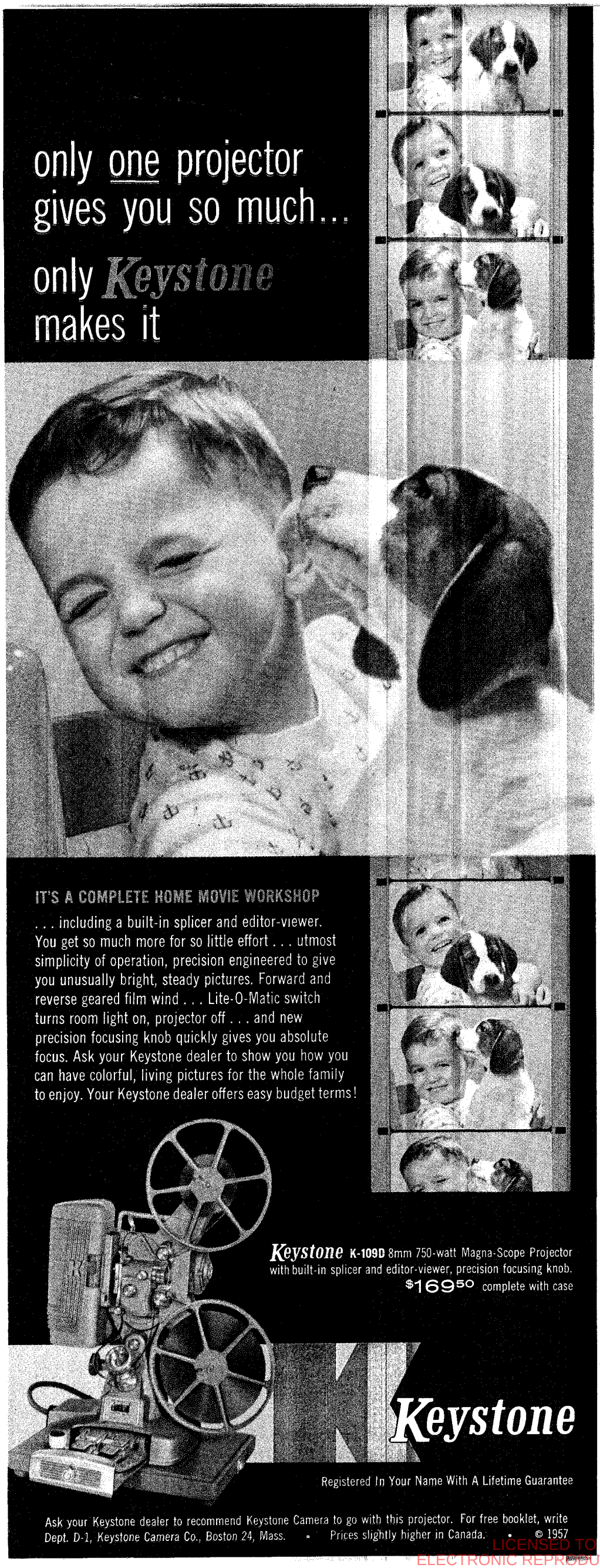
only one projector
gives you so much...
only Keystone
makes it
IT'S A COMPLETE HOME MOVIE WORKSHOP
. . . including a built-in splicer and editor-viewer. You get so much more for so little effort . . . utmost simplicity of operation, precision engineered to give you unusually bright, steady pictures. Forward and reverse geared film wind . . . Lite-O-Matic switch turns room light on, projector off . . . and new precision focusing knob quickly gives you absolute focus. Ask your Keystone dealer to show you how you can have colorful, living pictures for the whole family to enjoy. Your Keystone dealer offers easy budget terms!
Keystone K-109D 8mm 750-watt Magna-Scope Projector with built-in splicer and editor-viewer, precision focusing knob.
$169.50 complete with case
Keystone
Registered In Your Name With A Lifetime Guarantee
Ask your Keystone dealer to recommend Keystone Camera to go with this projector. For free booklet, write Dept. D-1, Keystone Camera Co., Boston 24, Mass. • Prices slightly higher in Canada. • © 1957

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

protagonists were to study and take to heart Miss Lees' excellent article.

ARTHUR E. SCHIFFERMAN
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Your article HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH INCOMPATIBLE should be read by everyone. It is not only applicable to marriage but to life itself! As I read it I thought so many times about my husband: "Yes, that's him; just the way he does." He also read the article, and now, when something fails to turn out as expected or we incline ourselves toward fussing, he says, "Well, I guess I'm just incompatible."

MRS. WILLIAM S. BROWNLEE
Borger, Texas

Man in Distress

Dear Sirs:

Hey, who left a ninth man standing alone at the buffet party on your February 23rd cover, Mr. Alajálov?

Undoubtedly many of us middle-aged widows have "counted noses" and, had we been present, he would have had the best seat in the house.

MRS. ELIZABETH M. KLEMM
Golden, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Census shows there are only eight women to nine men on Alajálov's cover; therefore I've come to this conclusion: The poor man standing in the doorway is the one who came without female companionship. A woman would have either prompted him to the buffet table or filled a plate for him along with her own while he sat holding the fort.

MRS. RAYMOND GOSSELIN
Methuen, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

On the cover you show a very bewildered man. Why doesn't he just sit down on the floor?

ROBERT A. BACHALO
Detroit, Mich.

Rich Man, Poor Man

Dear Sirs:

If I may be permitted to ask one question . . . [ROUGHING IT AT MIAMI BEACH, by John Kobler, Feb. 23.] Just where do these characters get the money to throw away so lavishly?

WALTER S. AYLSWORTH
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Ladies and gentlemen must have disappeared in the great democratic leveling of our society—although I would much prefer to believe they are still with us at all levels, quietly representing taste, discernment and good manners.

MRS. E. O. WILSON
Mountain View, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I have just returned from a trip around the perimeter of Florida and found it a beautiful, hospitable state, but Miami Beach is too extravagant even for an oil man.

GEORGE M. SHANOR
Vernon, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Last October we decided to "top" a two-week vacation in Florida by spending the last five days at the Fontainebleau. Since we might be referred to as average "white-collar" workers, we just wanted to say that it is not necessary to be a millionaire to enjoy the luxury of this fabulous hotel.

SHIRLEY J. SWISHER
DOROTHEA ARNER
ALICE R. WOODLING
Milton, Pa.

● *In off-season October a Fontainebleau room rents for approximately one third of the January-February rate.—ED.*

Horse Opera

Dear Sirs:

As a native of the West (West Virginia, that is) I want to congratulate Donald Hamilton (AMBUSH AT BLANCO CANYON, Feb. 2–Feb. 23) for writing the perfect "Western."

J. FRANKLIN GREENLEE
Charleston, W.Va.

Dear Sirs:

I consider Donald Hamilton the best of our contemporary crop of writers. . . . His vignette of the ranch boss is true to life. He could ride any horse . . . and lick any man he ever met, but he had to go around bullying, insulting and beating up every tenderfoot to prove . . . what a whale of a man he was.

W. R. KAUFMAN
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Why did Hamilton have to name the villain Leech? Or if he must name him Leech, why couldn't he have spelled it Leitch, Leache or at least Leach?

DON R. LEECH
Emmett, Idaho

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
19–Ollie Atkins. • 20, 21–Joern Gerdts. • 22, 23–Earl Mayan. • 24–Robert Meyers. • 25–United Press. • 26–Two by Blackie; U. S. Marine Corps. • 27–Blackie, two from U. S. Marine Corps. • 28, 29–Douglass Crockwell. • 30–Bill Shrout, Larry Fried. • 31–Lynn Buckham. • 32, 33–Art Riley. • 34, 35–James Bingham. 36–Harry Saltzman. • 37–Two from Phila. Evening Bulletin; two by Harry Saltzman. 38, 39–Noel Sickles. • 43–Fred Otnes. • 62–Ollie Atkins. • 84–United Press. 112–Three anonymous; Bill Shrout.

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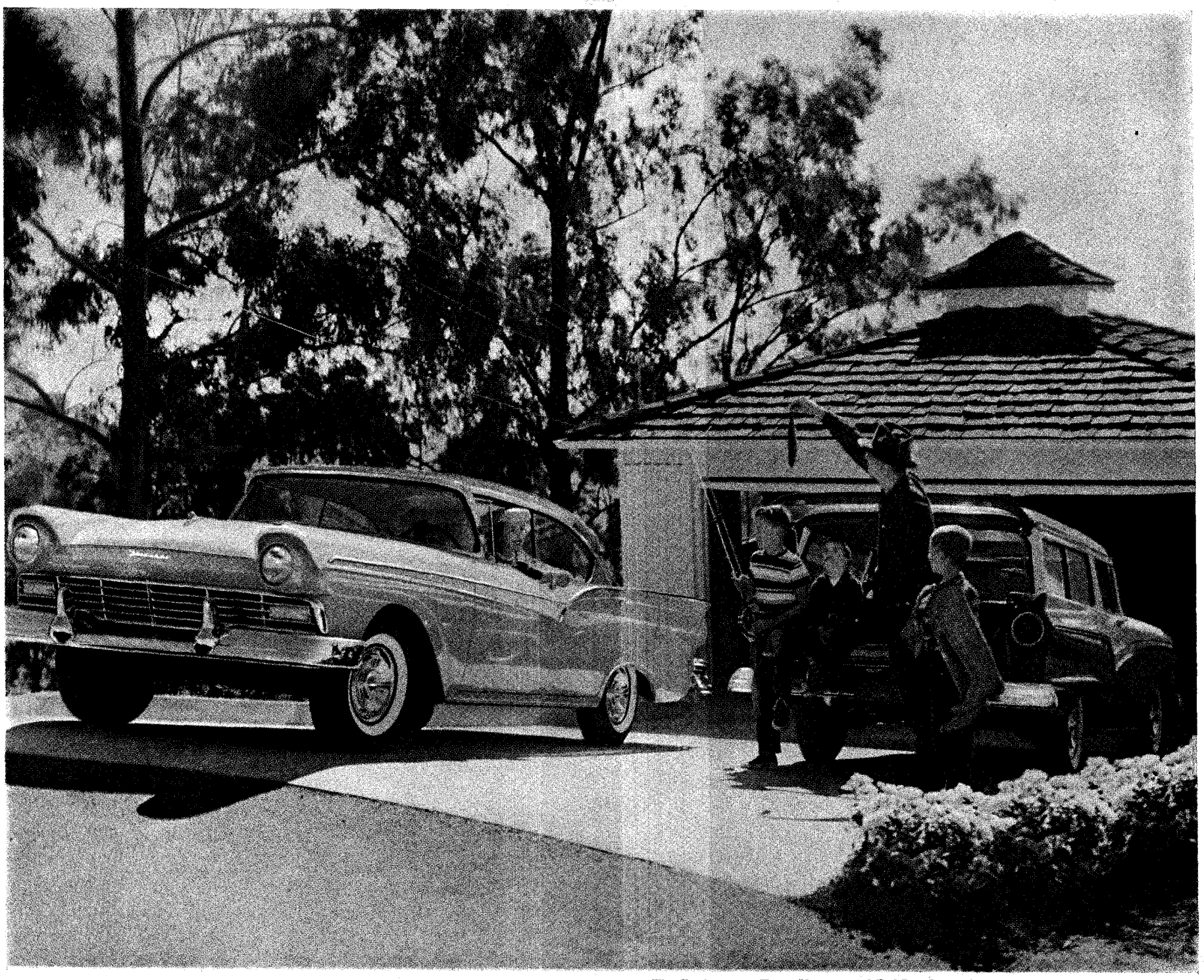


The Fairlane 500 Town Victoria and Del Rio Ranch Wagon make a beautiful combination.

Set your family 2-Ford free

Over 300,000 American families find it entirely practical and wonderfully convenient to own 2 Fords.

So will you.

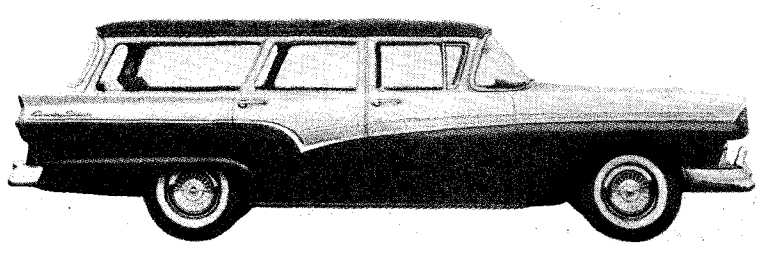
Suppose the men of the family decide to stir up the local fishponds. Naturally they'll take the new Ford Station Wagon. It's got room for up to 9 sportsmen . . . Thunderbird punch in the engine room. And for trail riding, you can't beat the solid comfort of the new "Inner Ford."

While the male portion of the tribe heads off into the brush, no need for mother to linger on the reservation. She's free as the breeze to come and go as she pleases.

She looks and feels as young as the fresh new lines of her *new kind* of Ford. She finds its thoroughbred handling and spirited response were made to her personal measure for traffic threading or highway cruising.

Wonderful freedom, wonderful convenience, you agree. But what about the price? That's the cheeriest news yet. You can own *two* fine Fords for the price of *one* "fine" car!

Ask to Action Test the new kind of



FORD

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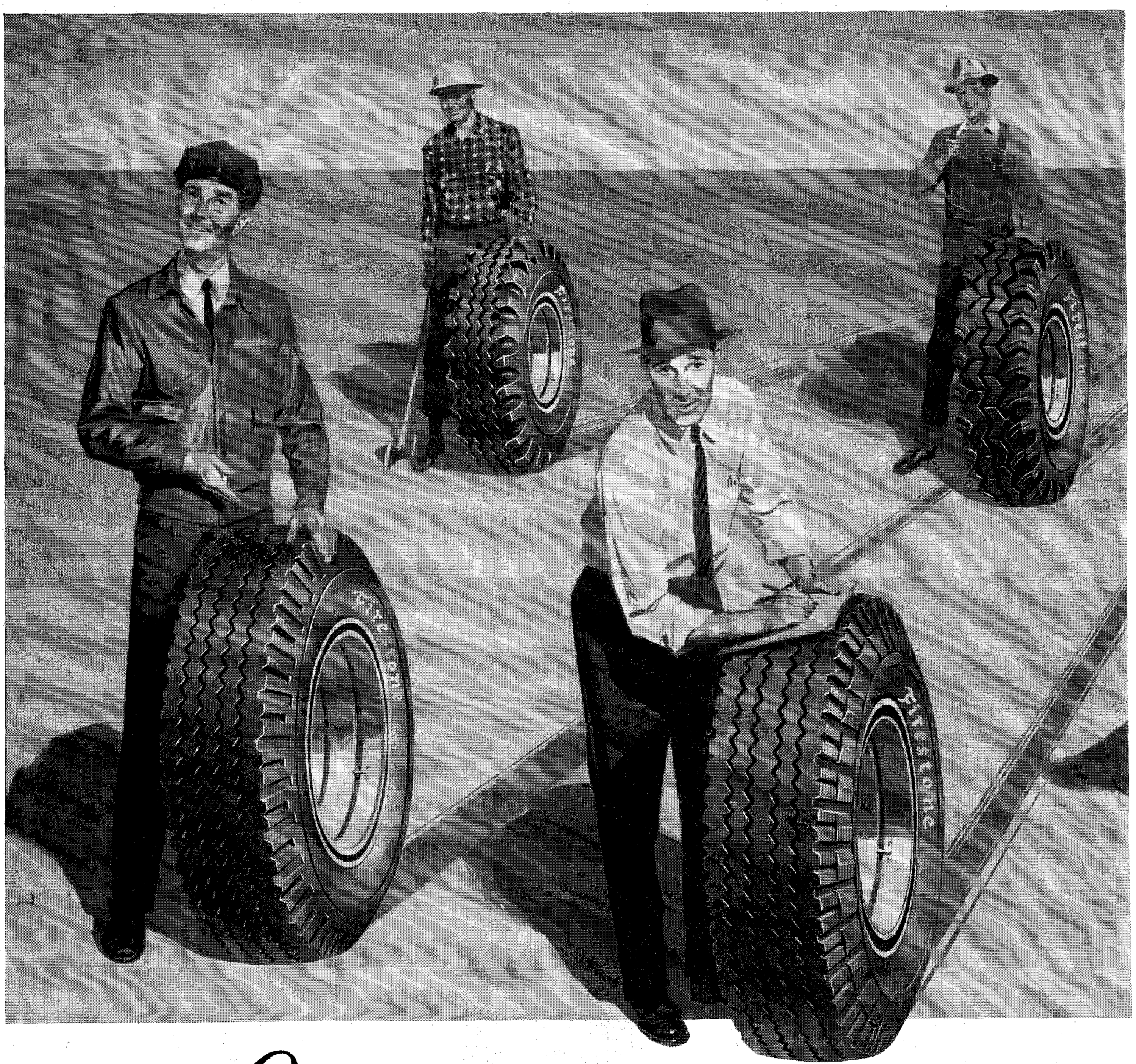

Owner experience proves

. . . you can't buy a truck tire that

Independent truck and fleet records (covering over 36 billion miles per year) show Firestone Truck Tires outwear all others —and cost least per mile of service!

Whether you buy truck tires two at a time, or two hundred at a time, you can't avoid paying for them by the mile. It's the final mileage that determines your true tire cost. That's why people who keep tire mileage records prefer Firestone Truck Tires.

Carefully kept fleet records prove that Firestone Truck Tires consistently deliver the lowest cost-per-mile operation of any truck tire made. Firestone tires keep rolling for thousands of miles after ordinary tires have failed. They outwear ordinary tires because Firestone casings and Firestone treads are made to meet more than just the ordinary specifications.

Copyright 1957, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

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ront row, left to right: Heavy Duty Transport, Super Transport, Transport®, Super Mileage Lug. Back row, left to right: All Traction® Logger, Super All Traction, Rock Grip Excavator®, Rib Excavator.

costs less per mile than Firestone

irestone Truck Tires are made with Safety-Tensioned *Gum-Dipped*® cords. his powerful, built-in armor gives the tire body a greatly increased sistance to impacts—a quality that pays off when the time comes for treading. Firestone tread rubbers are custom-developed for maximum rability. The treads themselves deliver an average of 35% more non-skid ileage. Husky shoulders help resist scuffing, cupping and uneven wear-g. Firestone truck tires are 60% stronger—no wonder they last longer.

he next time you buy new tires or a new truck—remember! You can't ıy a truck tire that costs less per mile than Firestone!

ıjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC.

See America's first choice truck tires at your Firestone Dealer or Store.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

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Editorials

It Took Diplomacy to Ease the Suez Crisis

The confusion created by the Anglo-French-Israeli attack on Egypt and our efforts to deal with it is bringing about an "agonizing reappraisal" of American foreign policy and our relationship with the United Nations.

The failure to impose sanctions on Israel, despite the obvious fact that the invasion of Egypt was an aggression, makes it apparent that United Nations penalties are out of the question when political conditions are unfavorable. As usual in such circumstances, we were back to the "old diplomacy" and the smoke-filled room. In the meantime, India refuses to leave Kashmir, and nobody even suggests the remote possibility of pushing Soviet troops out of Hungary.

Although it is gratifying that a possible war has apparently been avoided, some of the implications from the way this was accomplished deserve study. Because of a change in United Nations procedure the Assembly, rather than the Council, has undertaken to make U.N. decisions. Lord Cherwell in a speech in the House of Lords reminded his hearers that the U.N. Assembly—the body which passed the resolution of November 24, 1956, ordering withdrawal of the invading forces—consists of some eighty nations whose population varies from the small communities of Iceland or Panama to the gigantic agglomerations of Soviet Russia or the United States. "Yet in the Assembly," said Lord Cherwell, ". . . each has an equal vote. Thus barely five per cent of the world's population can carry the day against the other ninety-five per cent."

The framers of the United Nations Charter at San Francisco twelve years ago were careful to place responsibility for sanctions in the hands of the Security Council, which was to be firmly under the control of the "great powers," each protected by the veto. The repeated frivolous use of the veto power by the Soviet Union accounts for the so-called United for Peace resolution of 1950, empowering the Assembly to make "recommendations" for the solution of a crisis by a two-thirds vote.

Acceptance of recommendations by the U.N. Assembly as if they had legal authority could commit the United States to actions contrary to our national interest. Understanding of this danger was obscured by the emotionalism set off by the effort to impose sanctions on Israel; but the result paved the way for clearer understanding.

As to the United Nations, what remains? Abolition of the Council's veto power? There are arguments for that, but would the powers, including the U.S.A., accept it? An international army? This sounds plausible, but the efforts of any international army powerful enough to cope with one of the great powers would differ little from war.

The real need is to maintain our freedom to negotiate these problems in the arena of practical power politics, rather than to rely on resolutions of the U.N. Assembly. And that is pretty much what has been happening.

Some People are Still Unhappy About That No-Third-Term Rule

The President's forthright statement that he will not run again, even if the 22nd, or Two-Term, Amendment is repealed, ought to take the question out of the realm of personalities. If it is debated as a principle or a policy, it is hard to see how repeal could be justified.

There is a disposition to refer to it as a decision taken in haste which we should repent at leisure. Yet no other change in the Constitution had longer consideration before it was ratified. Nearly four years elapsed between its first submission to the states on March 24, 1947, and its final adoption on February 26, 1951. Only the 11th Amendment, limiting the power of the judiciary in 1798, and the 16th, authorizing the income tax in 1913, were considered for more than three years.

Under the circumstances, to refer to it, as Democrats have done, as if it were an envious shaft aimed at the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt, carries little conviction. By breaking the two-term tradition, he offered the nation a chance to judge of its wisdom, and the considered verdict went against indefinite stays in the White House.

Another argument in favor of repeal contends that "the people" should not be limited in their choice of a Chief Executive in any dire emergency the future may hold. Yet "the people" have always been denied by their own Constitution the right to elect any person who is not thirty-five years of age and a natural-born citizen. The 22nd Amendment only expands the recognized principle of qualification.

Those Presidents who set the two-term tradition—Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—all relinquished office in times as troubled as any we have ever known. The period between 1796 and 1824, when this country was small and weak, saw the last upheavals of the French Revolution, the Napoleonic era and the post-Waterloo intervention in Spain which threatened the freedom of Spanish America. It saw a war with England and an undeclared war with France. The fate of the United States was in the same balance with the fate of Europe, and we were far less able to protect our interests. Yet no leader attempted to establish the tradition of one indispensable American.

Of almost equal importance to the health of the nation is the health of the party system on which our method of government depends. With a two-term limit, both parties are delivered from the overshadowing influence of a self-perpetuating leadership. It almost guarantees the development of younger, able and independent statesmen who otherwise might wither on the vine.

Hungary Was an Extra Emergency for the Red Cross

Although there was considerable disappointment among those who had hoped that the United States would intervene in the Hungarian revolt, there has been only praise for what this country has done for the relief and rehabilitation of Hungarians who managed to escape. In Austria, the immediate destination of most of the refugees, the American Red Cross had four of the twenty-six Red Cross "teams" from various countries which were on hand to take care of the primary needs of these distressed people. American Red Cross volunteers accompanied the refugees on ships across the Atlantic, and more than 1000 Red Cross workers were on hand at Camp Kilmer, the reception center for Hungarians arriving in the United States.

At Camp Kilmer the work of coordinating the efforts of the scores of volunteer committees and relief agencies, including the Red Cross, was in the hands of the President's Committee for Hungarian Refugee Relief. This committee, whose membership was recruited from the ranks of top business executives, applied their experience in efficient management to the early confusion at Camp Kilmer. The result was an outstanding job which began with the immediate housing and feeding of more than 24,000 refugees and will continue until homes and jobs can be found for them. Local governors' committees, mayors' committees, Red Cross home-service workers, and, of course, Hungarian groups throughout the country have had an important part in this follow-up operation.

Of course, all this has cost money. The Red Cross alone contributed more than $4,000,000 to support the Red Cross programs of many countries in Austria, and $923,000 for relief work at Camp Kilmer. This, as Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, president of the American Red Cross, expressed it, "is proof that men of good will from vastly different nations can work together to alleviate human suffering and want when they are concerned with the welfare of their fellow men."

It is upon this principle that the Red Cross must rely for support of its multifarious activities—all the way from relief of flood and fire victims to home service for the families of men in the armed services. The 1957 campaign for $95,000,000 which has been in progress throughout this month represents a record Red Cross budget. It is $10,000,000 more than was raised in 1956 and is made necessary by the unusual concentration of disasters last year which had to be met from the Red Cross treasury. The expectation is that the American people will come through again as they have done in the past.

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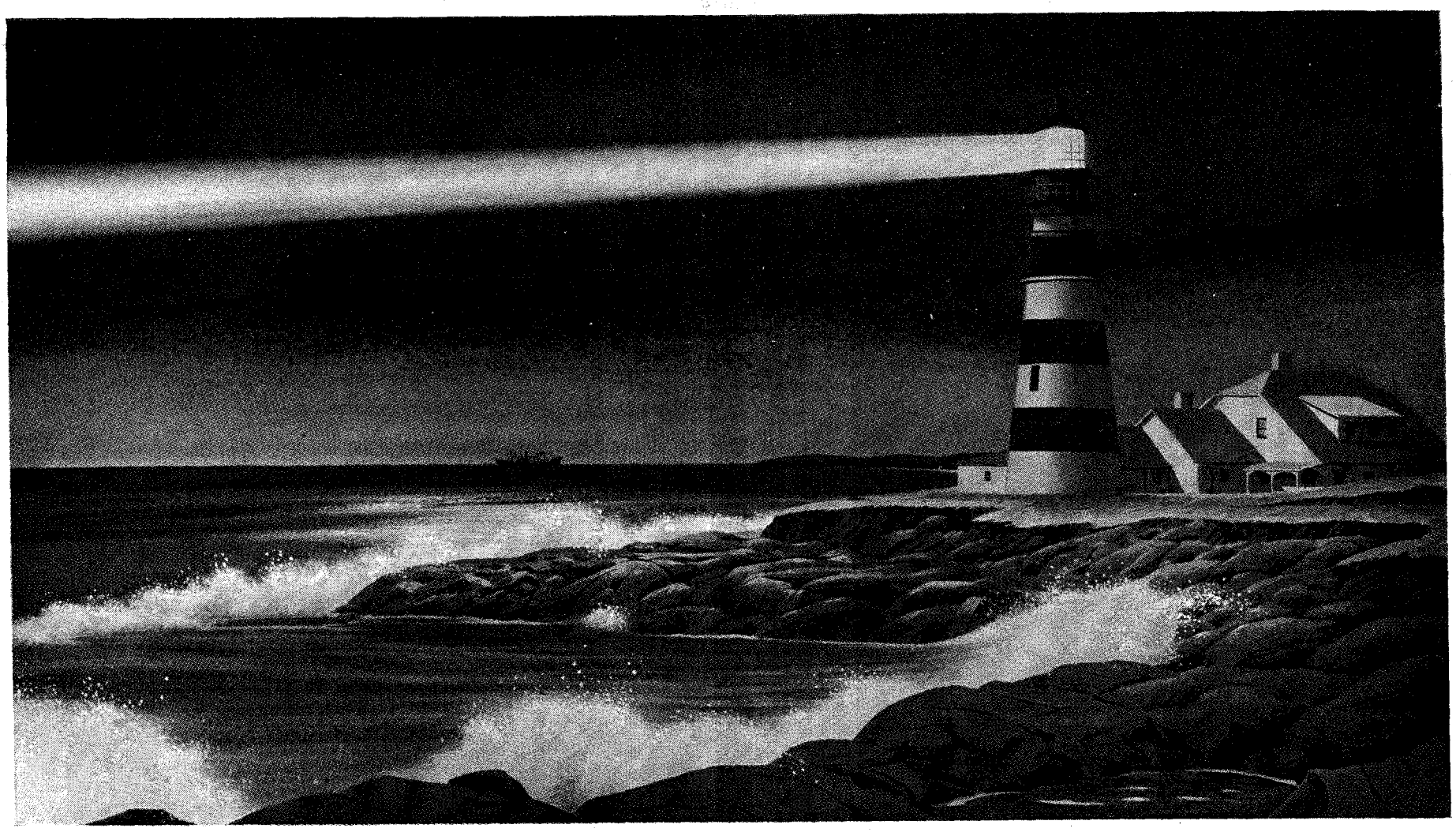

Charting a safer course against CANCER...

Just as the pilots of ships are helped to chart safer courses by heeding signals, so, too, have many people been made safe by recognizing warning signals of possible cancer and taking proper action. In fact, thousands of people are alive and well today because they knew cancer's warning signs and were treated in time.

According to the American Cancer Society, it is estimated that there are about 800,000 persons living in America who were saved from cancer. So, for your own protection, you should know the seven danger signals which may mean cancer. They are listed here for you.

Remember, however, that these signals do *not* always indicate cancer. Rather, they may just be signs that something is wrong—and that you should see your doctor promptly. By seeing him, you can avoid needless worry, if the symptoms turn out to be those of some easily corrected condition. However, if cancer is found, precious time will be gained by starting treatment immediately.

Even if no symptoms occur, it is important to have periodic health examinations, particularly if you are 35 years of age or older. Studies show that about 95 percent of all cancers are found in people over 35.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

Through health examinations, many cancers are discovered before symptoms develop. If the disease is detected early, chances for cure or control are generally greatly increased. For example, at least 95 percent of the cases of skin cancer could be saved if diagnosed early and properly treated.

If people would act promptly when a danger signal is noticed . . . if apparently well people would have their doctors examine them regularly . . . the American Cancer Society believes that the annual number of cancer cases saved from death could be *increased 50%* with weapons now at hand.

These facts point up the vital importance of early detection and treatment. Surgery, X-rays and other forms of radiation offer the best assurance of cure. Remember, however, that there is no "sure-cure" for cancer . . . despite some claims that are made.

Medical science is now pushing a total attack against cancer . . . and progress is being made in both cancer diagnosis and treatment. Indeed, there is good reason to hope that in time doctors will learn how and why cancer starts; how it grows; and how to prevent or stop it with specific drugs or chemicals. There is even hope that ways may be found to build up immunity to cancer.

Meantime, you have a responsibility to yourself and others to:

1. Have periodic health examinations
2. Know cancer's early danger signals
3. Get prompt medical care at once if any danger signal appears.

For more information on cancer, send for Metropolitan's free booklet.

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet *"What You Should Know About Cancer,"* 3-57-E.

Name_____

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See what happens when a newspaper man *(who lives in a world of guys and dolls)* falls for a fashion designer *(who lives in a world of gowns and glamor)* ... It's merely the most riotous *(and romantic)* comedy idea of the year!

M-G-M presents

GREGORY PECK
LAUREN BACALL in
DESIGNING WOMAN
co-starring DOLORES GRAY

Written by GEORGE WELLS, Associate Producer • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by DORE SCHARY • An M-G-M Picture

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The inside story of Wheeling Steel Pipe

Ever look through a Wheeling Steel Pipe as we're doing here? If so, you'll probably notice how uniformly round, smooth and clean it is.

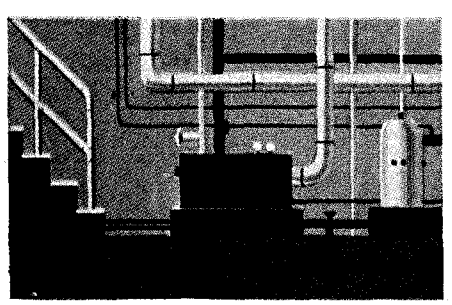
That's important to the users of pipe because it means no trouble. Long life.

What you can't see, though, is the fine care we take to make sure all Wheeling Steel Pipe is true, uniform, workable . . . and readily available through your distributor.

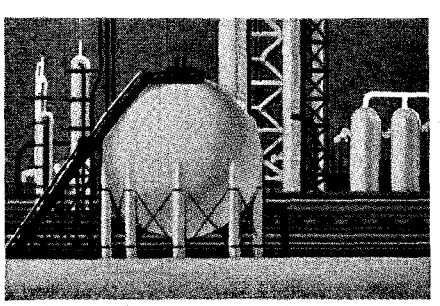
But that's as it should be. For here in Wheeling the world's first steel pipe was born. And more new ideas are taking form almost every day.

And because Wheeling has close control over raw materials, melting, rolling and finishing operations, we are ever strengthening from within . . . striving for still greater efficiency in plant operation and quality production.

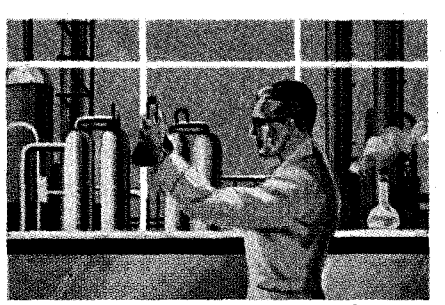
We've come a long way in our 105 years. And we're counting on growing still more. *Bigger? Sure. But more important...better.* Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, West Virginia.



For strong railings and water, gas and steam lines in leading buildings . . .



for lasting, dependable supply and producing lines in all phases of the oil industry...



for the vital arteries in chemical plants... it's Wheeling Continuous Weld Steel Pipe.

WHEELING STEEL

IT'S WHEELING STEEL

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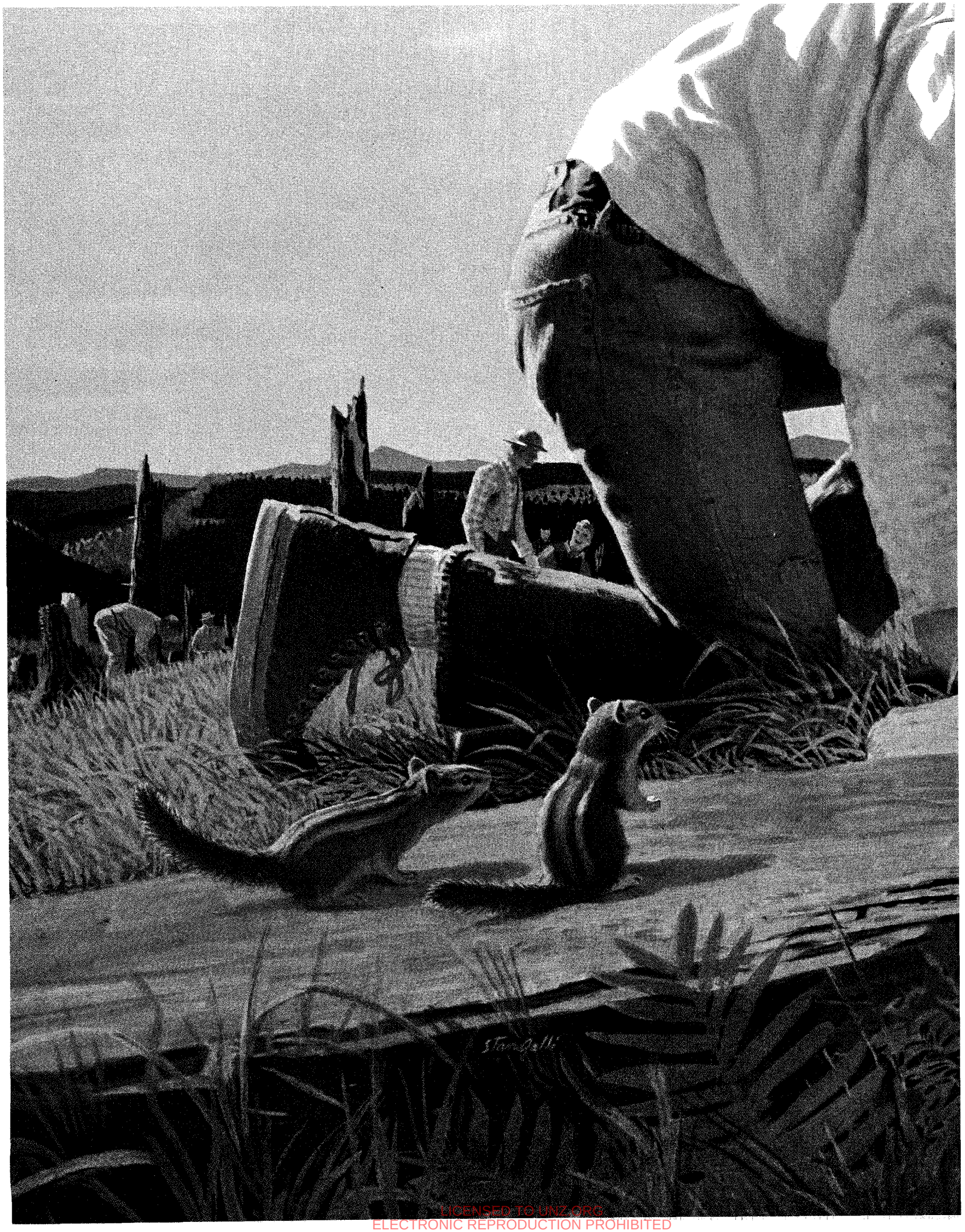

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helping nature reforest the land to produce more wood for tomorrow...

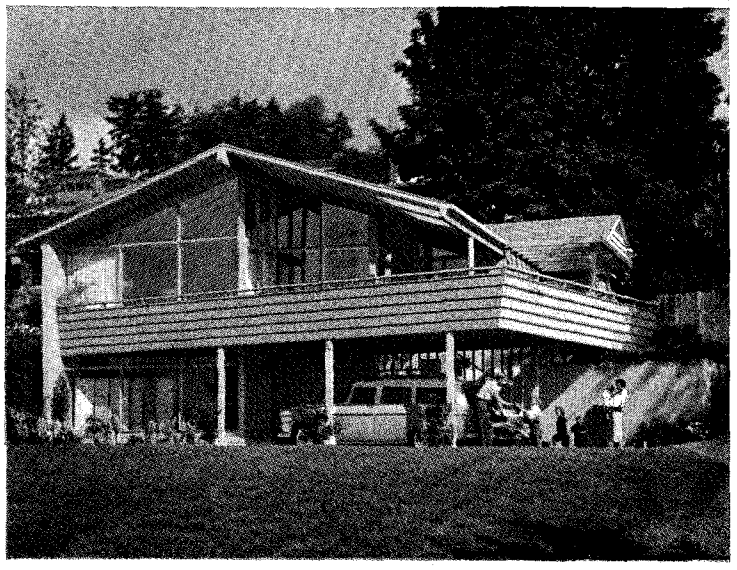
It is the forestry policy of this company to properly manage its tree-growing lands so that they will be productive...*forever.* On these timberlands, trees are being grown in repeated crops under scientific forest management practices that provide for prompt reforestation of all harvested areas.

By careful planning of mature-tree seed sources, about 85 per cent of all harvested lands are restocked by nature. In areas where the seed crop has failed, new trees are being established by artificial methods such as hand planting and aerial seeding.

To date, approximately 33 million seedlings have been planted on 50,000 acres. An additional 50,000 acres have been seeded by helicopter or treated for rodent and brush control to facilitate new tree growth. In 1956, we collected and extracted seed from 43,000 bushels of cones and began growing about 10 million new seedlings in forest nurseries for future planting.

By such intensive restocking programs, based on good forestry, our tree farms can supply present and future generations with a continuous flow of wood...for use in the form of lumber, plywood, pulp and other forest products. *Write to us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for an informative free booklet, Promise of the Trees.*

Western red cedar's warmth and natural beauty are used to advantage in the modern home at right. This lumber species is available under the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square trademark of fine quality.



Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making wood serve America better through good forest management

WEYERHAEUSER

4-SQUARE

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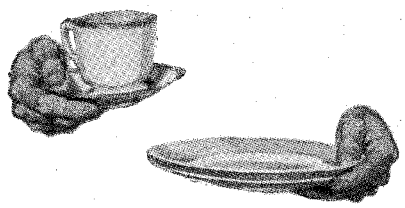
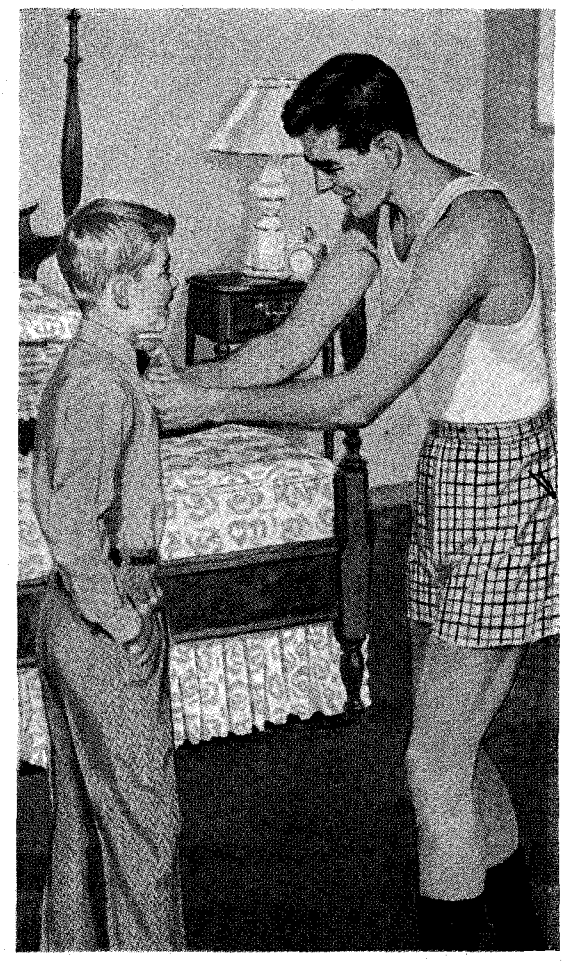
When people look at you, just what do they see?

They see your face



and your hands-

The other 90%
of what they see
is what you wear



Morning, noon and night
at work-at home-at play

Dress Right - you

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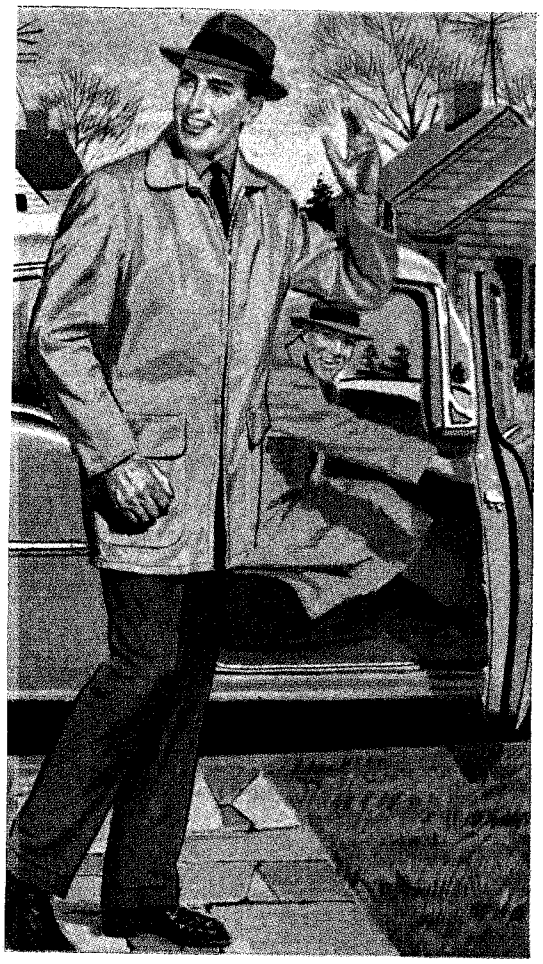
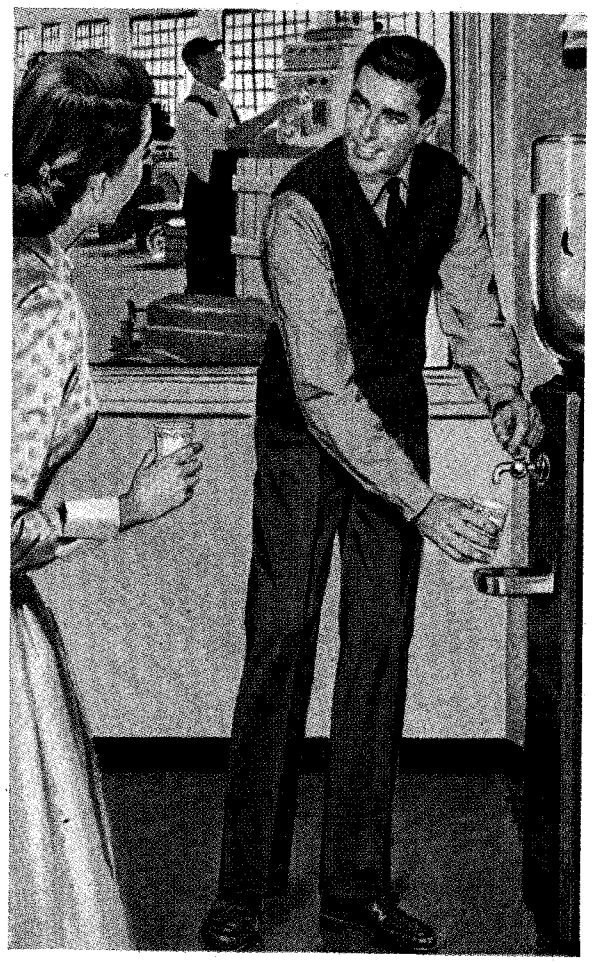
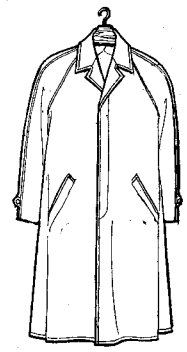


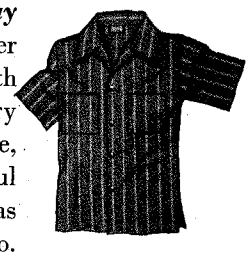


How to **Dress Right** around the clock

Wake up to the fact that what you wear —from your hat to your heels—tells the world about you. The better you dress, the better you *feel*, the better you *do.* You're a happier guy, a more successful man. So take a good look at the way you look . . . other people do!



Start the day right. *Be comfortable and neat . . . with socks that don't sag . . . with a shirt that's crisp and clean . . . a tie that's spotlessly fresh . . . shoes that aren't worn down at the heels. Dressing right means* looking *right, whatever the occasion, all through the day. Even in the rain. Even in your own back yard. Even in pajamas or underwear (your wife deserves a break, too, doesn't she!).*



Go through the day bright. A man's never too old to be bold! With a suit of solid color, try a colored shirt — stripe, check or solid. Colorful sport shirts are fun, as well as fashionable, too. With a sport jacket and slacks, how about a boldly colored knit or cotton tie or a sweater and bright socks? Choose the shades that look best on you. If you want some helpful suggestions, go to any men's or department store that displays the Dress Right symbol.

Every minute of every hour of every day, what you wear makes such a difference, such a *telling* difference. When was the last time someone complimented you on the way you looked? Your wife, your boss, your girl? Dressing Right takes so little extra time, so little extra effort, so little extra money — and the extra confidence you get is worth a fortune to you!

remember-your clothes never stop talking about you

can't afford not to!

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear

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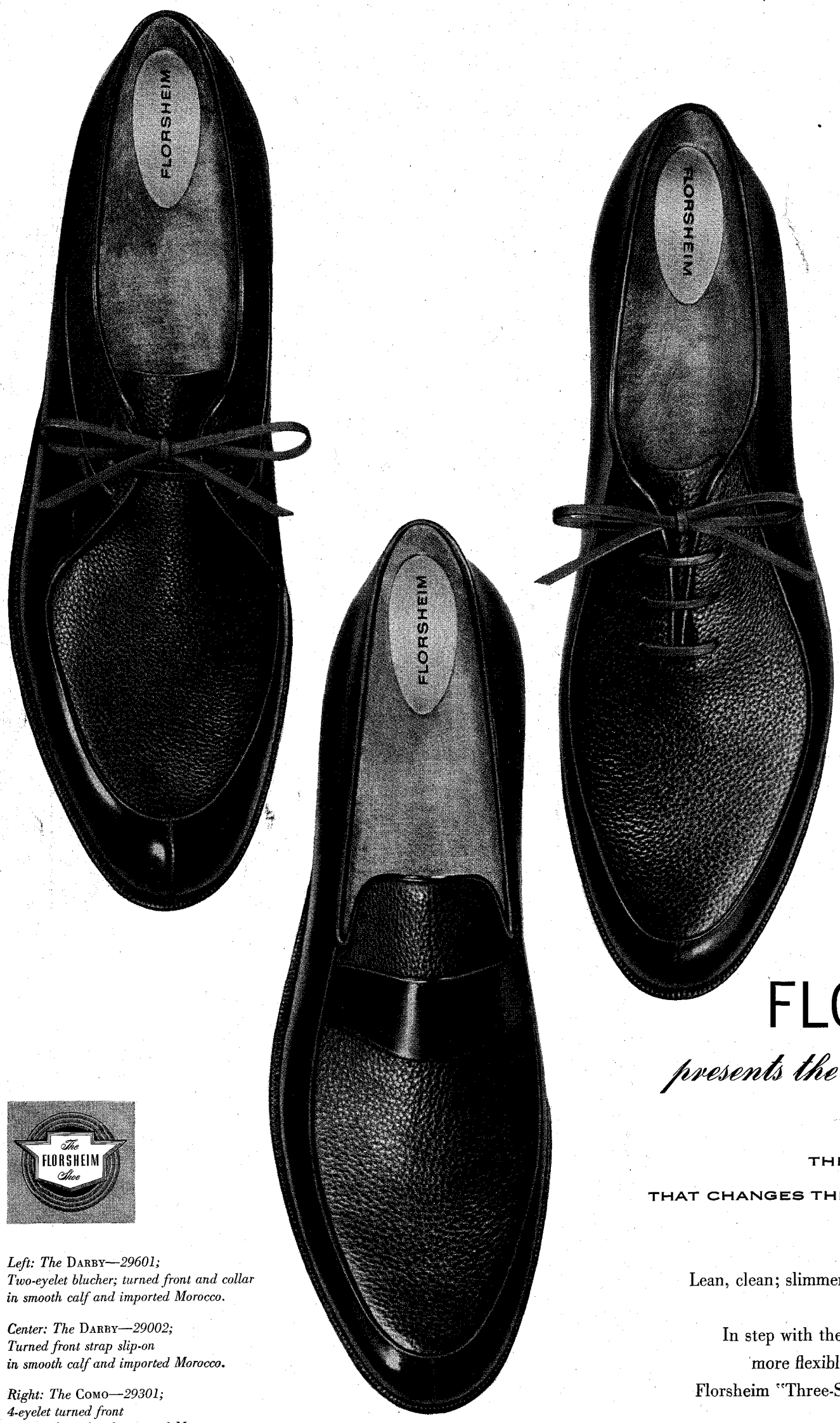
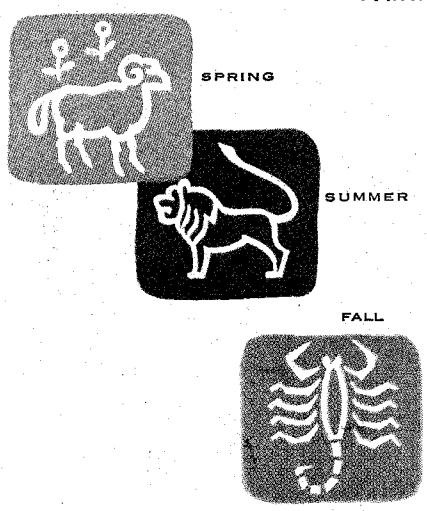


THREE
SEASONS
WEAR
IN
EVERY
PAIR!



FLORSHEIM
presents the SLIM LOOK

THE SENSATIONALLY NEW STYLE
THAT CHANGES THE FOOT PRINT OF THE NATION!

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Left: The DARBY—*29601;*
Two-eyelet blucher; turned front and collar
in smooth calf and imported Morocco.

Center: The DARBY—*29002;*
Turned front strap slip-on
in smooth calf and imported Morocco.

Right: The COMO—*29301;*
4-eyelet turned front
in smooth calf and imported Morocco.

Lean, clean; slimmer, sleeker! That's the *new* look in shoes—
and, as always, Florsheim leads the way!
In step with the slim look in clothing; the lower, lighter,
more flexible trend in shoes. And, best of all, they're
Florsheim "Three-Season" styles—the shoes correct for you
now and right through November.

Florsheim Shoes $18.95 *and higher*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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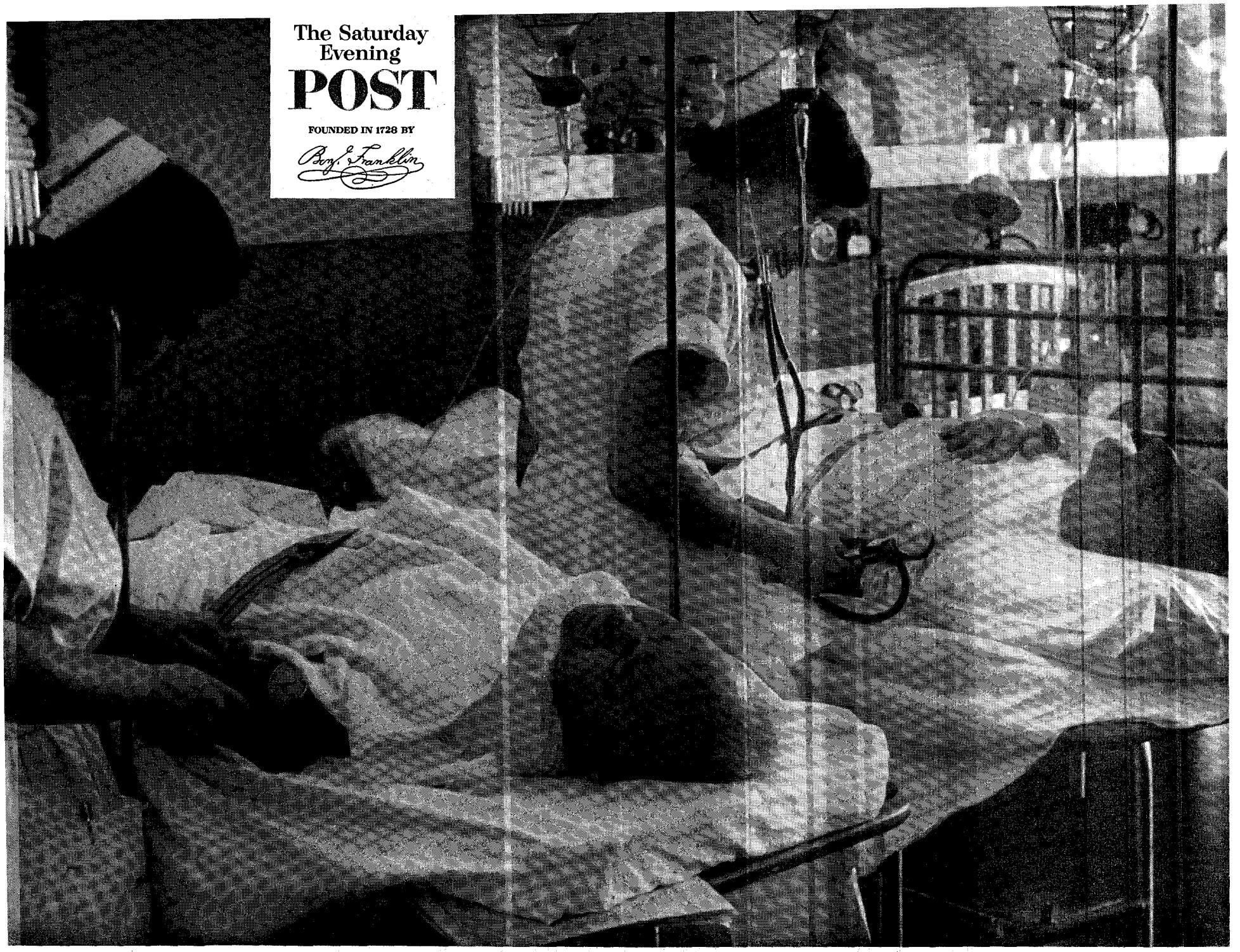
The Saturday Evening POST

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benj. Franklin



Special nurses keep close watch on the blood pressure of postsurgical patients in the recovery room at the Hartford (Conn.) Hospital.

This Place Can Save Your Life

The modern hospital's "recovery room" brings patients through those critical postoperative hours when death lurks in ambush.

By ALICE LAKE

Recurring nightmares kept troubling the anesthesiologist of a large hospital. In each dream he saw an unconscious surgical patient being wheeled from the operating floor. On the corridor, in the elevator, back in his room—the details varied—the patient suddenly stopped breathing. Some nights, so the dream went, his tongue fell back in his throat, choking him. On others he vomited, and drowned in his own gastric juices. Sometimes a blood clot constricted his windpipe.

The anesthesiologist found himself frantically pushing buttons for elevators which did not come, then racing to the scene, up three flights or down four. He arrived panting, looked around wildly for equipment to save the patient's life. But the room was bare.

The dream always had the same ending. The doctor broke the news to the patient's family—sometimes to the weeping parents of a little girl, to the son and daughter of a loved old man. "Yes," he told them. "The operation was a success, but the patient died."

This anesthesiologist shook off his nightmares without the benefit of a psychiatrist's couch. He persuaded the (Continued on Page 58)

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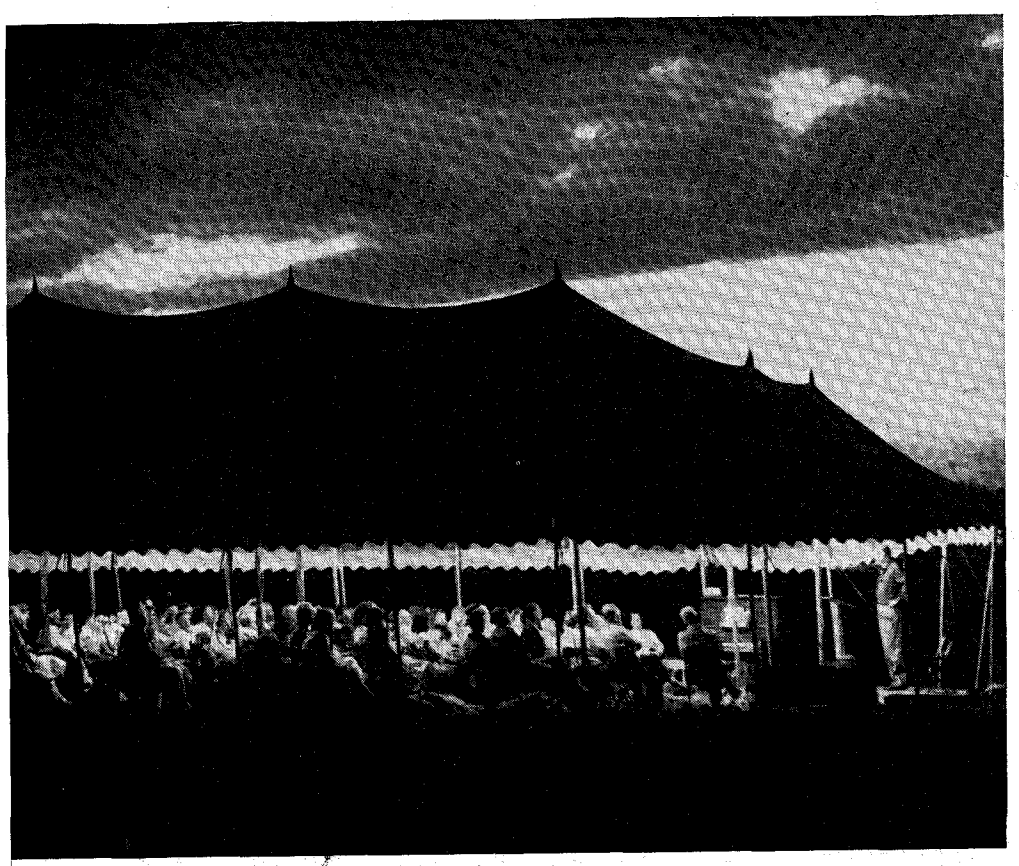
Religion Hits the Road

Modern ministers are using old camp-meeting methods to bring the faith to families in remote sections of our country.

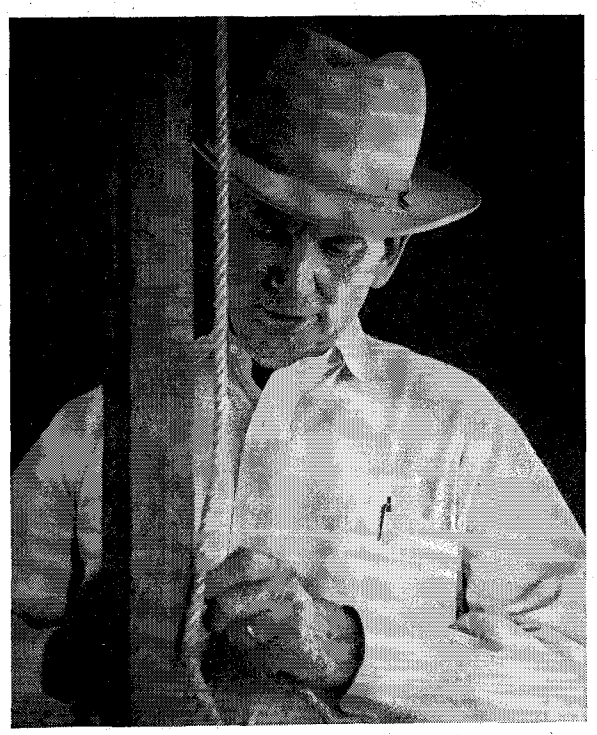
By Paul Schubert



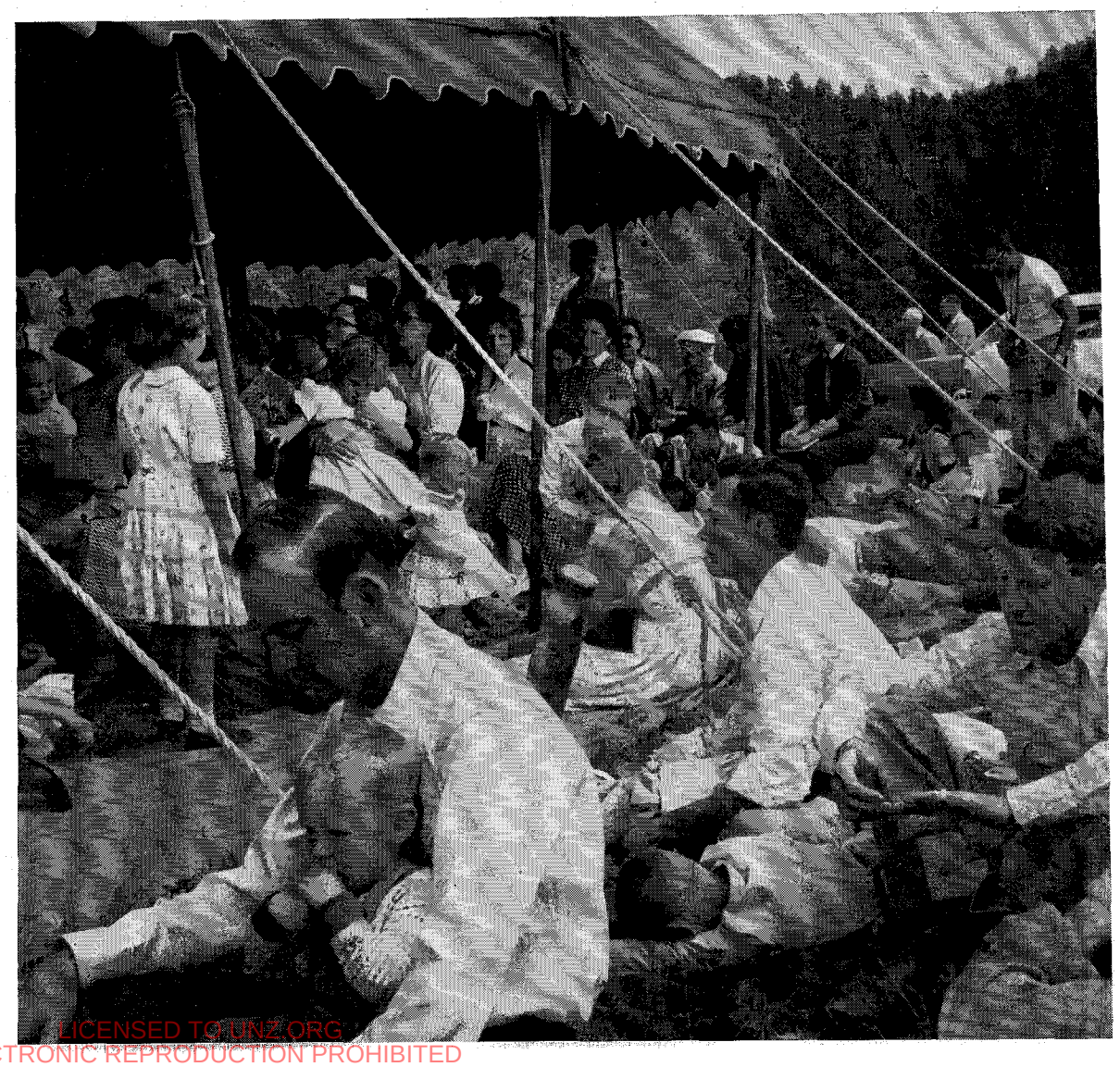
Evening sermon in a traveling tent-church near Rapid City, S. Dak. Each year about 15,000 persons in 7 Western states participate in these nondenominational services.

A two-and-a-half-ton yellow truck carrying Wyoming license plates rolled up U.S. Highway 83 from Valentine, Nebraska, toward the South Dakota line. It was loaded with tents and poles, canvas, pots, pans and tin tableware; also, three big boxes of hymnbooks, 150 folding chairs, a church bell—originally a locomotive bell—and a portable pulpit, a small electric-light plant, a butane-gas range and the drivers' sleeping bags. At the wheel was a recent graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary; his helper was a youth from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The truck, buzzing along at a steady fifty-five miles an hour, was hauling gear owned by the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and used to set up interdenominational summer camp meetings that are eagerly attended by ranchers



"Missionary to the Cowboys"—
the Rev. Ralph Hall. "I wanted to take the Church
to the people who live far away from towns."



Overflow crowd for the Sunday sermon on the final day of the South Dakota camp meeting. "It is simple and good, like a shower bath and strong soap for the soul," says the author.

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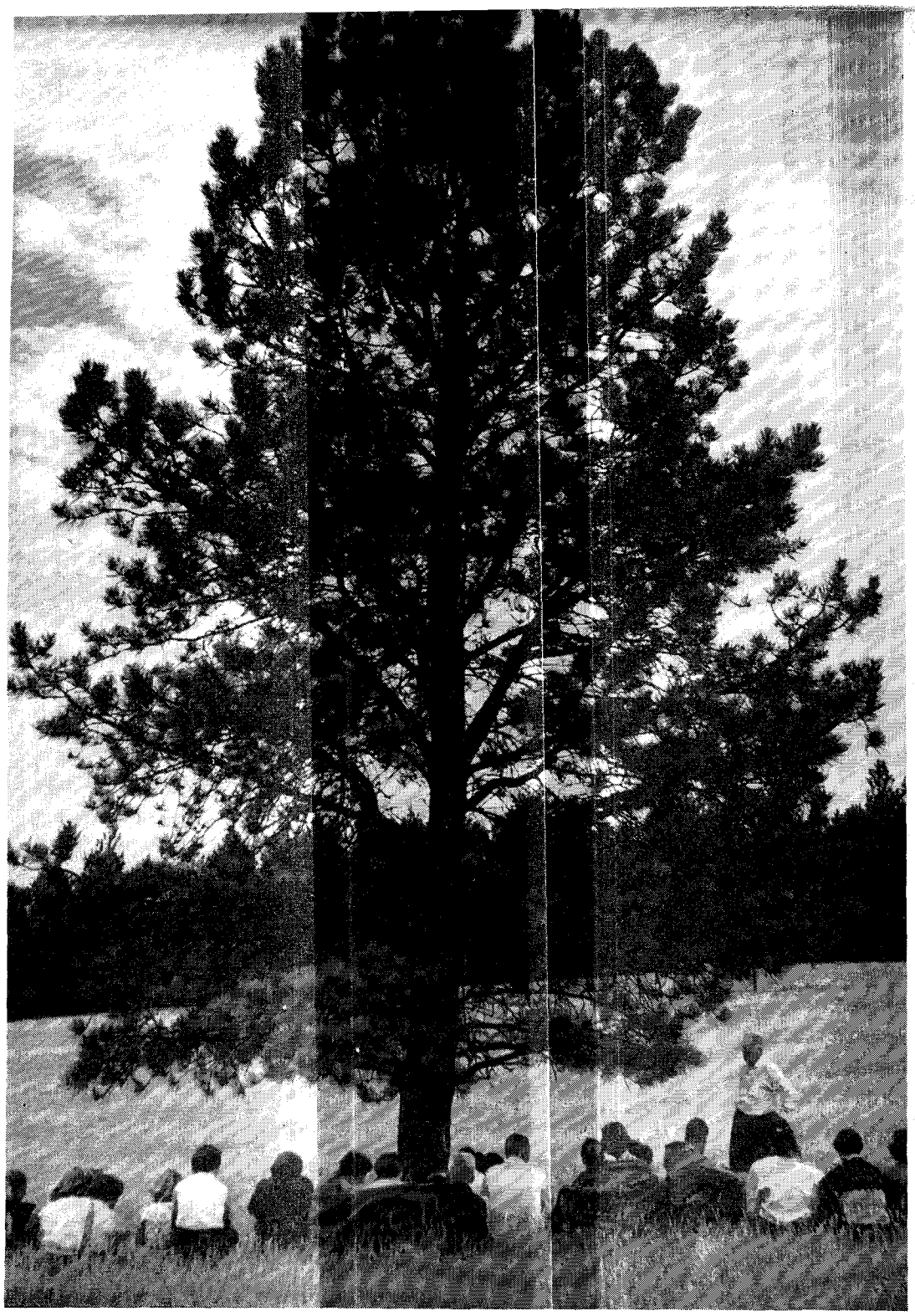

Morning Bible-study hour for teen-agers. While their parents and the small fry attend separate sessions, these youngsters meet under a tree for Scripture class with the Rev. Curt Winkler.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

Suppertime at the ranchers' camp meeting. Everyone who comes to the grounds is fed generously and well, without charge. No collection is taken, but local ranchers privately foot the bill.

and their families in seven Western cow-country states.

The truck had just left Kennedy, Nebraska, a back-country hamlet forty-one miles by road from Valentine. A highly successful three-and-a-half-day camp meeting in the Merryland Picnic Grounds near Kennedy had attracted more than 500 people from all over the state. On Thursday at six P.M. another meeting would start in the Black Hills of South Dakota, west of Rapid City, 325 highway miles away.

Preaching had been in the hands of Dr. Howard Hanson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Colorado Springs. A year ago it had been the Rev. Hal Upchurch, of Temple Baptist Church in Amarillo, Texas. A year from now the preacher would be a Methodist or a Congregationalist.

The preacher was up ahead on the highway, hauling a house trailer behind his car. Also in the vanguard were cooks Ed Sydow and Pico Siegmond; the camp manager, Rev. Dr. Ralph Hall; the song leader and various other theological and lay participants.

Camp meeting—church in a tent, for a day or a week or a month—is an American institution, as native as the banjo and the husking bee. In our restless, expanding country out beyond the towns, preachers have always set up tents and invited the country folks to gather. People used to come in horse-drawn buggies and carts, bring picnic lunches, build campfires and stay as long as the meeting lasted. They used to listen to revival shouting, sway and sing themselves into religious ecstasy and pour out a year's fervor in three or four frenetic days.

Some still do, but in today's automobile and TV era the thing has sobered down considerably. The ranchers' camp meetings are a modern offshoot of the old tent-church approach to God. Their spiritual ancestor was the cowboy camp meeting, a Texas phenomenon now sixty-six years old, still going strong.

In 1940, the Rev. Ralph Hall and the Rev. Roger Sherman, Presbyterian missionary-clergymen, decided to try a camp meeting for New Mexico ranchers and their families. With the help of lay sympathizers Forrest Sherman and Joe Evans they picked a spot on New Mexico's remote Nogal Mesa, twenty-five miles east of Carrizozo, and invited people to come. Expecting fifty or sixty, they drew 125 the first night and 500 before the meeting was over.

This New Mexico movement, sponsored by the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., has since spread to six other Western states. Seventeen summers old, the ranchers' camp meetings draw a total annual attendance of 15,000 men, women and children.

The Wyoming truck hauls one of two complete camp-meeting outfits, value $12,000, owned and maintained by the Presbyterian National Missions Board, and placed at the service of the camp-meeting committees. Between them, these traveling tent churches cover 10,000 miles annually, conduct eleven camp meetings in Wyoming, Nebraska, South Dakota, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. The biggest single day in 1956 was Sunday, July twenty-second, at Nogal Mesa, New Mexico, where it all began. There, 1800 people came to worship services now held in a big, permanent, open-sided wooden tabernacle. Afterward they sat down to a ranch dinner of beef, pinto

(Continued on Page 44)

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Beginning a great story of the Southwest, about a beautiful but dangerous woman, and a feud on the sunlit plain.

The Lady

By CONRAD RICHTER

Author of the Pulitzer Prize Novel, The Sea of Grass

Doña Ellen

I would never believe that my father had run away with the money. Oh, I knew well enough what the people of Moro were saying: that no one really knew anything about us but Judge Sessions, and he had known only my mother, and that my father was too fancy a dresser to be an honest employee of the commission house.

It was a barefaced lie, I told anyone who spoke it in my hearing. I said many other things to his credit, and not a word of the two bad things I knew he had really done—one of them being his unwillingness to bring my mother West when they found she had lung fever. She had wanted to come. The malady had run in the family, and her cousin, Albert, had been expected to die with it, but he had gone to New Mexico Territory, where he studied law, had married into a wealthy Spanish family, and was now a judge for three or four counties, riding and driving the circuit as well as anybody.

Only after her death did my father give up the house and hunt up my mother's cousin in New Mexico, which was as far as the railroad ran then.

However, many men fail their wives without failing their employers. My father wasn't the sort to do both. Never, I felt, would he have abandoned me in a place like Moro, a thousand miles from Missouri, and it wasn't in him to go off with so little fuss, as if he'd be seeing me the next day or the one after that, and him knowing all the time that he was deserting me for good. He didn't even raise the whip or look back as he drove off in one of the rigs from Caldwell's Livery Stable. I followed him on foot over the irrigation canal to the Quintana Ranch lane and stood by one of the adobe gateposts watching his dust till buckboard and white-footed bay horse were lost in the blurred horizon.

Only one thing troubled me, and I tried not to think of it. Why hadn't he let me go along? He had the room and packed nothing more than a sack of oats that I could see. But he said no, he couldn't, and wouldn't tell why.

Later on, we knew that old Boreas Luna had sent two of his Mexicans down to the commission house for cash to buy another flock of sheep, that Mr. Kidd hadn't trusted the money to them, and so had sent it special with my father—six thousand dollars in gold eagles done up in tight rolls of newspaper and then wrapped in sacking, sewed compactly and hidden at the bottom of the oats.

About every day after that I went down to see if my father had come back. It was a long walk, and no shade after leaving the cottonwoods of Old Town. Except for the several blocks of business district near the depot, the buildings of New Town were spread over a large area of desert where they stood exposed to the brassy New Mexican sun. Two years before this, when the railroad had come to the territory, everybody thought it would run through Old Town. But the railroad people were too smart for that. They weren't building the railroad to develop the country, Mr. Younger at the commission house said, but to make money. The land at Old Town was watered by canals and owned by old Mexican families who would have profited. So the engineers ran the railroad where they could get land for little or nothing. They set the station right out on the desert and tacked the sign, MORO, on it. This was going to be the town now, they said, and they sold plots of cheap desert land at fancy prices.

On my way I passed Caldwell's Livery Stable. Most of the rigs were kept outside and the horses in a corral, where they stood listless in the heat of summer and snow of winter. A long way off I could see that the bay with white feet wasn't there. That didn't prove anything, I told myself stoutly. My father and his horse might both be down at the commission house.

The sign on the commission house read: KIDD & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants. The buildings stood by the railroad track, so freight cars could load and unload in and out of the huge man-made caves. Men were coming and going, but none of them turned out to be the one I hoped to see, and I went on to where I used to find him sometimes—in the dark warehouse aisles where it smelled of tea and green coffee, of dyes from the bales of ginghams and calicoes, of rope and saddles, of boots and sides of leather, of bacon and lard, of the cold metallic smell of hardware, the good sharp scent of tobacco and the strong chemical odor of sheep dip. He wasn't there, nor on the great splintery platforms where freight wagons and pack trains were loaded, so I went back to the office to try to find out when my father was coming.

The men had always been very friendly, but now they hardly let on that I was there. Only Mr. Kidd would actually look at me. He was a thick, bald-headed man with black mustache and eyebrows, and when he caught sight of me, his dark eyes would flash and he'd bark low and short to one of the men. This man would speak to Mr. Younger. Neither would look my way, but I knew it was about me they had spoken. After a while Mr. Younger would come over to where I stood. He was a small man like Mr. Kidd, but slight and wiry. I learned there that you could never go on names, because Mr. Kidd was old and Mr. Younger even older.

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"How are you today, Jud?" he'd say, and his hard-bitten face would give me a smile.

"Is he back?" I'd ask, quick hope from his cheerfulness rising in me.

At that, Mr. Younger's eyes would turn a bleak blue while his face kept on smiling. "Not yet. At least not so far as I know," he'd say, as if to make my father's absence less final and to hold out a hope of him still coming, although all of them knew then that old Boreas had sent word he had seen neither the money nor my father.

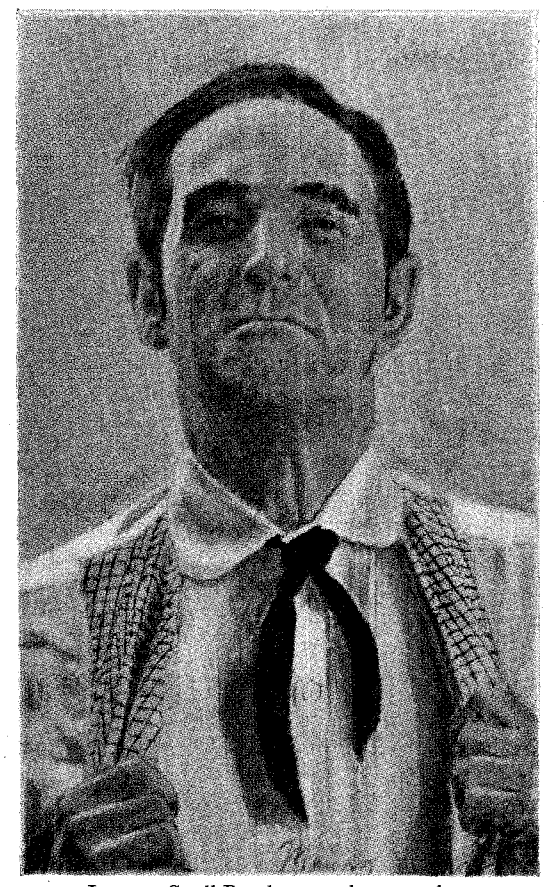
I'd stand for a little while, digesting the disappointment and getting hold of myself.

"Could you use a boy today?" then I'd ask.

"Not right today," he'd say thoughtfully, and no hint that they wouldn't hire or trust the boy of a man who ran off with six thousand dollars, just regret that there was no opening, and the door left open for tomorrow.

So I'd hang around another minute trying to think of something else to say, but the mind of a boy doesn't work very good under circumstances like that. After all, there was another day. My father might come home tomorrow or even tonight. The commission house never closed. Day and night it was open to freighters, who kept arriving at all hours.

I don't know how long this might have gone on if one morning I hadn't come in and found a new man working at my father's desk. The sight of someone there sent my hopes soaring at first, but when I saw it was not my father, it shook me. I knew then, despite what Mr. Younger implied, they never expected to see my father back, and for a long time I didn't go in again.



Lawyer Snell Beasley was the most dangerous of all the Jeffcoat sympathizers.

My father and I had rooms in what had once been a fine house on the plaza. People still called it La Casa Nuñoz, after the original owner, although the adobe was badly washed and all the rooms facing the street had become a Mexican restaurant and shops. Like most native buildings, it had but one story. To the side and facing the south was a large patio like a hotel courtyard, with a gallery running around part of it. There were in the patio a well, a massive cottonwood and, by day, a swarm of children together with a parrot in a woven willow cage. The parrot belonged to the Padillas.

At first, when my father didn't return, I lay awake half the night wondering what would become of me. Lying there in bed I could imagine the Mexicans talking among themselves with satisfaction of the just fate that had befallen the Anglo boy whose father had run off with Señor Kidd's gold.

How little I knew of Mexicans then, of their natural sympathy and pity for someone whose father or brother had run afoul the law. I found that, instead of hating me, the native women and girls gave me soft, pitying or bright, admiring glances from their dark eyes as I passed. Both Señora Padilla and Señora José Garcia fed me tortillas. But it was another of Spanish blood who was my deliverer and ministering angel.

This was the lady called Doña Ellen, the wife of my mother's cousin, Albert Sessions. A native-born New Mexican, she was the daughter of a Mexican mother and an English father. Of course, I knew that New Mexico was a territory of the United States and its natives were citizens of our country, and yet to me it was as if Cousin Albert had married someone foreign, as from Guatemala or Brazil.

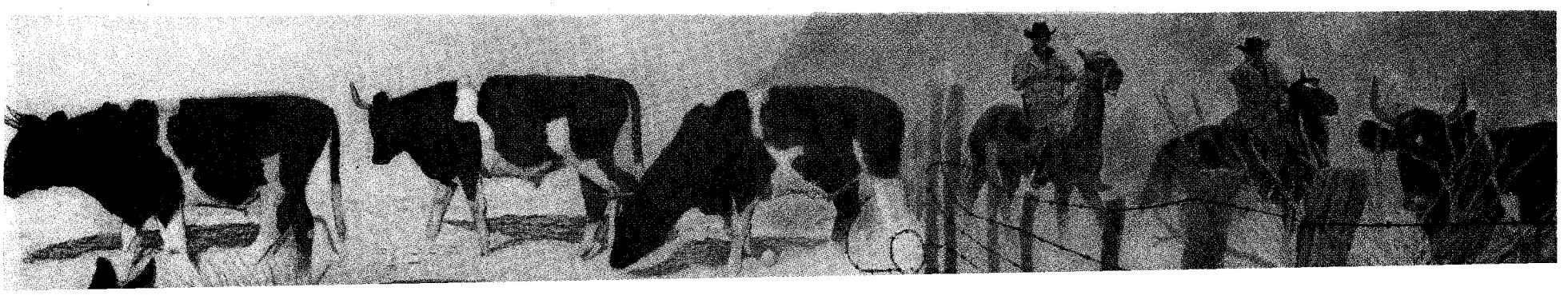
This very day I had seen her around town in her fancy buggy with rubber-tired, brass-rimmed wheels. I had just passed the lumber yard in New Town, headed for home, when I heard a rig overtake me and saw its wheels stop beside me in the deep, floury dust. When I looked up, there were the stylish undercut buggy with the yellow top and the lady herself holding the tan reins.

"Good afternoon, Jud," she said brightly. "You're the very one I hoped to see. Won't you get in with me and I'll drive you back to Old Town?"

Her accent was English rather than Spanish. The stylish slant of her sailor straw and the genteel softness of her driving gloves were certainly non-native, her hair a kind of yellow against her blue eyes. But never would I get in beside her at that moment. There flashed through my mind the tale they told of her Spanish temper and her wild English love for horses.

They said she was a girl away at convent school when a stable boy had put a spade bit on her favorite riding horse and, after long and cruel training, taught him to bow low. When the girl came home from school, he had proudly shown her horse off to her, but one look at the maimed and bleeding mouth and she had struck (Continued on Page 65)

One shot was fired. The bullet struck Jeffcoat in the forehead.



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By ROBERT J. NELSON

Summer Affair

He was Bill Hatcher, almost nineteen, and this was the first time he'd ever been on his own.

Twenty-four hours ago, one short day, an eternity, he had stood in front of the grimy bus station back home and said good-by to his folks.

His mother had kissed him again on the cheek. "I can't see ——" she said. "Billy, there are so many jobs right around here. I know Henry O'Brien would ——"

"Leave the boy alone, Martha," his father interrupted. "He knows what he's doing."

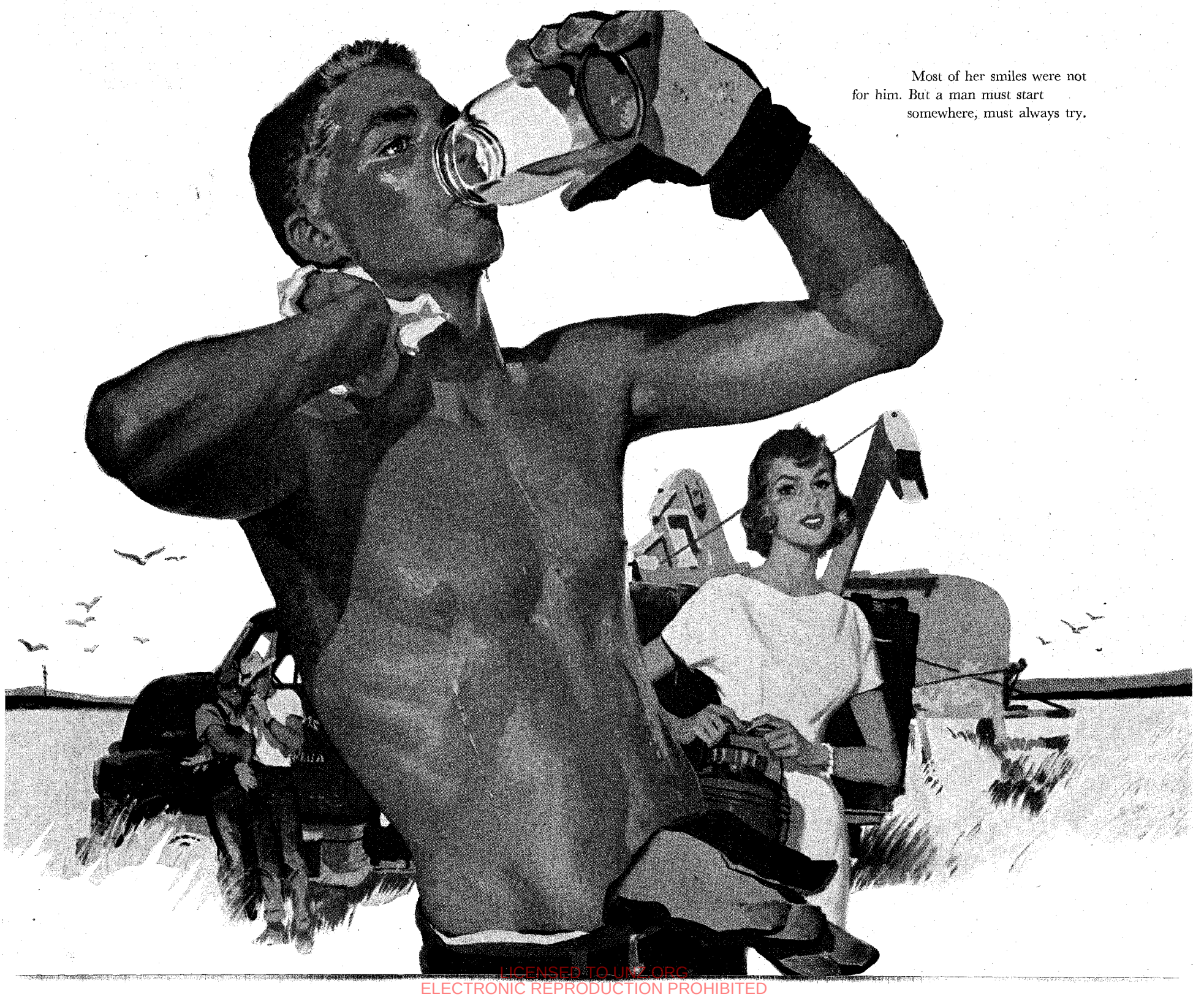
He looked gratefully at his father. Maybe his father understood. Then the bus pulled up and he picked up his small canvas bag of belongings and climbed aboard. When the bus drove away, he looked back once, and saw his father wave and his mother standing with her handkerchief lifted to her eyes. And he knew that things would never be—must never be—the same again. . . .

Now that was a century ago, and he sat in the strange, impersonal office, waiting. He had ridden the bus for six hours, until he judged his path should veer southward, and then he had left it, half his ticket still unused, and had stood by the roadside, and eventually a car had stopped. And he had traveled until the fields turned yellow and he saw combines. And then he had halted, and eaten supper, and slept all night in a haystack.

Now he waited. The girl behind the desk was talking into the phone. She put it aside and said to him, "Mr. Schureman says he needs a man. He's coming into town this morning. He says to wait."

"Thank you," he said and smiled at her. She was a pretty girl. She smiled back, but it was a professional smile.

He waited. The office was cold and sterile, filled with hard (Continued on Page 49)



Most of her smiles were not for him. But a man must start somewhere, must always try.

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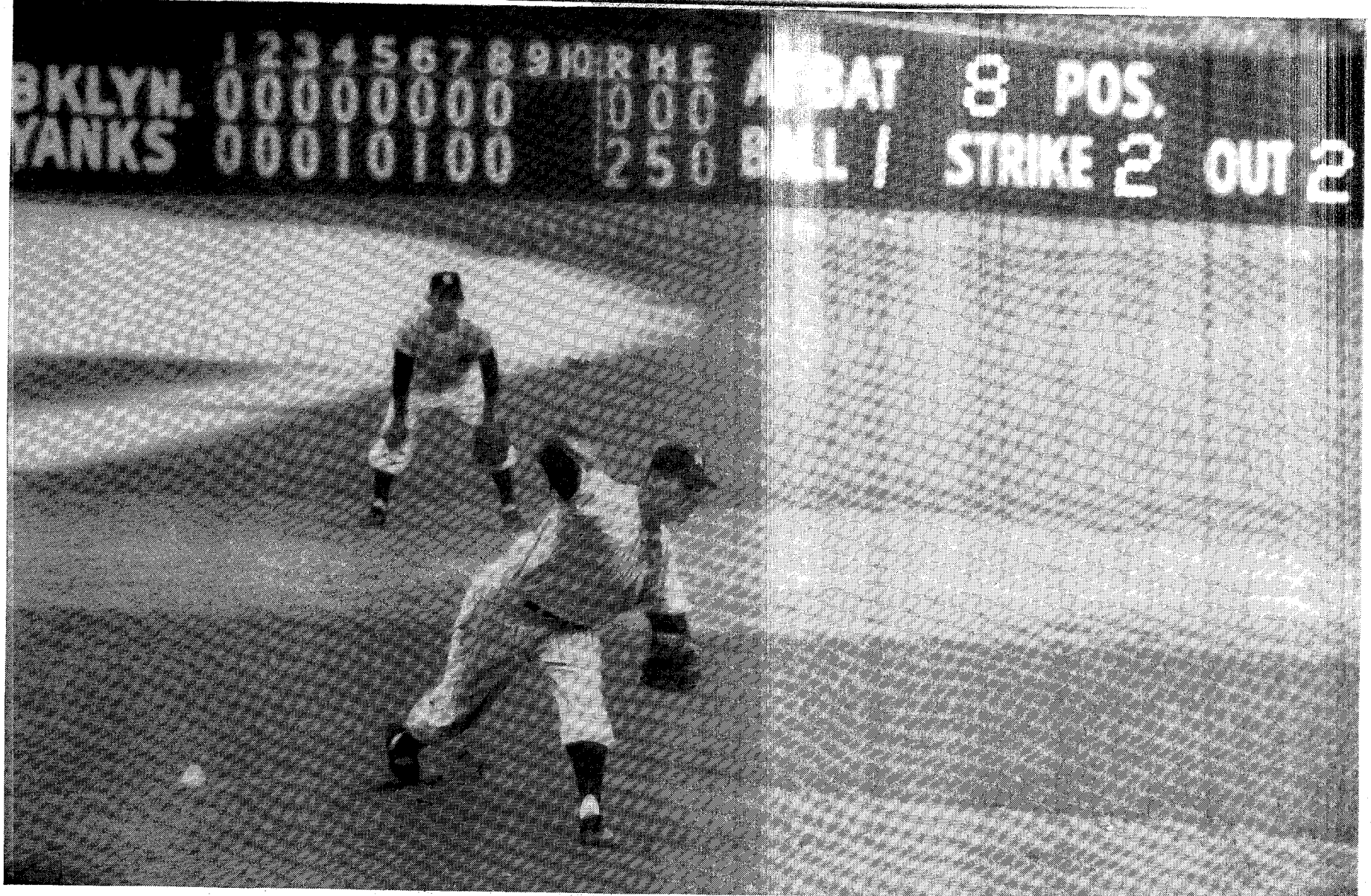

Historic pitch: Don Larsen delivers a called strike to Dodger pinch hitter Dale Mitchell for the final out in the first World Series no-hitter.

Is Larsen a One-Game Wonder?

By ARTHUR and MILTON RICHMAN

With the approach of opening day, the Yankees' fun-loving Don Larsen becomes fidgety whenever someone reminds him of the afternoon he pitched that perfect game . . .

Larsen (left) with Yankee manager Casey Stengel. "If I did it for anybody, I did it for Casey," says Larsen.

Any morning now Don Larsen, who pitched that perfect 1956 World Series game for the New York Yankees, will get up, scowl back at his reflection in the mirror and make a vow. He will promise himself never to get to bed later than midnight any more, never to have more than two beers—"Well, maybe three"—and never to be led astray again by the variety of temptations which confront all adventuresome young males.

Larsen is certain to make these noble resolutions during spring training because that is precisely what he does every season. Such was the case on March 5, 1956, at St. Petersburg, Florida, where the Yankees train.

"From now on, I'm through living it up," declared the big, dark-haired, twenty-seven-year-old hurler. "No more horsing around. I was getting such a bad reputation that even my mother bawled me out about it. I told her not to believe all that stuff she reads in the newspapers. But they're not gonna make a character out of me any more, because from now on I'm buckling down to business. This time I mean it."

Less than a month later, Larsen wrapped his two-tone convertible around a utility pole when he fell asleep at the wheel while trying to slip back to the team's hotel at five o'clock in the morning. Luckily, he escaped with only a chipped front tooth, a fifteen-dollar traffic fine and a

(Continued on Page 83)

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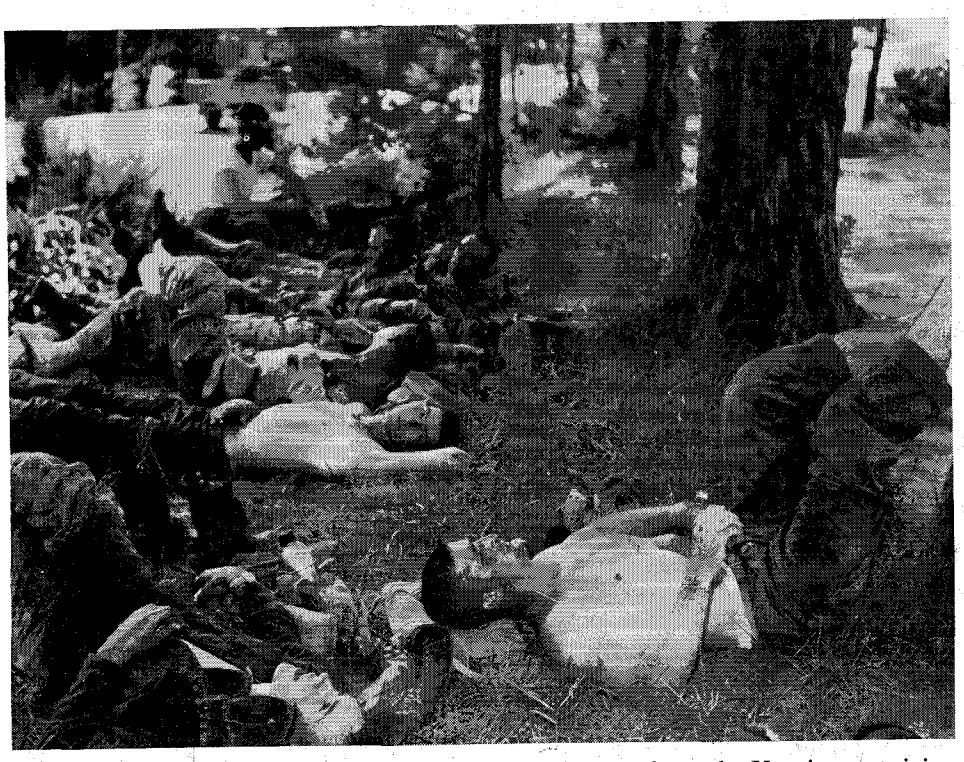
Leathernecks of the Ninth Regiment, Third Marine Division, on a routine conditioning exercise, swing by a group of curious Okinawan school children.

Rugged Bachelors of Okinawa

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

While other services enjoy typhoonproof homes and plush clubs, the marines grimly train round the clock to fight wherever they are needed.



Exhausted marines take a break during a forced march. Unanimous opinion of the civilians and young air officers is: "Man, all those marines do is work!"

Helicopters add to the marines' traditional mobility in atomic-warfare exercises on Okinawa. These men also go to distant islands for amphibious landing maneuvers.

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TENGAN, OKINAWA.

The green and mountainous island of Okinawa does not look like an insoluble problem. This largest of the Ryukyu island chain (467 square miles) looks, and generally is, pleasant. Here are crowded highways, bustling villages, a neon-bright rebuilt city, a university on a mountaintop, and attractive houses marching up the hills. Okinawa is booming, and looks it.

The hilltop headquarters of the United States Civil Administration of the Ryukyus is in keeping with the general atmosphere: This concrete-and-glass building radiates permanence and thoughtful planning. Inside, the executive-office attitude is calm and relaxed. So, apparently, is the Army's Lt. Gen. James E. Moore, a slim man with a friendly and outgoing personality.

Only his words do not fit all this. He says, "Okinawa must have three things: First, a basic law under which we can operate; then a statement of how long we're planning to stay here; finally, a chance for the Okinawans to know who and what they really are."

Thus is destroyed the fleeting illusion that everything is all right on Okinawa because it looks prosperous. Okinawa has improved since 1945, when it was a battleground, and even since 1950, when it was neglected. But no cure has been found for its intrinsic problem—670,000 people with nowhere to go and no real idea of what they should be.

So they crowd in the streets on certain nights, shouting, "Go home, Yanks!"—though nothing worse for them could happen. They elect a leftist—perhaps a Communist—to the most important office they have to give. They complain about land requisitions, but do not work the land they have. They live better than Okinawans ever have lived in history, but feel abused. They think like Japanese and act like Japanese, but they do not really ever want to be again the sort of second-class Japanese they once were.

And they're uniquely our problem.

The almost classic dilemma of the United States as a world power is a bad case of split personality. About military matters we're realists, recognizing that we cannot protect any part of Asia from Communism without bases for the protectors.

We took Okinawa at great cost as a staging area for troops and planes in the war with Japan. There was no other purpose—not to free Okinawans, not to right any wrongs. And a military base it remains. Strategic Air Command long-range bombers require forward fields from which to refuel or on which to land in what may become World War III missions against the heartlands of Asia. Japan may or may not be on our side in such a conflict. Hence, Okinawa is essential if these bombers are to realize their full potential. Okinawa's harbors may be equally valuable to the Navy. This island is the only place near Asia where we may safely garrison any considerable number of troops on a combat-ready basis.

All well and good. But the other side of the American character, individual and national, is that we're born missionaries. We're unsatisfied unless people (Continued on Page 86)

Off duty: At the Tea House of the August Moon, marines attempt to master the intricate art of eating with chopsticks from geisha hostesses in Okinawan costumes.

Major General Alan Shapley, the marines' commander. He led a regiment in 1945 when Okinawa was captured from the Japanese at a cost of 40,000 American casualties.

Okinawa, 1945: Marines flush hard-fighting Japanese out of a cave position on the "Little Siegfried Line."

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MEMO TO THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOTS

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Heroes of Hungary,
Alone, with naked fists and naked faith, for five
Soul-shattering days and nights you kept alive
The passion to be free,
The fitful furious flame of liberty.
And when at last you fell
You shook the citadel
Of tyranny
Down to its uttermost base in hell—
And shook our hearts as well.
Even as your threadbare, blood-soaked banner hurled
Its final scorn point-blank
At Soviet tank on tank on tank,
A shudder shook the world.

Debate and condemn,
Condemn and debate;
But what about them?
Despair cannot wait
While the Soviet horde,
With bullet and bomb,
With fire and sword
Drives the hard lesson home
In the schoolboy impaled
On the gates of the city,
In the madness that failed,
In the murder of pity,
In the flesh of defeat
Spreadeagled in flame,
Dumped high in the street
Without number or name.

But Stalin said it, Stalin said it plainly:
(In 1946, to be exact)
The Magyar problem is a matter only
For boxcars. . . . Stalin said it. . . .
Chilling fact.
That was the way he spelled it out and read it—
And good old Joey chuckled when he said it.

Would you like to hear how they operate
Their death train round the clock to hell
(Vast Slave-and-Murder Syndicate)?
It's a simple formula; it works well:
You run down, smoke out, round up all
Your dangerous patriot deportees—
The young, the old, the short, the tall;
No matter. Flesh and bone will squeeze.
Your assembling point for these human cattle
Lies east of the border: Uzhgorod.
From there the boxcars roll and rattle
With their branded cargo, load on load,
Jammed in by bayonets, forced to stand,
The cars sealed tight, no bread or water.
Far from their homes, their motherland,
Marked for the slave camp, marked for slaughter.
Over the rails the foul tide flows
As the boxcars carry these living dead,
The vomit and excrement stiff on their clothes,
Fetid and stale. And many go mad,
Shrieking for water. And many stand still,
Propped straight up in the airless spaces
By the stifling press, kept erect until,
Unloaded, they fall dead on their faces.

Shall I go on? Have you heard enough
Of the kindly ways of the Communist
Whose only law, when things get rough,
Is the rifle butt and the bludgeon fist?
(The hammer to break your head in two,
The sickle to cut your throat clean through.)
In the wreck and rubble of Budapest
They found toy soldiers, a set of toys
That somehow survived the holocaust
When Soviet tanks killed little boys.
The soldier who is made of zinc
Doesn't have to feel or think;
The warrior molded out of steel
Doesn't have to think or feel;
The hero who is carved of lead
May be killed, but won't stay dead;
Mounts of wood and iron men
Fight and fall and fight again.
Only flesh and bone are brittle—
Bleed a little, break a little;
Yet for courage nothing can
Match the flesh and blood of man.

Children whom hunger made both wan and wise,
Schoolboys whom hate exploded into men,
Your broken fists, your blind beseeching eyes,
Your bodies—strangely childlike even then—
Rebuke our world. Oh, yet once more forgive
The-all-too-little-and-the-much-too-late
That finds you still enslaved or fugitive,
That finds us still ensnared in bleak debate.

Rise and confront us in the council hall,
Unnoticed, unannounced and silent there,
Save for that One who stands against the wall,
The blood and sweat still matted in His hair,
His cry the cry of man's old agony:
"Forsaking these, you have forsaken Me!"

Painting by Douglass Crockwell

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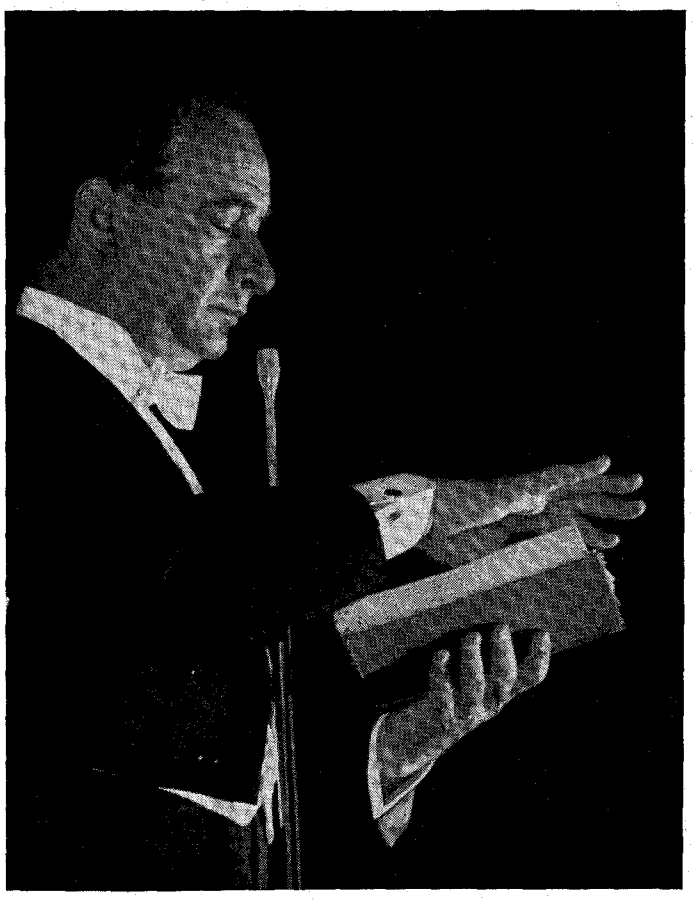
Fans line up outside the studio two hours before the television debut of Victor's one-man show. For this sixty-minute performance, Borge was paid the unprecedented sum of $175,000.

Ready for his phonetic punctuation routine: "I have found that people who speak English sometimes do not understand each other too well due to the fact that they do not use punctuation marks when they talk."



Everybody Laughs at Me

By VICTOR BORGE, *as told to Dean Jennings*

Victor flopped as a movie star. But he smashed all the records with a one-man show that flies in the face of theater tradition.

Conclusion

When I wear a dark suit I get light spots on it, and when I wear a light suit I get dark spots on it. Obviously, there is no co-ordination between my spots and my suits.

This is what happens much of the time in television. You turn out to be nothing but a dark spot on a light screen, or vice versa. Keeping in mind this deadly struggle for the better spots, I have made a decision about my television appearances. I am going to be seen on a major show only twice a year.

I was fortunate in having the Shulton Old Spice Company sponsor me on television's first one-hour, one-man show last June. One gratifying result was that last December I performed my second one-hour show for the same company. This arrangement is a happy combination because I have ample time to prepare for the show, and thus I hope I shall not wear out my welcome.

I have been in and out of television for almost nine years. Back in 1948, when I made my first appearance with this medium—I was the third ghost on the left—I was quite tense. In fact, I was almost past tense. This knotted-up sensation was unusual, and after we went off the air I walked backstage and moodily autopsied the show with the television cameraman.

"I know just how you feel, Mr. Borge," he said. "It's a tough business. I used to be a newsreel cameraman, and sometimes I wish I were back photographing disasters."

"Relax," I said. "You're still doing it."

That remark got into the papers at the time, but, of course, I was only kidding. I had not suffered a major disaster since the day I took a screen test in Hollywood and did not become a movie (Continued on Page 106)

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By RODERICK LULL

THE SELFISH KIND OF LOVE

They had told each other they didn't need people, didn't want them. Now they knew how wrong they were.

Cliff Hargraves turned away from the window and looked at his wife, Betty. She was a small, brown-toned girl, ten years younger than his own thirty-five years, and the two descriptive words that people had most often applied to her were "perky" and "pretty." Well, she was pretty all right—picture pretty—but now she was a far cry from perky.

It was four months to the day since they'd made their city-to-back-country move, and Cliff knew exactly what his wife was thinking. He said, "Well, we could have gone to Andorra."

"Andorra?"

"You know, up there by Spain. They've made a profession of smuggling for centuries, and their motto is Keep Out, This Means You."

"Oh," Betty said. "Good old Andorra."

"Or the Basque provinces. Nobody lives long enough to make friends with a Basque."

"Good old Basque provinces," Betty said. "Do you think old lady Hoffman is from the Basque provinces? Or Andorra?"

Cliff Hargraves turned back to the wide window. The landscape was magnificent. The lavish fields ran away into the distance. A glacial river which had never known pollution cascaded through a meadow and made white water as it broke down a canyon. To his left was the village—tiny, neat, unplagued by traffic. To his right was a hill that would have been dignified with the title of mountain in most places in the world, its great fir trees flecked with snow, the undergrowth marked only by deer trails.

"And damn the eyes of old lady Hoffman," Cliff Hargraves said.

Instantly, in his own mind and heart, he took it back. It wasn't old lady Hoffman's fault; it wasn't anyone's fault. It was—one of those things. And by any logic, it was as trivial as a used match. But human attitudes weren't determined by logic. That went double and in spades for this insular, isolated backwater which was two hundred miles from a town of any size at all and might as well be two thousand.

(Continued on Page 79)

Betty pressed her head against his chest. "Bad?" she said, in a gentle voice.

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The Face of AMERICA

Sundown

Eight years ago, the Lee Brooks family and their horse, Sundown, moved from New York to California and founded Sundown Ranch. There they raise dogs and horses on a 180-acre tract in Slaughterhouse Canyon, a peacefully remote suburb of Hollywood. Brooks horses have thundered through many a Hollywood Western, and one of their dogs rubbed noses with a flying saucer in a science-fiction thriller. But the family's principal business is breeding Shetland ponies and training horses and dogs for private owners. Sundown, their amazing palomino stallion, loves to play ball and can retrieve as expertly as a trained dog. He is retired to pasture now, where he keeps a proud eye on one of his offspring, a two-year-old called Little Sundown. What finer place for horse—or human being—to retire? The climate in this colorful country is "typical of Southern California," says Mrs. Brooks, "without the smog." Which is a real blessing, particularly during these serene moments when shadows begin to dance over the sagebrush hills—at sundown. ◦ Photograph by Art Riley

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"Perhaps," the Customs man told Bullwinkle, "you will explain the presence on your tug of this."

Tugboat Annie and the Hoard of Heroin

Bullwinkle a dope smuggler! Annie could believe a lot about the louse, but not quite that.

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

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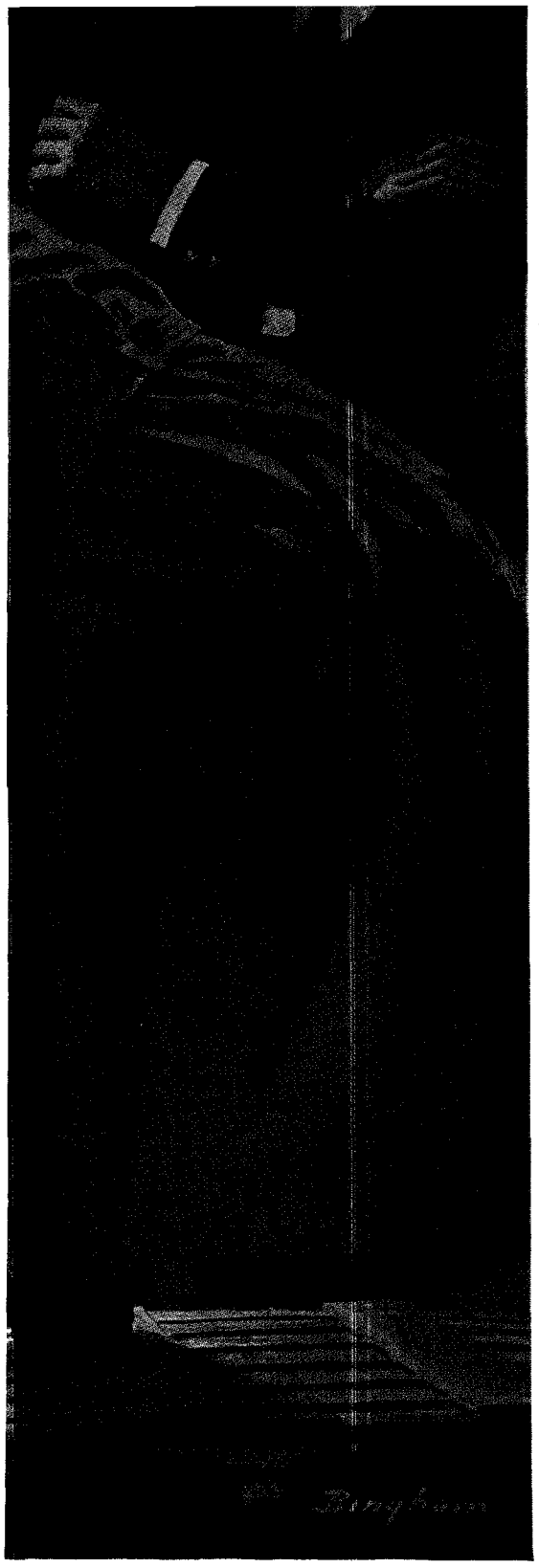


Smashing into the gale-driven seas that rode in wild, smoking fury past Cape Flattery and along the Juan de Fuca Strait, the deep-water tug Narcissus, of Secoma, struggled westward toward the tiny logging port of Sail River to pick up a log boom for Anacortes. And along the reeling deck, Tugboat Annie Brennan, her massive skipper, staggered toward the wheelhouse, her wind-buffeted yellow oilskins streaming brine. Then, when the tug's bows dipped for another explosive plunge, with expert timing and ponderous agility Annie darted inside.

"Whoo-oosh!" she gasped, wiping her stinging eyes. "If this ain't one fer the record, I'm a full-blooded cockroach!"

"Yeah, sure is blowin' marlinespikes," agreed Peter, the phlegmatic mate, as he wrestled the kicking wheel. "Gonna be tough gettin' past that reef into Sail River tonight."

"Guess again!" said Annie happily. "We ain't goin' there now! Clem jest gimme a message from our Secoma office. They's a big steamer, the Sonora Star, inbound from Panama an' Mexican ports, what's bin havin' engine-room trouble ever since she left Mazatlán. An' her agents has gave us the job o' meetin' her an' gettin' her in. Ain't that swell?"

"Ya mean she's broke down outside in this?" said Peter quickly.

"Unh-uh! She's still south o' the Columbia River an' well offshore. So we got time to lay over in Clallam Bay till the weather slacks off. On'y thing what bothers me," she continued, trying to peer through the spray-sluiced window into the gathering darkness ahead, "is Bullwinkle!" And at the mere thought of her cherished foe, the formidable master and owner of the big rival tug Salamander, Annie's mastiff face congested.

"That's silly," said Peter. "He's headed for Sail River to pick up a log boom, same as we was. So, if he's there an' we're goin' to Clallam Bay, what ya fuss-pottin' about?"

"The Sonora Star, that's what!" Annie rasped irritably. "If he overheerd that radiophone message from our office, he'd have antsy pants from head to hoof till he'd figgered a way to skunk us!"

"Not in this blow he won't," Peter said flatly. "He sticks his nose outside the cape tonight, he'll founder before he raises Swiftsure Bank lightship."

"Yeah, thass so," Annie admitted, reassured. "On'y, wid that tricky snake in the bush ye never can be sure."

An hour later, after taking a brutal washing while rounding Slip Point, the Narcissus entered Clallam Bay; and with the wild turmoil of the strait abruptly cut off by the high wooded headlands that formed the entrance, she plowed across the harbor toward a cannery wharf.

Pinto was ringing the supper bell as they made fast alongside; and hastily, in her cabin, Annie splashed cold water over her tingling face, stuffed her hair in an untidy bun and, blue eyes snapping with vitality, she waddled toward the ladder. Then, as she glanced along the dock, appetite and good humor alike vanished; for directly ahead, was moored a big, deep-water tug upon whose stern was the hateful legend: SALAMANDER—SECOMA.

Supper forgotten, Annie clumped hurriedly along the wharf, burst into the Salamander's messroom and confronted the startled crew, her eyes seeming to give off electric blue sparks as they raked the room. "Where is he?" she demanded hoarsely.

"Where's who, ya fat nuisance?" inquired Jake, the Salamander's paunchy, pock-marked mate, around a grease-dripping pork chop.

"Ol' barnacle-brain! That butt-sprung horse's tail what thinks he's a towboatman!"

"Oh, him!" grinned Jake. "He went ashore. Why? Ya wanna play footsie with him?"

Annie ignored the romantic touch. "I got a bone to grind!" she said forcibly. "What the hell's the Salamander doin' in here 'stead o' Sail River?"

"You're here too, ain't ye?" he pointed out.

"Yeah, but—well, anyways, I gotta go now," she countered lamely. "Give me worst wishes to Bullwinkle. An' look"—she pointed to the heaped-up platters of food—"ye better bury that when ye finish. They're kinda strick about pollutin' the fish around here."

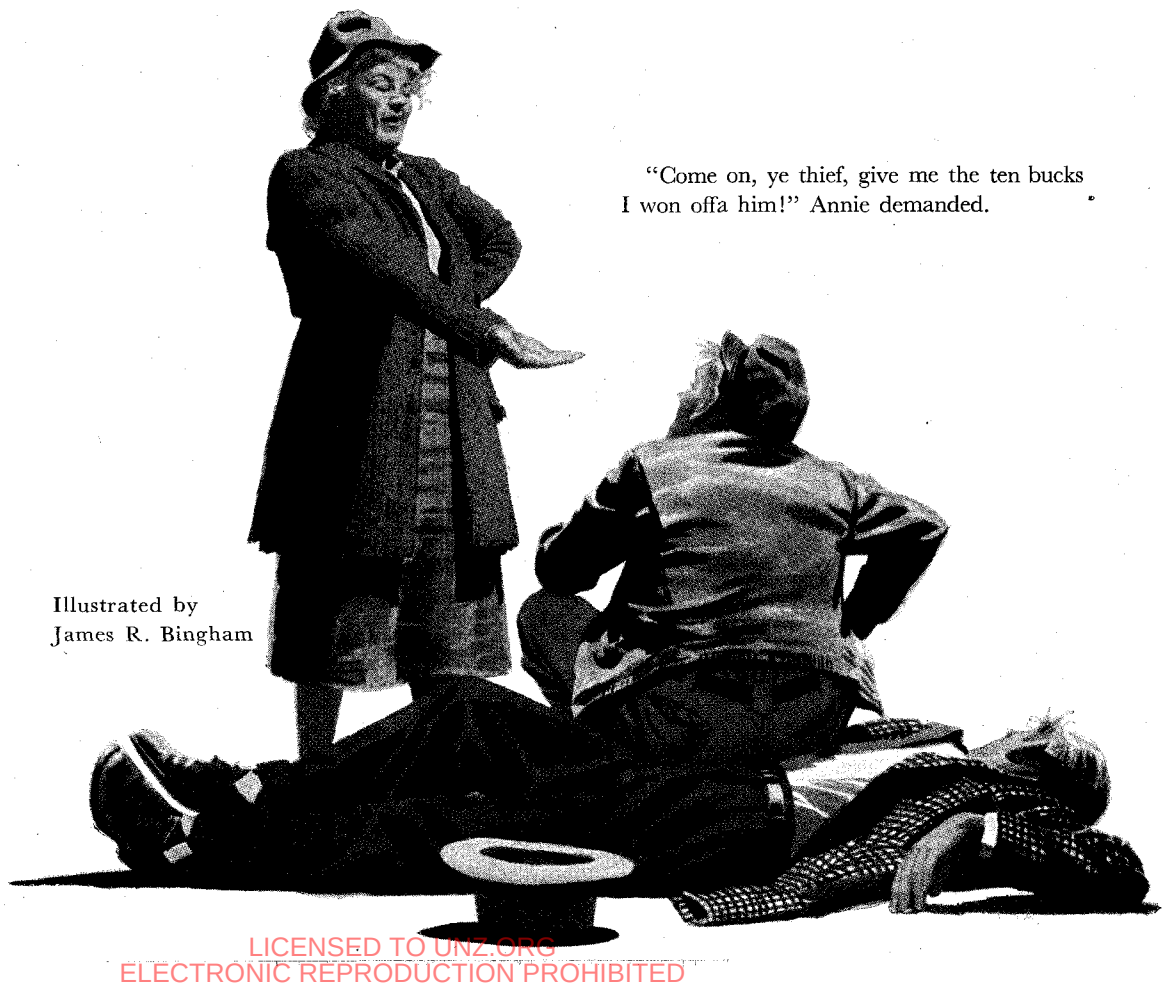
"Wait just a minute!" Jake checked her at the door, his eyes narrowed. "Ya didn't come in here just to knock our grub! An' why was ya so panicky just now? What you cookin' up that ya're scared Bullwinkle might cut in on?"

"I dunno what ye're incineratin'!" said Annie with specious indignation. "We put in here weatherbound, prob'ly same as—as you!"

"Oh, yeah?" Jake laughed shortly. "Well, I'll tell him ya was worried about somethin'. An' he's nobody's fool, includin' yours. So ya'll be seein' him!"

Annie had not long to wait; for, after bolting a supper that had lost all savor, she was in her bunk, staring worriedly at the deckhead above her, when there came a playful rat-tat-tat on the door, which, when she jerked it open, exposed the muscular frame and uncouth, grinning features of Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle.

"Hi, Jumbo!" he said genially and, with exaggerated (Continued on Page 73)



"Come on, ye thief, give me the ten bucks I won offa him!" Annie demanded.

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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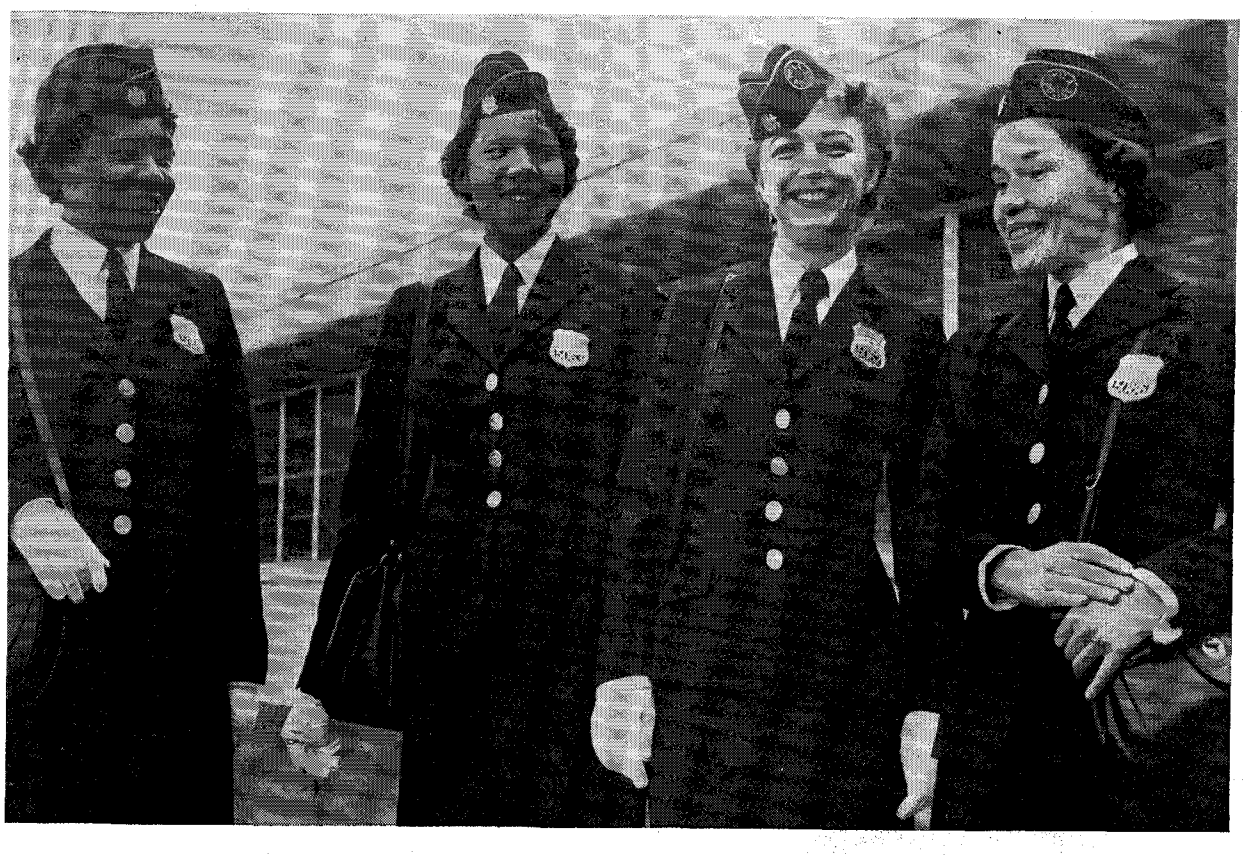
The Lady Cops of the Dope Squad

These brave policewomen mingle in the vicious world of dope rackets, where the rule is no holds barred. Here's how the ladies in disguise almost always get their men.



Girls with dangerous jobs: Undercover policewomen Dorothy Ferrabee, Dorothy Garvin, Geraldine Galcik and Margaret Logan, who helped to "break the back of the illegal narcotics trade in Philadelphia."

By Ashley Halsey, Jr.

One summery September evening, Dorothy Garvin, a happily married young mother of two children, drove alone past a brightly lighted street corner in downtown Philadelphia. Suddenly a strange man stepped out from the curb as if he recognized her car. He waved. Dorothy flipped open her car door. The stranger got in.

"Just drive where I tell you," he commanded. He gave her an address. Wordlessly, they drove into a shabby residential area. At the man's orders, Dorothy parked on a vacant lot and walked almost completely around the block. The man circled the other way. They met at a rundown brick house and went in.

"Where's the stuff?" Dorothy asked.

"I'm taking you to a 'dig' party," the man replied. By then, they were entering an upstairs room. Three other couples were there.

"Where's the stuff?" Dorothy asked again. "I can't wait forever."

The girls are briefed by two narcotics investigators, Lt. Glasgow Driscoll and Capt. Clarence Ferguson. It takes a special kind of courage to mix with half-crazed dope addicts and hardened pushers. One lady cop jumped out of a window to escape an amorous addict who assumed she was a prostitute. Suspicious pushers often demand that the policewomen give themselves heroin injections to prove they are users.

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Charles "Eddie" Dean (back to camera) is arrested for pushing dope. Dean, a first offender, was sentenced to jail for 8 to 23 months. Undercover policewoman is Margaret Logan.

"We got it," someone responded, "but we're gonna shoot it up right here." The man pointed to a table in a corner. On it lay a teaspoon, blackened from having had its contents heated with lighted matches. Beside it were home-made hypodermics consisting of regular hypo needles mounted on eye droppers. And a small waxed-paper packet of floury white "stuff"—about fifty dollars' worth of heroin. The man gestured toward the table.

"Not me," Dorothy said hastily. "You don't go sticking it into my arm tonight. I gotta go see the probation officer tomorrow. Any fresh needle marks in my arm, and you know what happens to me."

At her refusal, another man and his girl edged forward and eyed her suspiciously.

"She look wrong to you?" the man demanded.

"Sure does," the girl agreed.

Before Dorothy could protest, they hustled her into a small room. The other girl wanted to strip her to force her to remain. "Just lock the door," one of the men said. They did. There was no window.

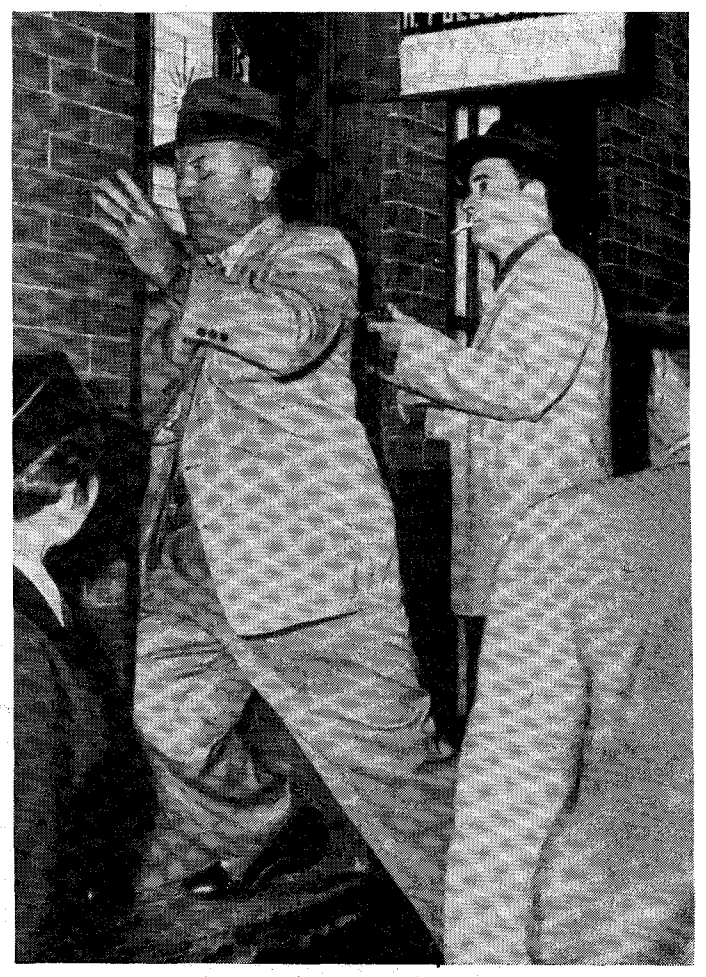
Through the door, Dorothy heard them arguing over what to do with her. There were ugly suggestions. She heard the phrase "looks wrong" again and again. "Wrong" is the dope trade's term for a police informer or spy. Finally the door opened. Only men confronted Dorothy this time.

One fired a question, "If you are all right, woman, who do you know?"

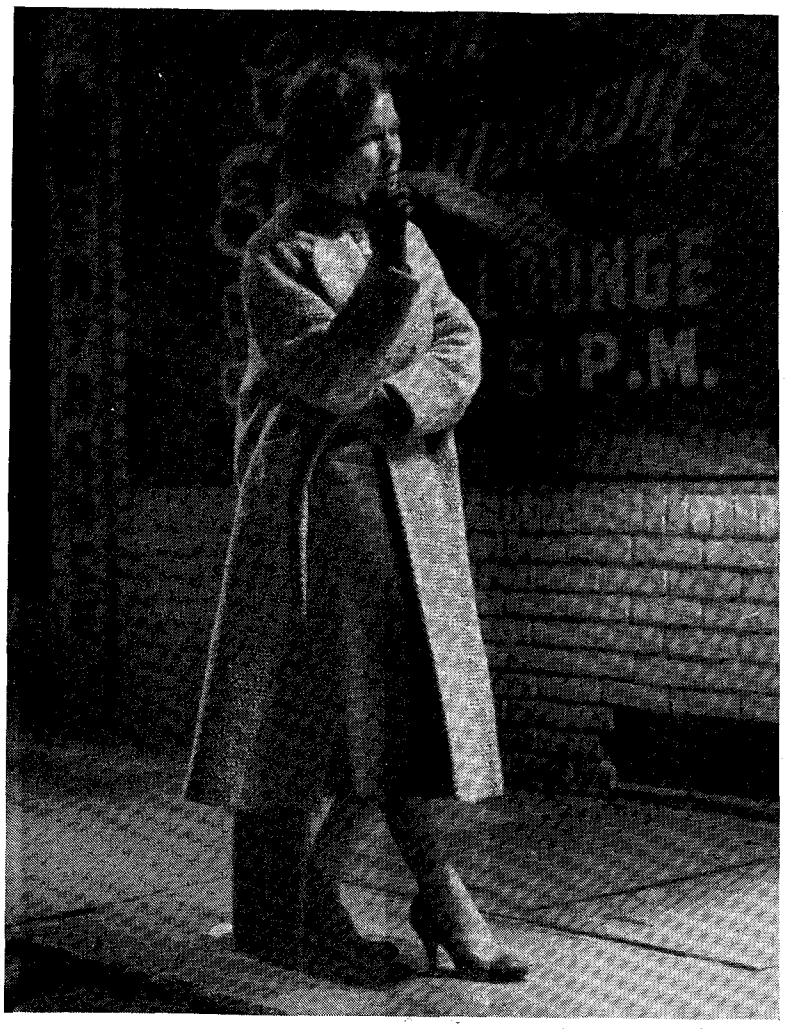
Dorothy named a notorious drug peddler as someone from whom she had bought "the stuff" before. The tension eased.

"Fine!" someone said. "He's coming here later tonight. Then we'll know if you are right or wrong."

The big-shot peddler was due to arrive about midnight. He did not get there until the following morning at nine. During those long night hours, Dorothy did not suffer alone. Fifty police officers, from Commissioner Thomas J. Gibbons down, worried with her and for her. The (Continued on Page 101)



Dope raid: Lt. Driscoll forces the door of a suspected dope trafficker, who was arrested on evidence obtained by policewoman Doris Fanning (left).



Waiting for a dope peddler: Policewoman Margaret Logan, a former nurse, loiters in front of a Philadelphia saloon, posing as an addict.

Police agents cover Geraldine Galcik on a rendezvous with a pusher. Some of the lady cops felt protectors cramped their style, and preferred to venture into the underworld alone.

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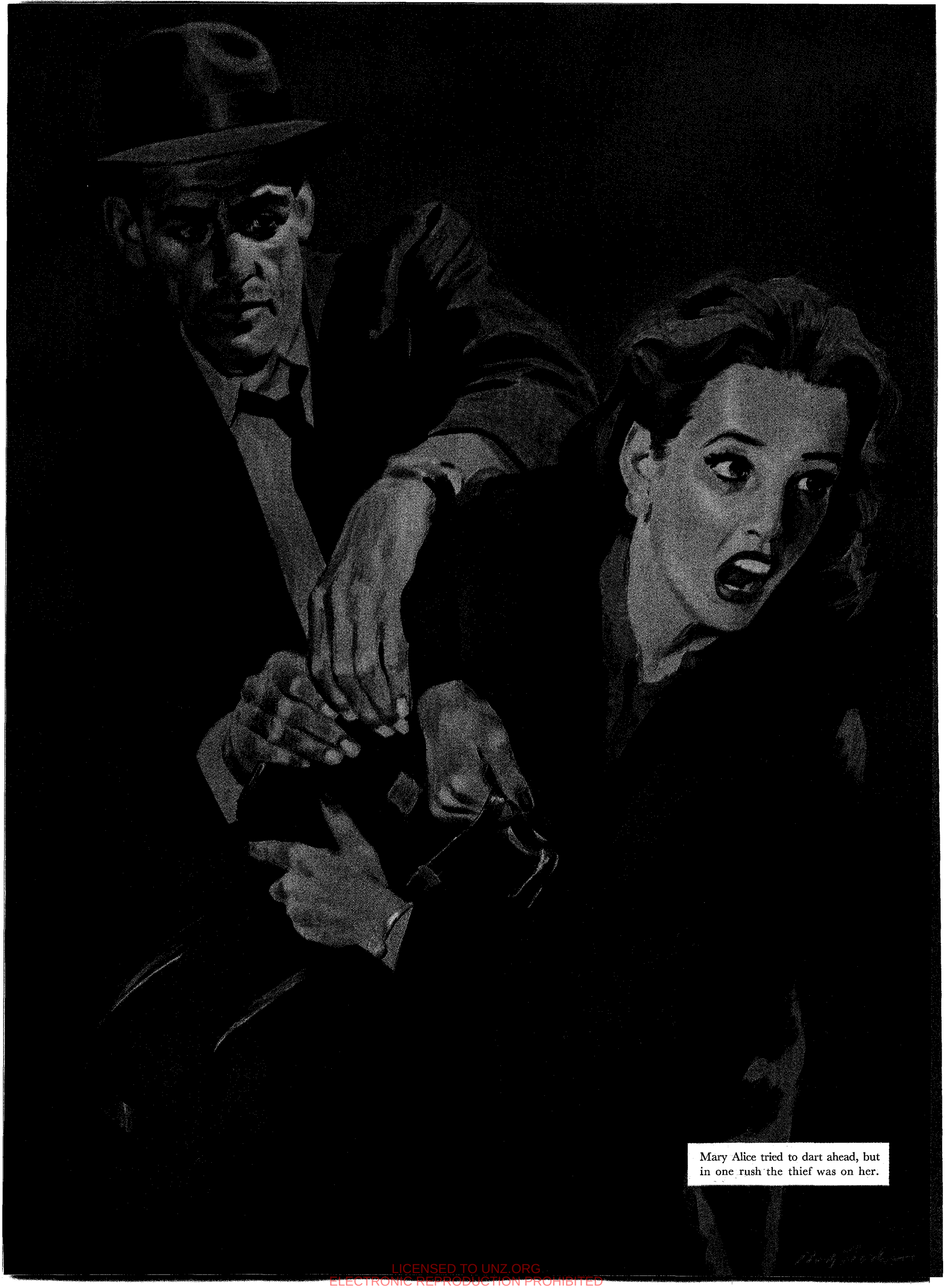

Mary Alice tried to dart ahead, but in one rush the thief was on her.

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It was no place for a woman alone, late at night,

when any street can become a

Street of Fear

By THOMAS WALSH Illustrated by Noel Sickles

They set it up for this Mary Alice Schneider, the innocent bystander, one Saturday night when she was on her way home from the neighborhood movie; and of course, with Lt. Archie Henderson running things, they set it up with the most convincing—or documentary, indeed—verisimilitude. About 11:05 that evening, just by way of advance notice, a squad car turned in from the Third Avenue corner, dipping its headlights once, and dipping them again; and Eddie McGinnis, stationed well back in the shadows along the side street, waved one arm from left to right over his head at Bernie Sullivan.

In his areaway farther down, Sullivan composed himself, shifted a few small packages and straightened his shoulders; and a minute or so afterward the Schneider girl hove into view, and found Eddie McGinnis loitering about under the nearest street lamp. She was startled at once, even from Sullivan's distance, by the villainously menacing expression that Eddie McGinnis had all ready for her; and when, after glancing around furtively, he followed the Schneider girl past an empty store and two or three shabby tenements, there seemed to be no question at all as to what Eddie McGinnis was after.

There was certainly no question for Mary Alice, in any event. She darted ahead, in one rush, for the protection of her apartment vestibule; Eddie McGinnis, pushing her on, snatched out and down for her leather pocketbook; and Bernie Sullivan, exactly on cue, then allowed himself to be glimpsed as though just strolling along, with a little midnight refreshment, from Barney Mandelbaum's Yorkville delicatessen.

By that time Eddie McGinnis had got the pocketbook. He moved off, snarling at her, but moved off, apparently by mere chance, into Bernie Sullivan. That part had been timed and rehearsed also. Dropping his packages instantly, and just in time to avoid a first terrible swing from Eddie McGinnis, Sullivan hit out sharp and crisp with his right, hit again; and Eddie McGinnis—three-day growth of beard, disheveled suit, dirty old sneakers—went down flat and hard on glistening black pavement.

The whole thing had been as melodramatically stylized for the Schneider girl as a theatrical fencing match. Now she backed off into the area railing, perhaps wanting to scream there, just scream after scream, but not quite managing it. Eddie McGinnis never moved, legs apart, both arms thrown out with exaggerated unconsciousness; and Bernie Sullivan, all alone under the street lamp, struck an attitude for Mary Alice so heroic in outline and so masculinely protective that even Archie Henderson—way back somewhere in safety position—could have had not so much as a single complaint about it.

"So now I figure that we don't have anything very much to worry about," Bernie Sullivan confided on Monday morning, at nine sharp, in Lt. Archie Henderson's private office. "Why should we? After the two guys in the squad car come booming up and make a great business of hauling off Eddie McGinnis by both of his arms, I ask her if she isn't one of the tenants who live right in the house with me; and then I hop around for a minute or two as if I'd twisted my knee, kind of."

"Real brilliant idea," Archie Henderson commented, but in that way of his which meant what he said—or exactly the reverse, maybe. "Then she had to help you upstairs, eh?"

"More than that," Sullivan admitted modestly. "She comes over Sunday noontime to ask me how the leg's making out, the way I figured she would; and after that I built up everything nice and easy between us. Nothing to it, lieutenant. Nothing at all."

The phone rang at that moment. Archie Henderson picked it up and growled his brand of rasping identification, and Bernie Sullivan, during the brief interval that followed, thought back again over yesterday afternoon and his first close-up impressions of Mary Alice Schneider.

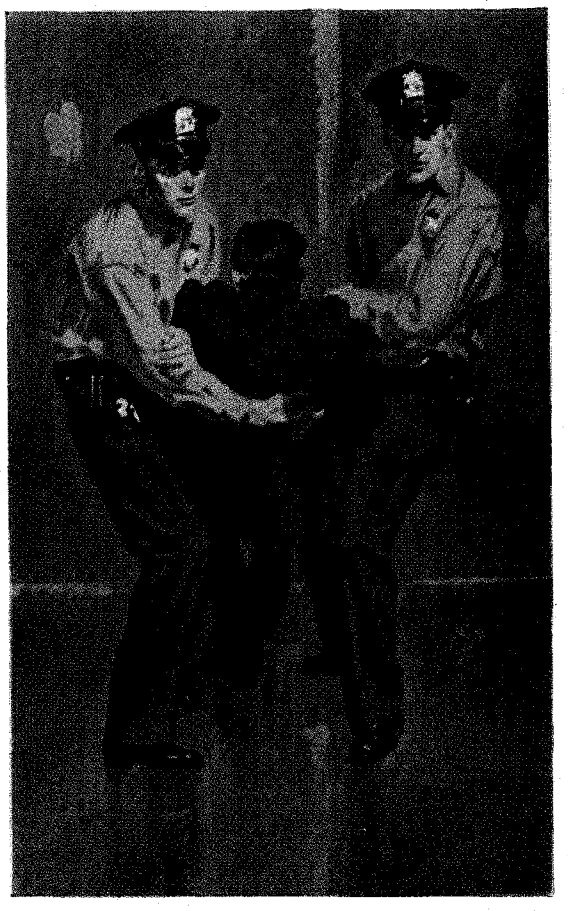
Clean, neat and attractive, Sullivan had decided at once, though not strikingly pretty; big and healthy-looking, like any outdoors girl from the Adirondack territory, with a kind of puppyish eagerness about her, and a friendly and unsophisticated interest in her neighbor's welfare; and, for the rest of it, a sturdy but attractive figure, a pair of honest eyes and a lot of thick dark hair just the way Sullivan admired it, not all frizzled out and puffed up in one of those screwy modern creations.

"Why don't you sit down?" Sullivan had invited her, while limping around. "Just find a chair—or go ahead and throw that dirty shirt on the floor. It's O.K. It's not mine. It's Jack Sweeney's, the fellow I live with."

"On the floor?" Mary Alice had repeated, her tone indicating shocked and even outraged reaction to such masculine carelessness. "Why, I should think not. And look at this place already! What have you been doing in here?" She gazed around, obviously distraught, at a used towel on the mantelpiece, a bathrobe on the radiator, two or three empty beer bottles on the window sill, and a hat and tie on the one floor lamp. "Oh, my!" she said, compressing her lips firmly. "Oh, goodness! St-st-st-st-st. Where's your vacuum?"

He had protested there, but without avail; she had

(Continued on Page 96)



Two guys in the squad car come booming up and make a great business of hauling off Eddie McGinnis.

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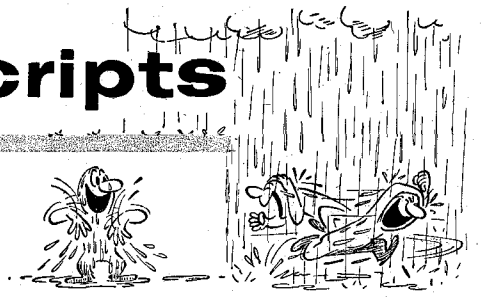
Post Scripts



Friends, I'd Like to Give You My Impression —

They'd cause a minimum of needless pain
And scads of grateful patrons would be gainers
If night-club entertainers would refrain
From imitating night-club entertainers.

P. J. BLACKWELL

Ah Comb From Trin-ee-Dahd!

Calypso is now sweeping the country, replacing rock 'n' roll, which is something like gnats replacing mosquitoes on a hot summer night; not much better, but a change.

Trouble is, most people do not understand what calypso is, and it is my privilege to get them out of the slump and on the *qui vive*.

There are, first, two simple things to remember about calypso music. One is that you have to pronounce "man" as "mon." This is a tradition. The other is that you have to refrain from making the lines of the song rhyme.

For example if you sing:

I got a leetle girl in Treen-ee-dahd,
I like her good and I like her bahd,

you are Out. You are obviously a fake because "bahd" rhymes with "Treen-ee-dahd." What it should be more like is:

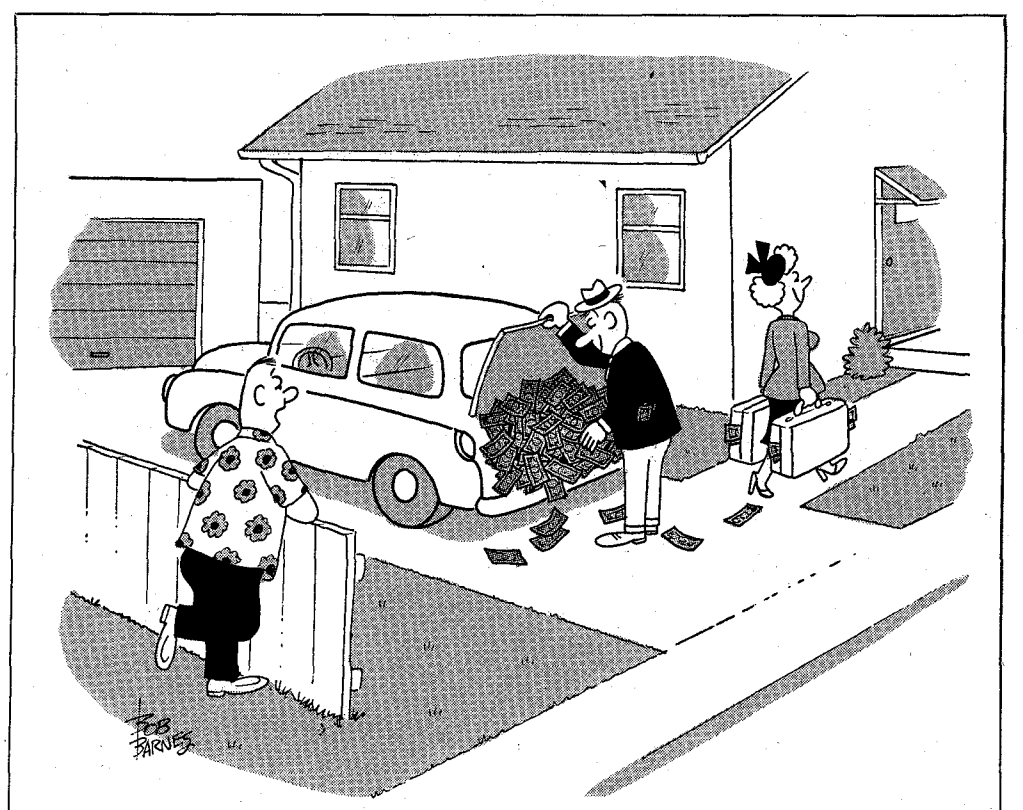
I got a girl down on dee island,
She's awfully sweet when she ain't violent.

That's perfect calypso.

Still another thing about calypso is you have to chant spontaneously about either current events or things that recently happened in your family. Here is a pure calypso I made up during my lonch hour. (Yah!)

Who is dee one whose love we celebrate June twelfth,
She is dee one who never theenk of herself.
She is dee one whose loves goes further,
Dee one who go on up and marry you father.
Well, now, she got dee wrinkle, she got dee gray,
She got dee love that last all dee day.
She is dee one who lullabys hums,
She is dee one who take you in dee arms.

This was as far as I got, because the beef stew was getting cold and the waitress was stamping impatiently for me to get up and give a big tipper my seat. It will give you an idea.



"How was Las Vegas?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I wrote a scrap of another on the way to the office:

I love Matilda weet dee pointy-head,
Other girls ain't strong as lead
She is so sweet and deeferent from
That I glad to see her when I get home.
O Matilda, O Matilda,
*You be as gentle as a cedilla.**

There's dance that goes with all this too. You step sideways twice, form an isosceles triangle, stamp three times, wiggle the shoulders and fall flat from exhaustion.

It's better just to sing it.

*A form of drum made from an old goatskin covered with a layer of tin from a sardine can.

ROBERT FONTAINE

Mental Note Made at the Annual Banquet

The dinner is stale, and the speaker the same.
The whole affair is a pity,
And it's clear to all that the blame must fall
On the entertainment committee.

And it's also clear, though the brawl's a frost
And a feather in nobody's bonnet,
That the people who roast the committee most
Are the ones who dodged being on it.

PENNY PENNINGTON

See What's On Some Other Channel

". . . this one-hour drama, so gripping in its intrigue that ——"

". . . ain't big enough for the two of us, stranger, so my advice to you is to get outta ——"

". . . some of the finest local talent ever assembled ——"

". . . and here, on the third of our ten charts showing the city's new zoning ——"

". . . and, another thing, since when does a lousy, no-good private eye like you tell a police inspector like me how to run his ——"

". . . proud to present that six-year-old boy with the phenomenal baritone voice ——"

". . . a real crowd-pleaser—an up-and-coming young welterweight with one of the best left hands in the business ——"

". . . our 1934 movie tonight, which stars beautiful Lily ——"

". . . so, Edgar, old pal, how about you and I doing one of those old soft-shoe routines like we did back in the old days in ——"

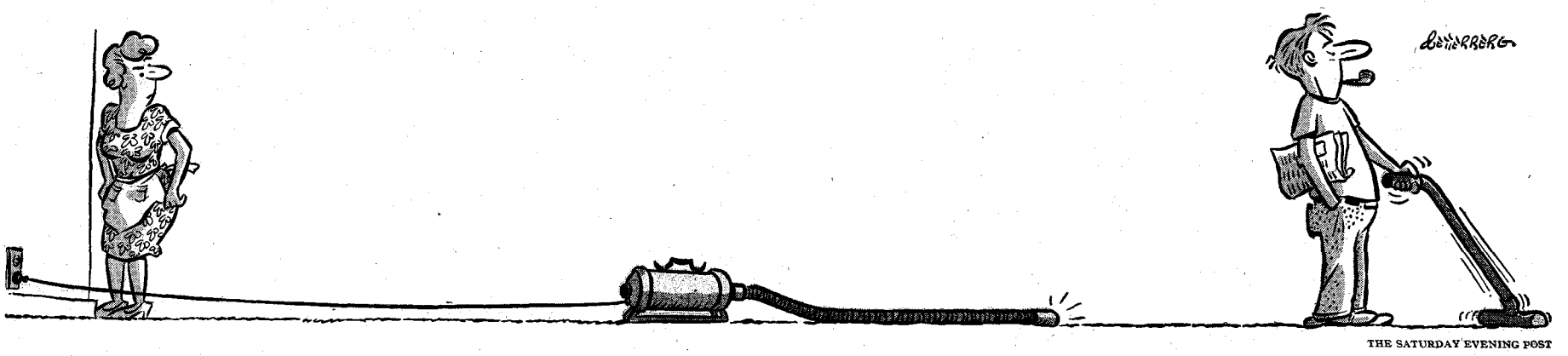
". . . and just listen to this, all you kids! Old Uncle ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

To the Lifeless of the Party

To eat and run is not polite,
But frankly, girls and chaps,
It also doesn't seem quite right
To eat and just collapse.

LOYD ROSENFIELD



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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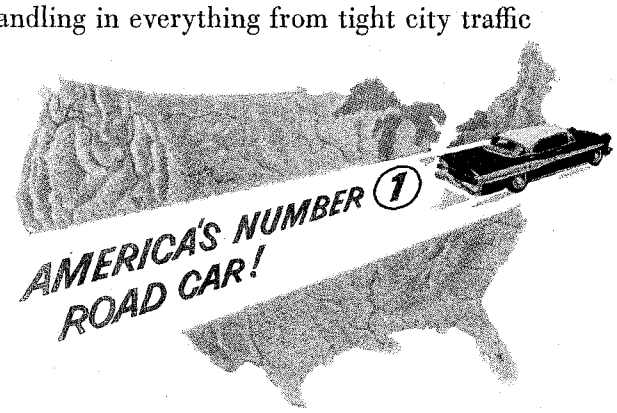
Pontiac's writing History by the Mile*!

* Match Pontiac's performance against anything else on the road and you'll find enough news to fill a book. You could write a whole chapter on the wink-quick response of Pontiac's brand-new Strato-Streak V-8 with its all-time high in compression, displacement and torque. And you'd have page after page about Pontiac's dream-easy handling in everything from tight city traffic to winding country back roads. The new suspension ideas in its Level-Line Ride are writing a story of their own with an all-new dimension in comfort and safety. And surely you'd include the fact that one of the nation's largest highway patrols put six of the industry's top performers to super-rigid handling and safety tests *and chose Pontiacs*—300 of them! You'd list more than six dozen "firsts" all the way from looks to go—and record the 100,000 miles of on-the-road testing that make this brawny beauty the best-proved car in history. To sum it all up—everything in the book should lead you straight to your Pontiac dealer. How about tomorrow?



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PROVED BY 100,000 MILES OF RUGGED ROAD TESTS

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"I'm going to let this out in more ways than one!"

"That shop's going to hear from me—and so are my friends! Imagine a salesgirl telling me there's no difference between 'completely washable' and 'Sanforized'! There's a difference all right—you can see it after just one washing!"

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

Every "Sanforized" fabric must pass this rugged shrinkage test—boiled, washed for an hour—checked by the "Sanforized" inspector.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits the use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

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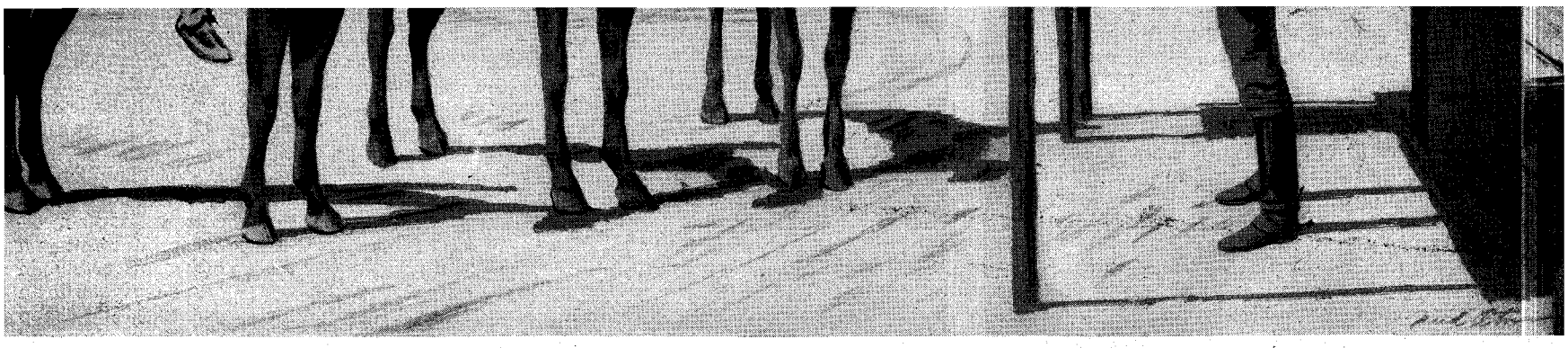

Seth grunted and began to talk in signs, letting his carbine hang in the crook of his arm.

KIOWA MOON

By ALAN LE MAY

He was a white war chief, and he wanted a white girl as his squaw.

"I want you to quit all this ramboodling around the country, Rachel," Ben warned his sister. "You've got to stay home."

Seventeen-year-old Rachel was unaware that the Zachary family's hold on the Dancing Bird range was imperiled by the strange circumstances of her adoption. Now, as Ben and his brothers, Cassius and Andy, prepared for the long drive north with their cattle, a mysterious figure had appeared. He was Abe Kelsey, deranged over the loss of his son to the Kiowas years before, and convinced that the Indians had raised the boy as their own. In his bitterness, Kelsey spread the rumor that the Zacharys' seeming immunity from Kiowa war parties was due to the fact that Rachel was of Kiowa blood. Actually, the family was wise to Indian ways and constantly vigilant against attack. But Ben knew that Kelsey would stop at nothing to send warriors against them to capture the girl, so he offered money for the old man's scalp. When young Andy attempted to seize Kelsey, the man had escaped badly hurt. It was not known whether his wounds were fatal.

To Rachel, her family's strange apprehension over Kelsey's appearance could only mean one thing: that there must indeed be truth behind the ugly rumor of her ancestry.

III

For almost a week Rachel tried to find herself, while it seemed to her that not a single familiar compass point remained. Her whole identity had been struck away. *It must be people like me who become fancy girls*, she thought, without ever having seen one in her life. But a girl who belonged nowhere and to no one couldn't be expected to care where she was or what she did, Rachel thought now. She wanted to get away and lose herself where nobody knew her. Yet she did not know how to turn her back on these people who had done everything for her that had ever been done in her life.

She tried to find out how the Zacharys had come by her in the first place. Mathilda was tempted to invent an elaborate story, giving Rachel an inspiring family history and a romantic orphaning. She would have done it, too, had she not known perfectly well that she would be tripped up by it, soon or late. She compromised by telling part of the truth. Rachel's natural parents were unknown, she admitted, and this was true. But here she began changing the facts a little bit. Lots of wagons were on their way to California, she said, and Rachel had accidentally got left behind by one of them, at a rest-over camp, called Possum Stop. It wasn't there any more. Nobody knew which wagon or why the family never came back to look for their baby. Maybe they'd been fooled on where they lost her—looked a long time in some wrong place. Or it was possible something had happened to them. It came out a whole lot more lie than truth, before she wiggled out of it, perhaps because so little truth was known.

She had often told Rachel that men hated to see women cry, (Continued on Page 90)

"What did Seth want of us?" Rachel asked. Ben took her face between his hands. "They were trying to buy you," he told her.

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Religion Hits the Road

(Continued from Page 21)

beans, boiled potatoes and green salad prepared and served by men in a big cookshack and dining room that are part of the Nogal Mesa installation.

The success of Western-style camp meetings isn't calculated in terms of crowds or statistics. You can attract a crowd with ballyhoo, but the ranchers' camps draw their attendance the hard way, principally by word of mouth and a few letters. They offer neither quackery nor miracle healing; they have no sawdust trail to God, no superemotionalism. If and when an audience is appealed to for public confession of faith, the preacher asks no other token than a raised hand while the heads of the congregation are bowed in prayer.

I heard one lady say, "H'mph, can't even see who makes a decision tonight!" Her companion answered, "Honey, if you're catching a calf for branding, don't let it know you're lookin' at it!"

Should an individual express a wish to join the Christian community, there is no denominational pressure, only ministerial counseling toward the church of one's choice. The ranchers' camps measure their achievement in such terms as influence for good, support of faith, above all in bringing the Biblical message to people of the range land who live far from churches and towns. This is one case where church goes to the people, instead of urging people to travel in to church.

And the meetings, begun in the name of religion, have become more than church services. They are gatherings where folks really have a wonderful time, enjoy a holiday from ranch work, renew long-standing friendships, show off the kids, talk weather and cattle prices and politics and farm machines. The women get into Why Johnny Can't Read and whether Jolene ought to attend an Eastern or a Western university. The old-timers drink gallons of black coffee and whittle and swap fabulous stories about longhorn cattle and the days before fences.

When the bell rings, they stream into the big tent to pray, to sing hymns and to listen to discourse on basic problems of life and death, salvation and faith, conscience and conduct. It is simple and good. An Easterner, visiting one of the 1956 meetings, shook his head in astonishment. "Look at that—whole families, three and four generations, sitting down together. I thought that had disappeared. I wish our Connecticut congregation could see it."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing to the visitor is the broad atmosphere of religious tolerance. The fact that the Presbyterians own the camp equipment is incidental. The meetings in each state are conducted and financed by local committees of laymen, and are studiously interdenominational. One of the most energetic of the 1956 Nevada committeemen was a Roman Catholic.

Committeemen, like preachers, Sunday-school teachers and song and prayer leaders, represent all denominations of the living church willing to pitch in and make the thing go—Methodists, Baptists, Southern Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists. Members of the Church of the Nazarene sit down next to Episcopalians, and in this atmosphere differences of dogma and tenet evaporate. Significantly, ministerial denomination is never mentioned, either from the pulpit or for promotional purposes. In choosing ministers there is only one requisite: that the preacher be ordained by an established church of serious ministerial standard, and of good reputation in a pulpit of his own.

It costs $500 to $600 to put on one of these meetings, and up to $2500 to hold the big four-and-a-half-day parent meeting at Nogal Mesa. The biggest single expense item is food. Everyone who comes to the grounds is fed generously and well, without charge. The beef consumed at these feeds is donated by ranchers; eggs are brought in, too, and potatoes by the hundred-pound sack. Nevertheless the grocery bill runs into real money, and so do travel expenses for truck and crew and preachers, who may come all the way from Detroit or Dallas or San Francisco. Preachers' services are donated, but ranchers' camp pride refuses to let preachers pay their own gas and oil bills.

Where does the money come from? No plate is passed; money is hardly mentioned. If you asked Dr. Ralph Hall, who has watched $100,000 appear and disappear to carry on this work through seventeen summers, he would probably say, quite simply, "The Lord sends it."

The simple fact is that what money is needed always does appear, contributed by the people who take part. Everyone in camp attends a business session on the last day of the meeting. The finance committee reports on the state of the exchequer. Somebody puts a couple of cowboy hats, upside down, on the platform and on the ground outside the door, and the people put money into the hats. That's all there is to it. Besides folding money, the committee invariably finds some blank checks, with notes: "I'm worried you won't have enough—fill out for whatever you need." Rich people? No; from ranchers of modest means. But the cash in the hats generally covers the bills and leaves some over.

It takes hard work and sweat to move the tent church around. To get the yellow truck loaded after the 1956 Nebraska meeting at Merryland Picnic Grounds, men worshipers took off their coats as soon as the final benediction was uttered, and pitched in to strike the forty-by-sixty-foot big top. Youngsters gathered up hymnbooks, stacked them in the boxes, folded metal chairs and lugged them to the truck. In the light of automobile headlights, the big poles came out and the canvas tent collapsed like a deflated balloon.

Camp, what was left of it, was astir by 5:30 on Monday morning. Cook made a roustabout breakfast—stacks of wheat cakes, heaps of bacon and fried eggs and coffee—and before the grill was cool the butane-gas drum was disconnected and the heavy plate was manhandled out and grunted up aboard the truck. The preacher's car lumbered away, towing his big, shiny, borrowed house trailer.

Dr. Ralph Hall threw his bedding into the trunk of his car and shaved at a bucket under a tree. Doctor Hall sleeps in a cowboy bedroll on the ground under the stars, as he has done for a large portion of his life.

"Good meeting, Ralph?" I asked him. In the manner of the West, he's Ralph to everybody on the grounds.

He nodded, scraping away. "Nebraska's doing well," he said. "They have a fine committee. It's a young meeting—this was only the fourth year. But I think they're over the hump; they'll be all right. We had good luck on the weather this year—no mosquitoes. Ultimately we'll have to spray these grounds. But the young fellows will be doing that. I'll pass these meetings over to the young fellows before long."

Tall, patriarchal, with silvery hair, Doctor Hall dresses like the rancher he has always been, and he always wears a cowboy hat and boots.

Forty-four years ago the Presbyterian Church commissioned Ralph Hall as "Missionary to the Cowboys." "I've never had, or wanted, a church of my own," he says, "except for one period of about six months when the Missions Board was short of money to pay my salary—I took a church then to help out."

When I asked him how and why he happened to enter the ministry, he answered, "I grew up on a New Mexico homestead a hundred miles from town. We had no church and never saw a minister. My dad used to read the Bible to us, and my mother told us, 'Someday, you'll see, a minister will come.'

"One day a man rode up to the house. We thought it was a peddler, but it was a minister. 'How long can you stay?' That was all my dad wanted to know. 'Two or three days.' We rounded up the neighbors and we had a church service—the first one held in that part of the state. During the service, I glanced around at my mother and saw tears rolling down her cheek. I had never seen my mother cry before. If ministers meant so much to people in lonely places, I decided that was what I wanted to be, though I felt nobody was ever less fitted than I. Think of it, I had practically no schooling till I was a grown man! But they took me in, and presently they ordained me, and they've let me do what I wanted, which was to take the church to the people who live far away from towns."

When he was finished shaving, he put his things in his car and prepared to leave.

"See you in South Dakota!" I said, and watched him climb into his car and drive off.

It's a long haul up through the Dakota Bad Lands. The yellow truck rattled and rolled through canyons, crawled up grades. West of Kadoka she took US 16 for Rapid City, and after a 325-mile day crawled uphill to Jim Clapp's ranch in the Black Hills.

Jim Clapp is typical of those laymen who lend enthusiastic backing to the camp meetings. A Rapid City lawyer who ranches on the side, he has been a hard-working member of the South Dakota committee since the South Dakota meeting started six years ago. More, when a group of Nevada ranchers met at Elko in the autumn of 1955 to discuss starting a camp meeting in that state, Jim Clapp drove 1000 miles to lend them advice and counsel. Elton Trowbridge, of the Wyoming committee, drove 700 miles to attend the same meeting.

The South Dakota meeting sets up on a hillside meadow on Jim Clapp's place, ringed by Black Hills pine forests. The first night the tents were up a coyote came into the moonlit clearing and howled protest at the invasion. A bunch of Jim Clapp's young steers crossed the grounds, blundered onto the assistant camp manager's bedroll while he was sleeping in it, and stampeded away in alarm. Down at the foot of the hill an intimate brook rilled away quietly. Only eighty years ago this was wild Sioux Indian country, and Custer's ill-fated command once pitched camp close by.

Apart from setting up tents and cooking facilities, there was firewood to cut, a garbage pit to dig, drinking water to haul in and chlorinate, and latrine liming and furbishing to do. Thanks to rigorous sanitation, dishwashing in changes of antiseptic water, fussiness about food preparation, there has been no need for medical help—no accident more serious than a youngster falling out of a tree—in more than 150 camps conducted over the years.

There has been, however, extraneous public excitement, including more than one wedding—sometimes weddings of young people who first met at the camp. And Grove City College conferred Doctor Hall's doctorate at Nogal Mesa a few years ago, after receiving a letter saying he was too busy to come East for the academic distinction. The college sent out robes and cap, and awarded his degree in camp!

Once the meeting begins, the day is full. Morning, afternoon and evening preaching services are announced by the bell. In addition there is morning Bible-study hour, with separate classes for adults, teen-agers and youngsters. At four in the afternoon there is a prayer meeting.

Women meet for prayer under the big tent. Men go off together to meet under a tree known as The Prayer Tree, chosen when each camp first meets, marked by date carved into the bark, kept thereafter as a hallowed spot. Men often go there alone for meditation.

The Prayer Tree is also a laymen's gathering. On the rare occasions when ministers attend, they come as participants, never as leaders. Some men approach these meetings skeptically, but restraint is soon banished by the atmosphere under the tree. (*Continued on Page 48*)

"Then it's agreed, gentlemen, SURGERY!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Why settle for less than a Lucky? You'll say it's the

best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

GO FIRST-CLASS—go Lucky. This one is all cigarette—all fine tobacco—all mild, good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. Buy a carton—you'll find they're all you've been looking for in a cigarette.

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"IT'S TOASTED" TO TASTE BETTER ... CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!

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Deliver on time—or forget it! Deliver economically—or else! America's trucking industry has met these twin challenges so well that, today, over three-quarters of the nation's total freight tonnage travels on trucks.

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IT'S PART OF THE LANGUAGE . . . BUILT LIKE A

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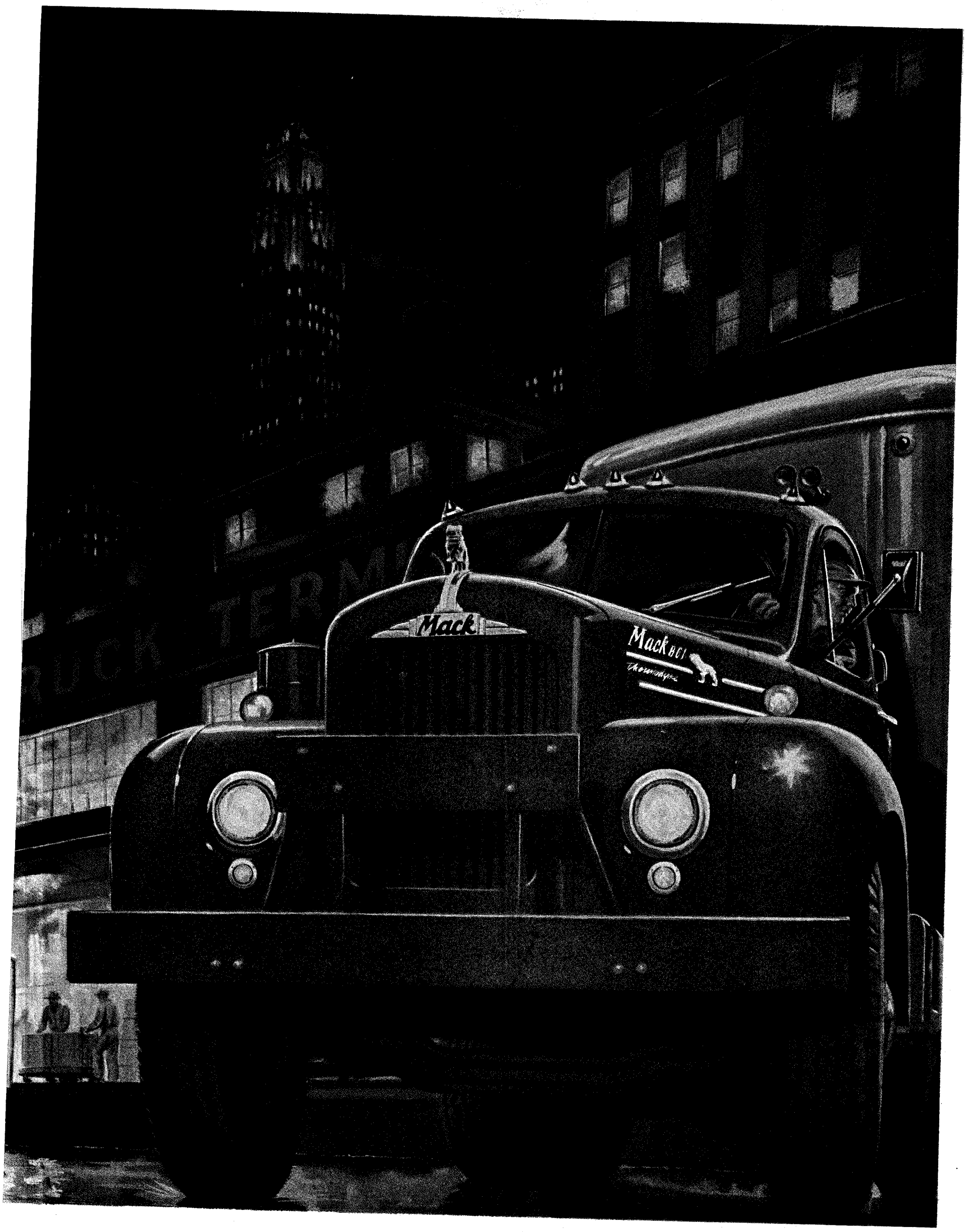

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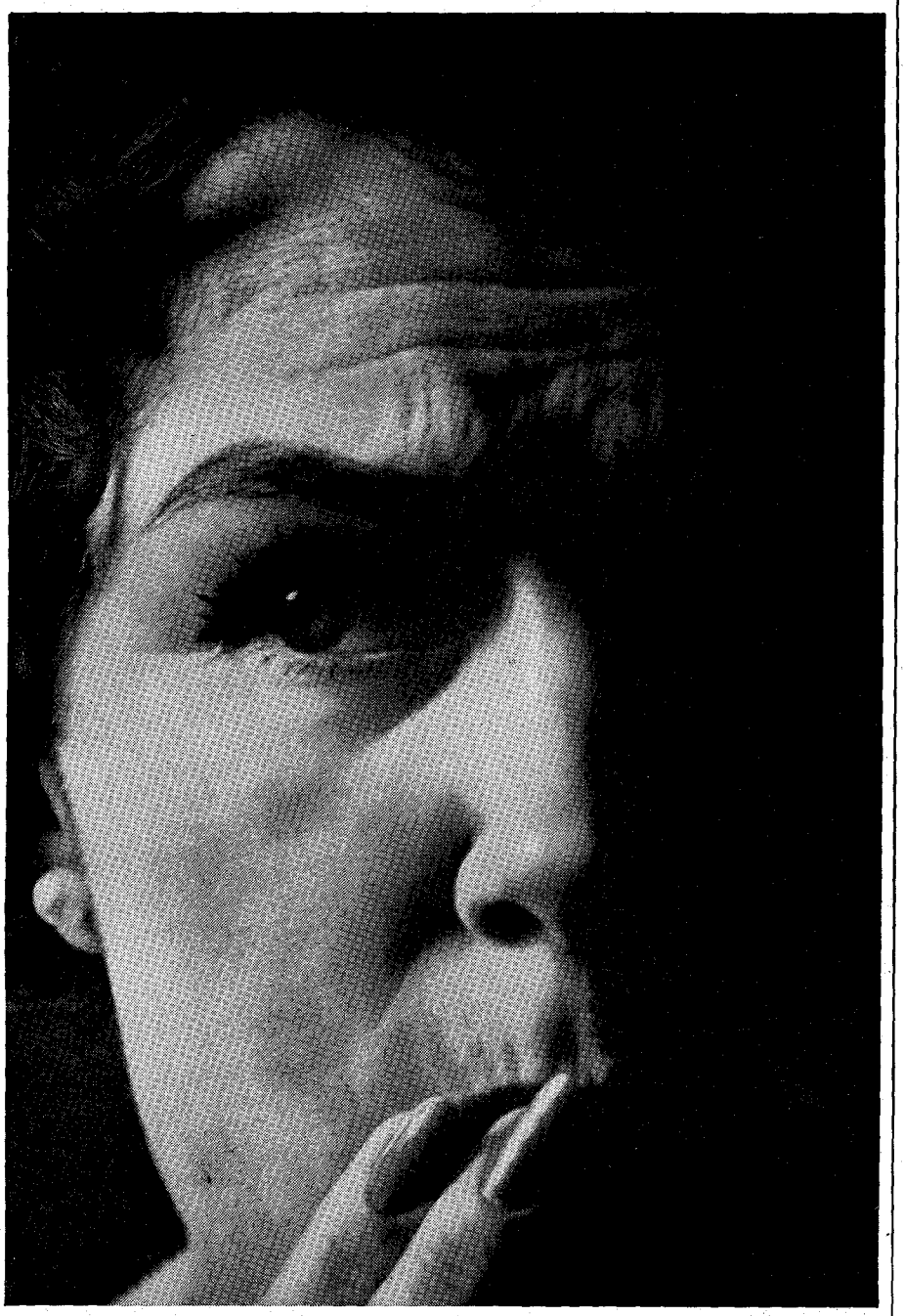

YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you *brush* false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It *soaks* into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

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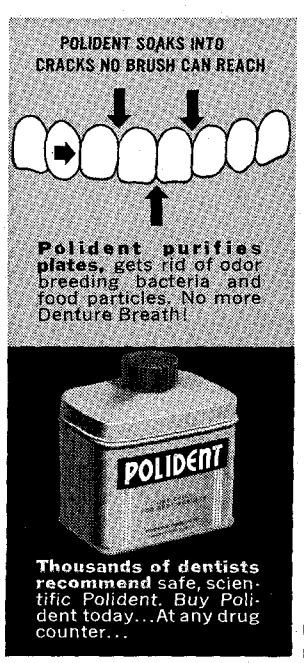
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Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!
POLIDENT
Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Buy Polident today . . . At any drug counter . . .

(*Continued from Page 44*) What do they talk about? Whatever is uppermost at the moment. Religion, perhaps. Or life, or politics. Or war. Or death. They talk about whatever men worry about, with a curious lack of shyness or reticence as they grow interested.

Between formal sessions and three meal line-ups, there's much camp recreation. A noisy and highly competitive game called Washer is played with deft skill. This is a derivative of the cowboy pastime of pitching silver dollars at a hole; it's played with two-inch washers tossed at two-and-a-half-inch holes in a twelve-by-fifteen-inch board. Horseshoes are pitched, too, and the kids play baseball and volleyball. The day closes with songs and stories around a campfire.

The climax of a four-day meeting comes at the weekend. Saturday finds the big top crowded. By Sunday the tent overflows, with improvised benches set up in rows outdoors and dozens of people sitting about on blankets and coats. Then the hymns swell out in enthusiastic volume.

Who's in the audience? The modern rancher is a sun-reddened, paradoxical fellow—perhaps the hardest American of all to know. He's very friendly, will talk readily, answer questions one after another. But let you know him deep down inside? That's something else again.

The modern rancher can ride, rope, brand cattle, hunt, fish—do the things his forebears did, all superlatively well. He's a good man with a horse. Nowadays, though, he's much more than a horse wrangler. He's mechanical. He's skillful at operating, maintaining and repairing an extraordinary variety of mobile machinery. It's not uncommon for him to own $25,000 worth of power on wheels and service it all single-handed. Sometimes he has his own plane, to save time getting to town. He frequently uses airplane crop dusting, spraying, range seeding. He's an agronomist, an agriculturist, an animal-husbandman, often with a state-university degree. Whoever he is, he's used to doing his own work—hired hands are vanishing fast from the Western scene. To meet manpower needs, families stick together more and more, brothers help each other, sons work with their fathers. The modern rancher knows the outside world—military duty has taken him all over the globe, and he has kept intelligent eyes open wherever he's been. He's on his ranch through choice. It's a hard way of life, but he likes it, honestly dislikes cities—honestly prefers to go to church in a tent rather than sit in a pew in town.

His wife? A home economist, she presides over a clean, comfortable house, often built near the old homestead log cabin and sod-shanty outbuildings. She uses every kind of modern home appliance and kitchen gadget. She has a large family, which she keeps under firm control—there's too much work on a ranch to allow for nonsense. Kids go to school on a yellow bus, get home late in the afternoon, do many ranch chores and also have ambitious 4-H and Future Farmers or Future Homemakers projects of their own.

Ranchers and their families, as you get to know them, reveal a sublime combination of twentieth-century skill and adaptability with simple self-reliant hearts. Sitting in the tent at camp meeting, they think of God in an extremely personal way, as, say, a member of the family and the head of the house.

On August 24–25–26, 1956, a new camp meeting was held south of Elko, Nevada, at the Thomas Canyon Camp Grounds in Lamoille Canyon of the Humboldt National Forest.

Elko County, in which the Nevada meeting was held, is larger than the combined areas of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Delaware, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia. The state of Nevada has fewer people than any one of seven Ohio cities. The meeting, held thirty miles from town, ten miles from the nearest village, was a new venture, modestly—almost tentatively—publicized. The meeting came in the middle of second haying, a critical time for ranchers, whose winter feed was involved.

I stood alongside Dr. Ralph Hall, local Presbyterian missionary Rev. D. N. Shotwell, committeemen Tom Brierley and Norman Glaser, wondering how many people would show up. The big tent, hauled 730 miles from Shell, Wyoming, stood ready in a charming aspen grove. A piano had been wrestled to an improvised platform—the first time this canyon had known the invasion of such an instrument. Over in the cook tent the waiting Friday-night supper included twenty pounds of broiled halibut, in case any Catholic Basque sheepherders should happen in.

On that Friday night 100 people came, just as they had come seventeen summers earlier to the camp on Nogal Mesa. By Sunday the big tent was filled with a crowd of nearly 400—ranchers, townspeople, some Ute Indians, a truckload of boys from the State Industrial School, three carloads of young people all the way from California to help with the singing, visitors from Idaho, Wyoming, South Dakota and New Mexico. At the Sunday business session, the Nevada participants voted unanimously to do it again in 1957, and put more than $400 into the cowboy hats to pay the bills.

Church is where you find it. For some it's the cathedral of the big city, for some it's the familiar old structure down the block. For 15,000 Americans the ranchers' camp meetings are a welcome addition to the church structure of Christendom. The camps speak a simple language, intimately comprehensible to those who live close to God in the vast spaces of America's Western range. THE END

Launching Platform

By Herbert Merrill

A wind came roaring up
today
And tossed a thousand hats
away,
Trampled earth and shook
the sky,
Blew the tumbling robins by,
And turned a clothesline
full of things
Into frantic, flapping wings.

Far above our upturned
faces
Fly the sheets and
pillowcases,
Soaring shirt tails, bits of
lace,
Headed straight for outer
space
And circled by a single
bright
Long red flannel satellite.

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Summer Affair (Continued from Page 24)

gray steel desks, the mechanical sounds of typing. He studied the stiff black letters on the door: SALT RIVER COUNTY FARM BUREAU. Down the hall, at the top of the stairs, was another sign: HARVEST SIGN-UP, and an arrow, pointing. It was all strange, he thought, and unfriendly. Or was it only unfamiliar? Whatever, it was only an interim, a pause, a time to marshal forces. Ahead lay the battle. Yet—and his heart gave a tiny leap at the thought—it was one step, a small victory, like the haystack and the hitchhiked ride.

He heard footsteps in the hall and tensed. But the man who entered was young, hardly older than himself. He walked to the desk, his shoulders wide, his arms swinging boldly. He bent toward the girl. They talked briefly. Her pencil moved. When he straightened, she smiled and the boy on the chair looked away.

The other young man was sitting down now, two chairs away. Casually he took a cigarette from the bulging pocket of his T shirt. Casually he struck a match. He blew the smoke out vigorously, squinting. His arms were brown as cured walnut. His short dark hair bristled.

"Following the harvest?"

Billy nodded, then said, "Yes." Beside the other, he became newly aware of his own pale arms, his needless thatch of brown hair.

"Where from?"

"Missouri."

"Um'm. Used to know a girl from St. Louis." The young man smiled reminiscently.

Again there were footsteps in the hall, and this time the man who entered was large and florid-faced, and the blue eyes that glittered beneath the brim of his straw hat shot one direction, then another, and in a split second had taken in the scene.

"Which one?" he said abruptly, and the girl behind the desk pointed to Billy, and said, "Well, he was here first."

"I need a combine man." The man's voice was a bark. He raised his hat to run a bandanna across his hair and the hair was almost as red as the handkerchief.

The young man beside Billy stepped forward. "I've run all kinds, sir."

The man grunted, eying the younger of the two. "You ever run a combine, boy?"

"No, sir."

The man grunted again. "Need a combine man," he said. He passed the kerchief along the side of his neck and started to turn away.

Billy saw the girl then. She'd slipped in quietly and stood waiting, watching her father and the byplay across the room. The young man beside him was staring at her, and she returned it. Billy held his own eyes on her boldly, and in a moment caught her gaze and just for an instant held it.

He stepped forward. "Need a good wheat hauler?"

The man swung back to face him. "Good driver?"

"The best." He felt his breath coming fast.

"Ever drive a truck in harvest before?"

"Sure." He hadn't. *But I can; I know I can.*

The man put his hat back on, stuffed the kerchief into his pocket. Then all at once he grinned, and it grew into a chuckle, and a secret humor seemed to seize him briefly.

"I'll take 'em both," he said to the girl at the desk. Then he was shaking hands with a jolting grip. "Name's Frank Schureman. Live six miles out. You'll bed in the barn. I pay the same wages as anybody else, but I work you harder. This is my daughter, Karen."

"I'm Don Phillips," the other young man said.

"Your name, boy?" Schureman prompted.

"Billy—Bill Hatcher."

Back home, he thought, he was Billy Hatcher. But this was not home. Here he was Bill Hatcher, eighteen years old, almost nineteen, and following the harvest. He had hitchhiked in from Missouri, and when they were through here he would hitchhike out. And before the summer was over, he would have hitchhiked all the way to Canada, perhaps, and worked in a hundred fields. He had slept in a haystack and he would sleep in more; and by July he'd be brown as old walnut. . . . And when fall came, and he went home, they'd say to him, "Billy, tell us ——"

"I'm Bill Hatcher, from Missouri," he said.

"Missouri!" Frank Schureman said, making it a good-natured yelp. "Show-me state, huh? We'll show you, all right! We'll show you how real Midwesterners work. Yes, sir!"

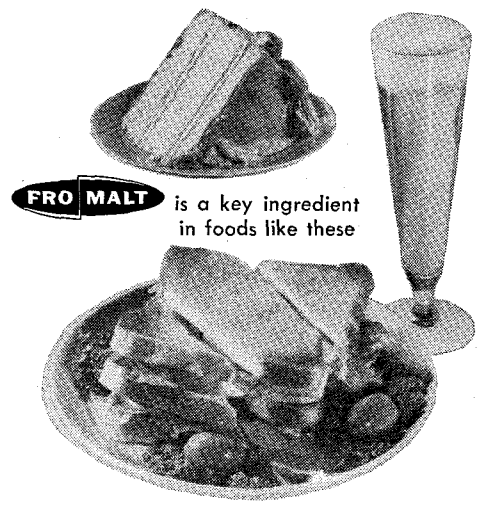
And then they were all moving down the hall, the others hurrying to keep up with the older man's strides.

He looked again at the girl. Her hair was red, red as her father's. A green ribbon held it in place, and the bounce of her head made it bob and tremble. The blue ice of her father's eyes was in her own, and across her nose ran a trail of freckles.

He caught her gaze again, fearfully, boldly, and suddenly her hair was golden,

Energy break for a star shortstop

His bride sees that he gets a daily quota of foods made with barley malt — that malted-milk candy bar, for example. It contains dextrins and maltose—easily digestible foods everyone needs for extra pep.



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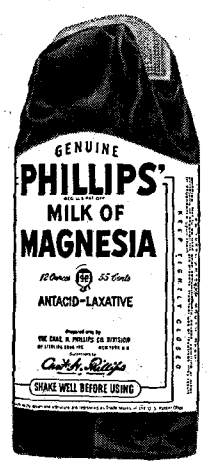


PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

wheat-golden, and black, night-black, and in her eyes were green depths, unfathomable; and warmth, brown and sultry. And her skin became pale alabaster, and warmed honey. She was violet ice, and pearls on velvet, and early moonlight on a lilac bush that must surely bloom somewhere. She was all the girls he had ever known and never known, and dreamed about, and regarded from afar.

They rode to the farm in the back of the truck, through fields heavy with grain, along fence rows alive with the song of larks and the sound of grasshoppers and the hum of REA lines overhead.

Don Phillips inserted a cigarette carefully between his lips. "I think I'm going to like this job," he said, inclining his head toward the cab. "What a shape!"

"Not bad," said Billy. But only his face grinned.

He looked with narrowed eyes at the young man who squatted carelessly across from him in the truck bed. There was too much sureness there, too much knowing. Too finely cleft a chin, too slim a body. He was arrogance, and insolence, and pride on a tall white horse. He was all that Billy feared and envied and knew that he must meet.

Schureman's farm, belying its owner's nature, lay gentle and serene, flanked by rolling hills, ablaze now with the impatient yellow crop. In one corner of the field the machinery waited.

Frank Schureman's piercing eyes were busy. He crushed a sheaf of straw within his hand, and hulled the heads of grain against his palm, squinting at them. He scanned the brassy sky. Then his gaze settled on Don Phillips, who had climbed peremptorily onto the platform of the larger combine, and started it, and now was testing it, raising and lowering the reel, engaging the gears carefully.

Don glanced at Schureman, and the man's arm moved in a sweeping arc. The combine moved forward, opening the field. Don's hands were steady on the wheel, his shoulders broad against the hot sky. Schureman watched as he skirted the fence row, missing the pig weeds, yet catching each last spear of wheat.

"He'll make a good man," he said.

Then he was gone, striding onto the tractor that pulled the smaller combine, and in a moment moved into the field behind the first machine.

Bill waited. For now, he had nothing to do. When the combine bins were full, they would signal him. The vastness of the field and sky settled upon him, and the sense of strange, impending tasks made a shifting sensation beneath his ribs. He started the truck and acquainted himself with the unfamiliar gearshift. He had never driven a truck before. But he could. He would be careful.

He was. So careful, in fact, that when he slowly approached the halted combines to relieve them of their first rich bounty, Schureman waved him on with an impatient gesture of his arm.

Together the combines nearly filled the truck. Briefly the older man directed him to the elevator. Then he was off, driving cautiously across the uneven field, tense at the feel of the heavy load behind him.

He followed the lane past the edge of the farmyard. Karen stood by the roadside, watching. He waved, and she lifted her hand in answer. Suddenly, heeding an impulse he had never heeded before, he pulled up.

"Want a ride?" he said.

She did not hesitate, but came around the truck, and he leaned across to open the door for her. His senses reeled. It was a heady, heady victory.

He turned left at the end of the lane, onto the gravel road. He glanced once at her. She was wearing jeans, a checkered blouse. Her gaze was frank. He was glad. Her candor made it easier, in a way.

"Where 'bouts in Missouri?" she said.

"Kansas City." True, generally speaking. It was a tiny town, not far from the city. Suburban, you could almost say.

"Going to school?"

He shrugged. "State university this fall—if I earn enough this summer. You?"

Her smile became inscrutable. "Home from college for the summer."

"Where?"

"Back East."

He had a moment of doubt and a moment of vision. East could mean Smith or Arkansas State.

He slowed for a crossroads. "Here?"

She shook her head. "No. That's the back road into town. It's shorter, but it's no good—especially with a loaded wheat truck. Go on another mile to the blacktop."

"What do I do at the elevator?" He made it casual.

"Don't you know?"

"Well, I've never been to this particular one before."

"I think they're all alike."

They rolled into town. It was a village, no bigger than his home town. A cluster of businesses along the highway, a scattering of houses fanning out on both sides. In the distance he spotted the elevator's tower beside the railroad.

"Let me off here," Karen commanded, pointing to the grocery store. "I'll be in front when you come back by."

He complied, silenced by uncertainty. But the elevator held no terrors. He pulled onto the scale, and a man stuck his head from the office and yelled, "Who you haulin' for?" And he yelled back, "Schureman," and then, at a signal, pulled ahead into the gaping maw of the galvanized building. He had a moment of fright as the mechanism lifted the truck to a precarious angle, but in seconds it was divested of its load and restored to earth, and a man was waving him back onto the scale, for the weighing of the empty truck.

Karen was standing in front of the store, a sack of groceries in her arms. The sight was disillusioning. Her trip to the village with him was nothing more than an errand for her mother.

He pulled up with a screech of tires. "Let daddy catch you driving like that," she said impersonally, climbing in, "and you'll be looking for another job."

He drove out of town. On the way, they passed a huge white frame building set back from the road in a grassy square.

"What's that?" he asked.

"The community hall. There's a dance there every Saturday night."

He looked at her. There was something; an invitation—a dare?

Twice more that day he took loads to the elevator. He did not see Karen again. On the third trip there was a line of trucks at the elevator a block and a half long. He was late getting back. The sun had set, but a lingering golden haze suffused the land. The combines were silent, huddled together at the field's edge. He drove on to the house. The men were on the porch, washing for supper.

"So the pile-up's started," said Frank Schureman. "We figured as much. We filled the pickup. May have to do that every day. In a pinch, Karen can take it to town."

"Until daddy hired you, I was the wheat hauler in the family." She feigned resentment.

He grinned at her and got an answering smile. There was still something there—had the morning's trip accomplished that?

They ate by lamplight in the huge, airy dining room. Mrs. Schureman did not sit down with them, but kept the platters coming. She was a quiet, comfortable woman, quick to smile. Karen was her father's girl, he saw. Not only in appearance but in manner.

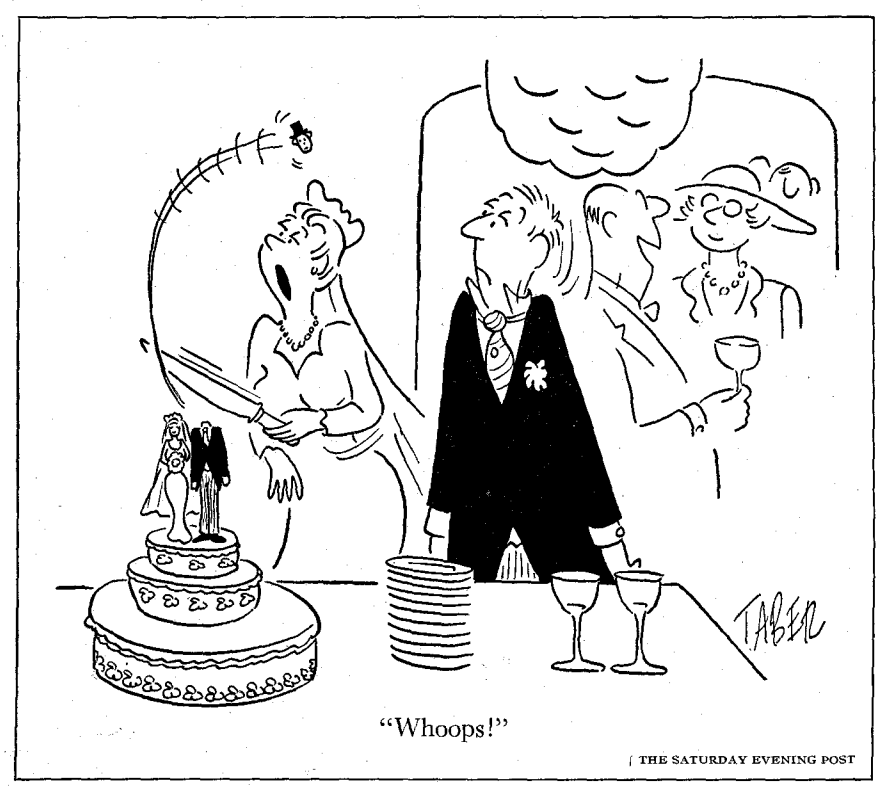
They moved onto the coolness of the porch, and cigarette smoke curled in the air. "Want that last load taken—to get a head start for morning?" said Don Phillips.

Schureman shrugged. "I reckon they're still taking 'em." Billy half rose, ready.

"I'll take it," said Don. He stood up, tall in the gloom. "Karen!" he called. "How about a ride—cool off?"

She came out, eager, mysterious. The older man watched them go, his eyes squinted, a smile lurking at his lips. Billy plummeted down from the heights of wonder and hope, into the slough of awakening. He had dared to dream.

The haymow was cool. He lay on the old automobile cushions, savoring the night breeze from the huge open door. Beneath, around him, the smells of long-ago rose and eddied. Of sweaty horses, now long dead and bone-bleached, of countless hay crops, fragrant and rich, of old leather and livestock unguents and fly sprays, kerosene-diluted. Through the door he saw (*Continued on Page 52*)



"Whoops!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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More time together! (He's got The Hertz Idea)

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(*Continued from Page 50*) the sky of ten o'clock, black silk pinpricked and held against a crystal chandelier.

He had always prayed. These days his prayer was different: "Help me, God. I'm Bill Hatcher, asleep in a barn in the wheat belt. I'm following the harvest across the land, an adventurer, searching. Back home I'm Billy Hatcher, eighteen, nobody special."

Back home he was Will and Martha Hatcher's only son Billy. A nice boy, a shy boy, but a smart boy, valedictorian of his class of twelve just last month. Valedictorian, but not leader. Billy Hatcher, who had never worked anywhere summers except his father's cleaning shop, the only senior who had not made the basketball team. Billy Hatcher, who had not taken a girl to the Junior Prom—nor even asked one.

Looking back, it seemed that had been the turning point. From the prom on, his resolve had solidified. Once he had not minded his apartness. But the time came when he did, and then it was too late. The cast was complete, his role assigned. Unseen pressures obligated him to play it. He could not define the reasons. Because he chose books, perhaps; not basketball. Because he was an only son, perhaps; and sheltered. Because by nature his interests found channels unlike those of others in his small world. He sensed it was none of these, and all of these. But he was caught, held by intangible barriers in a world not wholly of his making. The larger world held hope, and escape had beckoned, yet he knew that flight alone was not the answer.

"God, each step is hard. But at home it would be harder. There I am Billy Hatcher, who did not ask a girl to the prom, but wanted to. Here they do not know me. Here it is easier. It will get easier, must. But it is still hard. I must prove something, prove myself. Help me."

Weariness was in every bone, but sleep would not come. He heard the pickup return late.

The days were gold, sky-blue. Three, four, five trips a day he made. The crush grew heavier. He waited, chafing, moving ahead a truck length, stopping, peering over the endless line of vehicles. He raced back, the empty truck jarring on the washboard road. The pickup passed him, loaded, and he caught a glimpse of fiery hair. There was a blaring greeting on the horn, and he replied with his own, then drove on, as though flying on the wind, marveling at the delicious havoc wrought within him.

They sat in the combine's shade, enjoying a momentary respite. The vacuum jug that Karen brought was full of lemonade, an ice-cold nectar. The cubes made clunking sounds against the sides. As they sat and sipped, they talked. Schureman was moody, now gay, voluble, now silent, preoccupied with the task at hand. It was Don Phillips who talked the most. He had been everywhere, done everything, seen all. What could Billy say? He had been nowhere, seen little, done less. Karen listened and joined in with her own banter, tossing her hair, teasing. He had no illusions. Most of her smiles were not for him. But a man must start somewhere, must always try.

> Marriage as an institution is usually a reformatory for men.
>
> CY N. PEACE

He reflected on the setting. Overhead was the vast sky; on all sides, as far as the eye could see, the yellow grain and stubble. Here was everything—men, a girl, machines, conflict, the challenge of the harvest. Here was life, microscoped and simplified, sliced for a moment out of the rush of time, and awesome and terrifying to behold.

Again he encountered the pickup on his return. This time it was in town, after his longest wait. He pulled up across the road in front of the grocery store and walked across.

"How about something to drink?" he said.

She fixed him with her level gaze. "I'll have grape."

He bought the drinks at the grocery store and carried them across, and climbed into the pickup with her while they drank them.

"Don't forget to mail your letter," she said.

"Oh." He blushed. He had forgotten it. It protruded from his shirt pocket. He must mail it. His folks would be worrying.

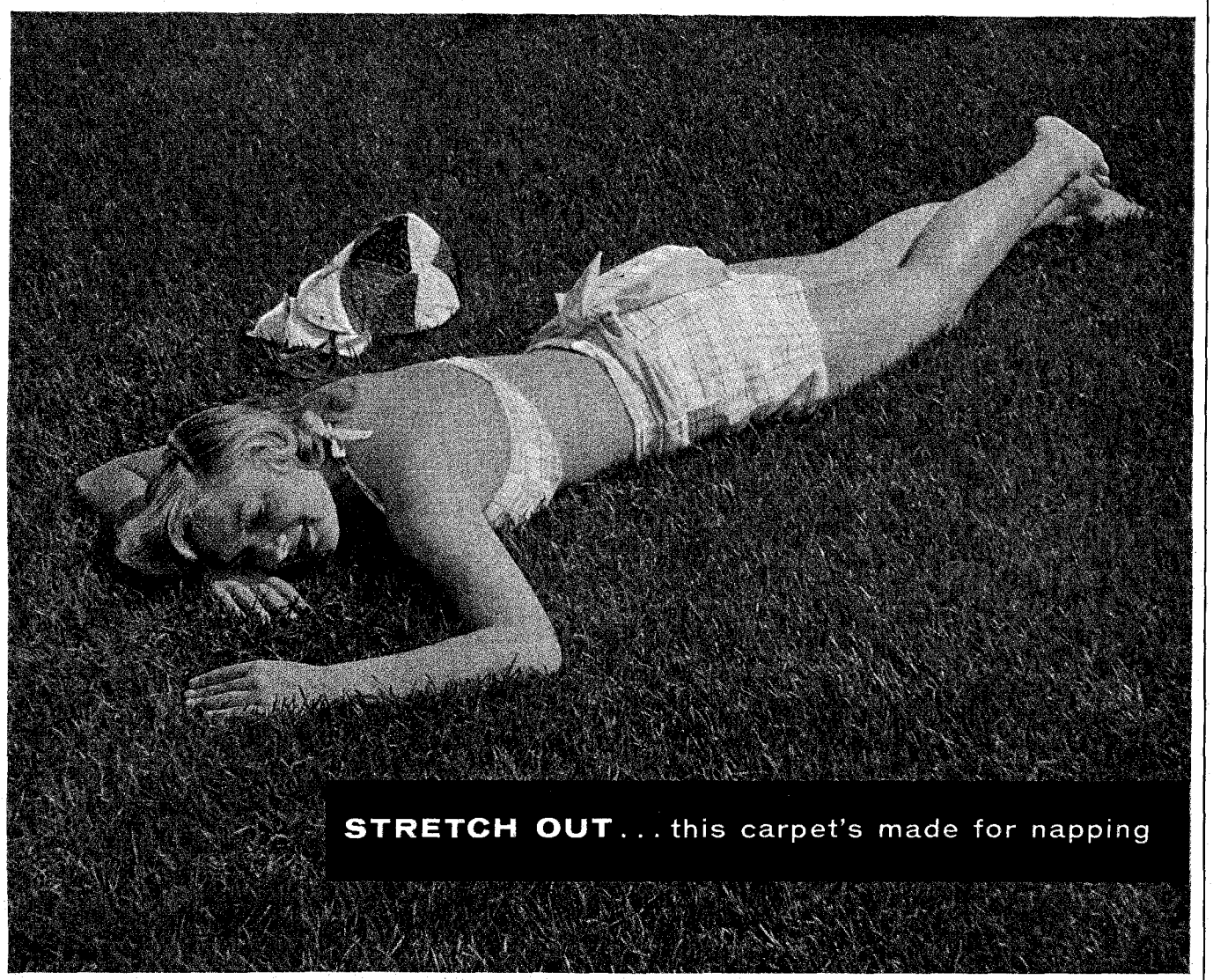
"Who's it to?" she asked, and, before he could answer, added, "Your girl?"

He grinned, looking away. Now. Now. "One of them."

She said nothing. When he looked at her again, the candid stare was on him. "They'll be fit to be tied if they get a load and you're sitting here talking to me."

"They'll never know," he said. "Anyway, I'd a lot rather do this." He stared strangely at the empty pop bottle in his hand. Something was intoxicating.

She moved the pickup forward again. Now he could see the community hall. Dance by the light of the moon —— Now. Now.



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"You'd better go," she said. "I was only able to take part of their loads. They're probably full by now. Don'll skin you alive."

It was nothing, meaningless, insignificant. But it was enough. He took her bottle. "I'll see you," he said.

He lay in the dark haymow with Don Phillips. Under cover of darkness, they had bathed in the stock tank and now sprawled on the ancient cushions, stripped to their shorts, the night wind touching them. Don rested easily, surely, his brown body merging with the gloom. Billy looked at his own body, pretending a casualness of his own. It was paler, but not so pale as it had been. Today, for the first time, he had driven to the elevator without his shirt, no longer ashamed of his white shoulders among all the tanned young men.

"That truck," said Don, "can be the devil to drive."

"I don't think it's so bad," he said. He felt a mild elation. He had not found it so difficult.

"That shifting can be rough. Haven't you noticed?"

"Some—yeah."

"Try double-clutching it."

"What?"

"Double-clutching. Push in the clutch when you take it out of one gear. Then let it out. And then clutch it again when you shift into the next gear. It helps."

"Oh. Thanks."

He lay silently, staring into the darkness. Nothing was simple, not even the young man beside him. He was sureness and arrogance, an excess of ability, pride on a tall white charger. But he was not all black. Nothing was all black. There were no blacks and whites. Only grays, shifting and variable. Yet the man beside him was his rival. They were pitted one against the other. By nature, it must be. It was inevitable.

He awoke before dawn. The air was still, the haymow hot and oppressive. Change was all around. He did not sleep again, but waited for day. It came, sultry and charged with an ominousness. The wind, capricious, rose again, but only faintly, and now from the east. In the west was an obscure hazy darkness; by noon it would be thunderpeaks.

"With luck, we'll be through today," said Frank Schureman, wolfing at his bacon and eggs. "Rain, rain, stay away."

Billy ate without tasting. This was Saturday. The slice of time had shifted, was moving on.

"Today?" he said.

"That's what I said, my boy; that's what I said." The man's mood had changed, too, again. He was crackling with a nervous energy. He was eager to be out and meet the challenge of the day. The end was near and he was ahead.

"If we get done ——" Billy said it slowly, forcing nonchalance, telling himself it must be done, and wanting to do it. "If we get done"—he looked at Karen—"how about going to the dance tonight?"

"I've already asked her," Don said.

"You have not!" Karen's eyes flashed, sharply, gaily.

"Hah!" Her father's grunt was full of humor. He glanced at his daughter, then at the young men, then at his wife. He shook momentarily with a silent chuckle.

"How about it?" Billy knew the remark was not all it could be. Enough to get it said; flourishes must come later. He knew his color was rising.

"I ——" Karen began.

"See here." Her father reached out and laid a hard, kindly hand on each young shoulder. "First we get the harvest out of the way. Then we play. If we get done—and you both got plenty to do today—if we get done, then you ask her. I don't care which one. That's up to her. But for now we work."

They charged outside, into the sunshine. Machinery roared. The grain bent against the sickle, fell, and rushed in a shimmering flood into the bins. He took the loads, driving the truck expertly now, and was off.

Hours later, he left the elevator in the waning afternoon, and the sun was gone. Gray bulks shifted overhead. He hurried, pushing the truck beyond its proper limit. The rectangle of standing wheat had been shrinking rapidly; they would almost be done. He must be there. He slowed and took the corner from the hard road onto the gravel.

There was a sudden sluggishness in the steering wheel. The rutted road seized the wheels, surrendered them reluctantly. He stopped and got out, almost afraid to look. The left front tire was flattening rapidly. Even as he watched, he could hear the hiss of air. There was nothing he could do but change it.

The first drops of rain peppered the windshield as he turned in. He could see the combines moving slowly across the field toward the farmyard. The pickup stood in the shelter of the barn eaves, full.

They halted the combines side by side and he drove between them. The bins were opened, and he felt the truck settle on its springs as the grain flowed in.

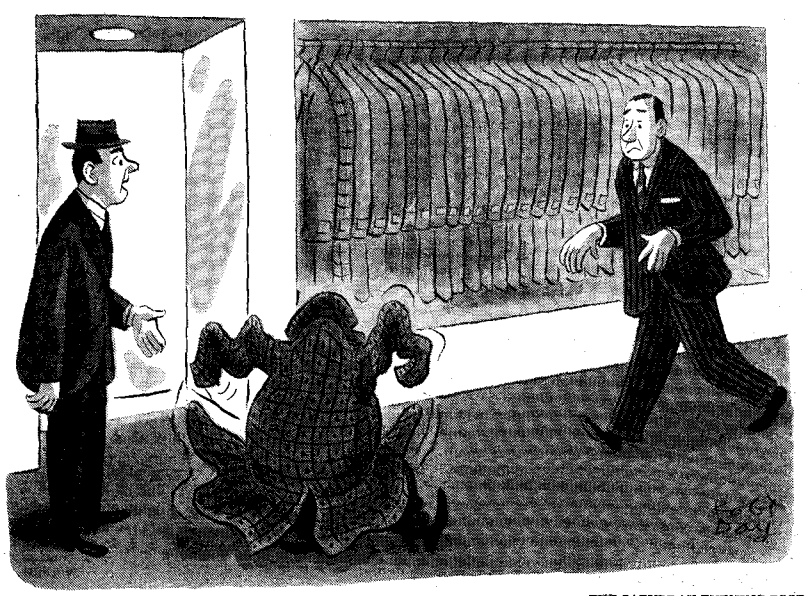
Frank Schureman, pounding the dust from his shoulders with his hat, kicked his heels in a crazy kind of war dance. He lifted his face to the swollen sky.

"We beat it!" he yelled. "We beat it! All right, rain; blast you, rain! Take it away, men—last load, la-a-ast load!" He paused as Karen came running from the house and swooped down on her with a great, dusty hug. "Let's get it there before it's soaked," he shouted. "Hop to it, men!"

Billy heard the pickup door slam once, then again. He glanced over his shoulder. Karen was in the cab with Don. Now the engine roared, and they were heading down the lane, dust billowing out behind. Viciously he scooped at the mounting wheat, leveling it in the truck as the last dregs flowed from the combine bins.

Frank Schureman stepped up beside him. "I'll close 'em," he said, nodding toward the bin chutes. "Go on." Then, as though sensing the boy's emotion, he added almost gently, "She had to go to the store."

Billy said nothing, but climbed into the truck and (*Continued on Page 55*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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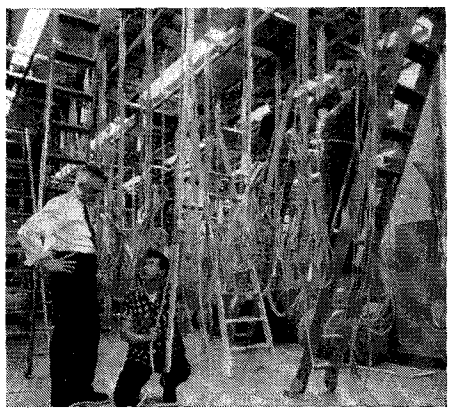

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(*Continued from Page 53*) drove from the farmyard. He felt only despair. Already the pickup was a speck in the distance. By the time they reached the village, Don's lead might be half a mile. In the crushing rush, a dozen trucks could slip in line between them. By the time he was finished, the pickup would be back home, Don would be cleaned up, his question would have been put to Karen.

He had little doubt but that her choice was already made. Errand or otherwise, she was with Don now. In this moment, alone in the truck, trailing the pickup down the road, once more playing second fiddle, he seemed to see the whole of the harvest summarized—his hopes, his doubts, his struggles, the failure that he feared. Bitterness and disappointment threatened to engulf him.

He pushed the accelerator to the floor board. The speed built slowly until he was rushing down the road, gaining gradually on the pickup. He felt the roar of the engine in his ears and the flailing edge of the wind against his face, and in his heart was a bracing, heady terror. He tensed his arms until they were rigid sticks, battling the wheel.

He was near enough to see wheat fly from the loaded pickup as it rounded the first corner. He braked savagely, slowing, and felt his own load shift dangerously behind him. But now he was nearer, nearer, and the dust was obscuring his vision and planting a gritty taste in his mouth. The road was narrow, but there was room to pass.

For an instant, through the rolling dust, he caught a glimpse of Karen. She was looking back, through the window of the cab. Gone was the coquette's toss of her head, the teasing smile, the candid stare. Her red hair was streaming out behind her, and behind her freckles her face was white.

"Damn him!" he said.

He edged closer, pulling into the left-hand lane. The way was clear. Now. Now. But he could not do it. It could be done, but he could not do it. Something held him back. He slumped at the wheel, and the truck fell behind.

Rain fogged the windshield, then stopped. Ahead lay the highway, then the village. The final crossroads loomed suddenly, rushing toward him. The back road, the shorter route. Almost without thinking, he slowed.

In an instant his decision was made, and it was more than an impulsive choice between the highway and the rough dirt road. It was an eternal verdict for competition, born of determination and new confidence. He had lacked the courage to pass the pickup—or had it been better judgment?—but he was not a man of brawn. There were other ways. He braked again, bit his lip at the lurch of the turning truck, then pressed the pedal beneath his foot and sent it leaping forward once more.

The road was rutted and winding, but between the ruts was smooth, solid ground. Fiercely he held it on the narrow way. In the mirror he could see great clouds of angry dust boiling skyward. If the rain held off ——

Minutes before he dared expect it the village came into view. He swerved onto a side street, and in seconds was rolling onto the highway. To the west he could see more trucks approaching. The pickup was not the first of them.

When he was finished, he drove slowly back through town, a strange feeling of exultancy and letdown within him. He had won, but did it matter? He watched for the pickup, hoping—yet half-afraid—that he would see it.

He almost missed her. She was standing before the store. In answer to her raised hand he stopped, silent again with uncertainty, and opened the door for her as she got in. Half a block farther on, they passed the pickup, still waiting in line, and Karen leaned across and pressed the horn and waved as they went by. Don was slumped over the wheel, a weary half-smile on his face. He lifted his hand in a kind of salute.

He was arrogance, thought Bill, and too much cockiness, and reasonable pride on a spent white charger. He was the things Bill had mistrusted, because he had not possessed them himself. But he was disappointment, too, and defeat; and a good-natured half-smile and a hand lifted in weary salute to the victor.

After a moment Karen spoke. "I'm glad you didn't try to pass."

"I was scared."

"No. As soon as I saw you turn off I was sure you'd beat him."

He kept his eyes on the road, away from her. "I figured you'd want Don to win."

She was silent a moment. "Why?"

"I don't know. The way you acted I guess. The big come-on seemed to be all for him."

Again she hesitated, then said, "It doesn't mean anything." And he realized that what she said was true, and worth remembering.

The rain came again. It pounded against the roof of the cab and blurred the windshield, and soothed the burning, blistered roadside. He left the window open and his arm dangling outside, enjoying the refreshing coolness. He looked over and saw Karen was doing the same.

He stretched, relaxing. He was Bill Hatcher, he thought, almost nineteen, following his first harvest across the land. He was an adventurer, and this was his adventure. He was living, doing things he had sought to do, and needed to do. And they were things easier done away than at home. For here he was not young Billy Hatcher, playing a drab role assigned by circumstance, but Bill Hatcher, harvest hand, truck driver, a little bit a man of mystery. And when he got home, a little of that mystery would go with him, for they'd want to know what he had done and seen. And maybe he would tell them. For there'd be many things he'd done and seen. And learned and understood. He'd slept in a haystack and in a barn, won a race with a loaded wheat truck, and—tonight it would be so, he knew—kissed a girl.

He looked at her again. She was violet ice, and pearls on velvet, and moonlight in a secret garden. She was all the girls he had ever known and never known, and worshiped in longing, solitary dreams. And then she was one girl, flame-haired and ice-eyed, with pale skin and a trail of freckles, and she was here and now, immediate.

In the yard she jumped from the truck, her ribboned hair bobbing, a teasing smile on her lips. "I'll be ready," she said, "at half past eight." THE END

Look at the State They're In!

Florida real estate is now so valuable that it is hard to realize that the United States once gave away the whole place as an unwanted sandspit.

Florida was then a Spanish colony south of the United States. During the War of 1812, the British seized Pensacola and erected a fort fifteen miles inland on the Apalachicola River. From this base, they incited the Creek and Seminole Indians to raid Georgia. At President Madison's orders, United States forces occupied Florida "in self-defense." After the war, however, the United States punctiliously handed Florida back to Spain.

Indians and runaway slaves, operating from the abandoned British fort, pillaged Georgia plantations anew. A United States Army force finally blew up the fort and all except three of its 273 defenders with it. Still the Indian raids continued.

Gen. Andrew Jackson, victor over the British at New Orleans and President-to-be, undertook to clean up the mess in short order. He chased the rampaging Seminoles out of Georgia and deep into Florida. Although that was Spanish territory, Jackson kept on. Catching two British traders who had aided the Indians, he shot one and hanged the other. Spain protested feebly. Great Britain, however, did nothing about the execution of her subjects by the victor of New Orleans. Jackson, in full control, set up a provisional government which ruled Florida for fourteen months. It was then formally annexed to the United States.

That calmed down the Indian raiding, but not the Georgians. In 1798, the noted Andrew Ellicott,

who laid out the new capital of Washington, D. C., had attempted to survey the Georgia-Florida boundary from the Mississippi River eastward. Harassed by Indians and mosquitoes, his party quit. Ellicott later sailed up the winding St. Marys River from the Atlantic, and heaped up a mound of stones to clinch what he thought was the boundary. Georgia refused to recognize the mossy rock pile and claimed an additional 2355 square miles. After three arguments over later surveys, Georgia and Florida agreed on the boundary in the 1860's. It was just about where Ellicott placed it.

Clarence M. Conkling

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This Place Can Save Your Life

(Continued from Page 19)

administration to install a new kind of room in his hospital—a recovery or post-anesthesia room. Now he sleeps peacefully as a babe. The anxiety reflected in this doctor's dreams has been shared during the past decade by surgeons and anesthesiologists all over the country. They are convinced that the advent of the recovery room, a new concept in team care for the post-operative patient, closes a dangerous gap which has threatened the safety of modern surgery.

"The development of the recovery room is probably the single greatest advance in the safeguarding of the surgical patient since the discovery of anesthesia," says Dr. Robert Dripps, chairman of the Anesthesiology Department of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

A recovery room is an open ward, usually placed a few doors down from the operating suite, where men, women and children, completely unsegregated, are watched until they regain consciousness and their body functions stabilize. Their stay may last an hour or several days. The room is staffed by specially trained nurses. Anesthesiologists and surgeons are only seconds away. Multiple equipment is on hand to cope with emergency.

During the first hour or two following surgery, more preventable damage can occur than in the operating room itself. This is the twilight time in which the body's defenses sag after meeting the surgical emergency. Still drugged by anesthesia, the body is robbed of the reflexes—swallowing, coughing, gagging—which protect it from breathing obstruction. Insidious bleeding may start at the wound site. Blood pressure may plummet downward and irreversible shock set in. Blood clots may form and start their deadly trip to the heart or lungs. Lungs may collapse from excess air or fluid in the chest cavity. Pneumonia may follow the inhalation of bacteria-laden mucus.

Under surgery, the patient is the star. Three teams—surgeons, anesthetists and nurses—bend over him anxiously, noting every twitch, every slight deviation from normal. Then, when he leaves the operating room, more helpless even than a newborn infant, he is almost abandoned.

Unconscious, he is often escorted only by an untrained attendant. He is jostled through drafty corridors, down dimly lit tunnels, jounced in the elevator. Although motion is a constant hazard, the trip from operating room to bed may stretch three city blocks and take twenty minutes.

At his destination he is pushed and hauled from stretcher to bed. There a nurse—sometimes a very junior nurse—awaits, hoping to give him her full attention. Her orders are precise. The patient must not be left unattended for a second. His vital signs—blood pressure, pulse, respiration—must be checked at least every fifteen minutes. Hourly, he must be made to breathe deeply and cough. Equipment to guard against breathing obstruction must be at hand.

Unfortunately, no matter how conscientious the nurse, these instructions are impossible to carry out. Someone has borrowed part of the equipment. Another patient needs help with his lunch. Visitors arrive and pester with questions. A patient wants a bedpan. Medications must be given, preoperative patients prepared for surgery.

In 1947 an Anesthesia Study Commission, set up by the Philadelphia County Medical Society, analyzed an eleven-year toll of 306 anesthesia fatalities. Almost half of the deaths were found to be preventable. Respiratory obstruction coupled with inadequate nursing care accounted for ninety-five deaths. Twenty persons died from preventable shock or hemorrhage. "A glaring defect in management" was the commission's comment.

Every anesthetist can translate these damning figures into the reality of his own experience. In a Washington, D.C., hospital a few years ago, an unconscious young woman was left briefly alone, lying on her back, following minor surgery. Her limp tongue dropped back into her throat. When the surgeon entered the room she was dead.

Death rode the elevator last year in New York City's huge Bellevue Hospital. The victim of a hit-and-run driver was being returned to the ward, a cast covering his lower trunk and legs. As the elevator jolted downward, he began to vomit and inhaled the material. Because of the heavy cast, the intern beside him could not turn him quickly enough. He choked to death. (Tommy Dorsey, incidentally, died in the same manner last November when, anesthetized by sleeping pills, he regurgitated and breathed food particles into his windpipe.)

If simple suction equipment had been at hand to draw out the material from the Bellevue patient's windpipe, he would have lived. Sometimes equipment is available, but no one there who knows how to use it. In another New York hospital, a sixty-year-old man was returned to his room, following thyroid-gland surgery. A resident glanced into the room

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and noted with satisfaction that a tracheotomy tray lay on the patient's bed table. Occasionally, following a thyroid operation, a blood clot forms at the wound site, presses on the windpipe and cuts off respiration within seconds. If a tracheotomy—an incision into the windpipe—is performed promptly, a life may be saved. The doctor returned to his patient a half hour later. The sterile tray lay at his bedside, but the man was dead.

Sometimes a series of snafus, each preventable, can mean a life. Take the accident investigated by the Anesthesia Study Commission of the New York County Medical Society, involving a fifty-seven-year-old man whose spleen had been removed. During surgery, the nurse anesthetist noted a leakage in the tube which was feeding anesthesia down the patient's throat, and wrapped the tube with packing. She went to dinner before surgery was completed, but forgot to report the packing to the anesthetist who relieved her.

Surgery over, the tube was removed and the patient returned to his room. The nurse attending him was called to the telephone. She was away for three minutes. In that time her patient stopped breathing.

Precious minutes more were wasted calling a resident from another floor and getting resuscitation equipment from the central supply room in the basement. All efforts proved useless. The post-mortem showed that the forgotten pack had lodged in the man's larynx and strangled him.

A recovery room would probably have saved the life of each of these patients. "I'm certain ours has saved dozens of lives," says Doctor Dripps, of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. "What's more, when a patient is guarded from a brush with death, when measures are taken before blood-pressure drops or a hemorrhage becomes serious, we're giving the patient an easier recovery and a shorter hospital stay. Postoperative pneumonia, for example, used to be fairly common, but it's a rare occurrence in our hospital today."

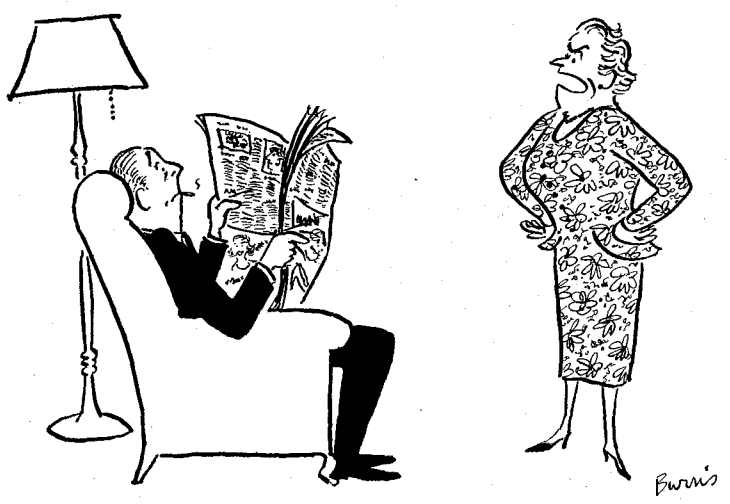
To see what Doctor Dripps means, let's watch a recovery room in action. At the Hartford Hospital, in Hartford, Connecticut, a twenty-bed ward lies at the exact center of the eighteen-room operating suite. Light stretcher beds on wheels, only six inches narrower than regulation hospital beds, edge the walls. These are wheeled into the operating room to receive each patient, thus saving him an extra move. Built into the wall behind each bed are oxygen, suction and blood-pressure equipment.

It is midafternoon and the room is crowded. An anesthetist is wheeling in a small boy who has just had his tonsils and adenoids removed. The crib sides of his stretcher bed have been raised, to protect him if he becomes restless. The youngster is lying on his stomach, his head to one side, a position not of comfort but of safety. If he should vomit, the material will be projected out, and not sucked down his windpipe.

The anesthetist waits, while a recovery-room nurse notes the child's pulse, respiration and blood pressure. These vital signs were checked just before the youngster left the operating room. The two sets of figures are compared, and they are identical. Before the advent of recovery rooms, blood pressures typically fell, and pulse rates rose following the lengthy trip from operating room to ward, and the movement from operating table to stretcher and stretcher to bed.

Next to the child lies a seventy-one-year-old man who has undergone abdominal surgery. A fluid infusion is dripping into a vein in his ankle. A tube stretches from his mouth down his windpipe. Restless and confused, the man continually picks at his dressing, tries to pull the tube

(*Continued on Page 62*)



The Perfect Squelch

The argument was over, and Mrs. Hurst had won. At least, she had forced her weary husband to retreat to silence behind his newspaper. After all, she had lots of energy and a strong, reproachful voice, while he had only logic.

Despite her husband's obvious eagerness for peace at any price, Mrs. Hurst continued to bring up verbal guns and fire them at him. Time after time he patiently lowered his paper to nod agreement, hoping each comment would end the barrage.

Finally he put his paper aside. "Look, honey," he said firmly, "I don't mind *giving* you the last word, but I wish you would use it."

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(*Continued from Page 59*) from his mouth. He must be watched constantly.

A few beds down, a woman stirs to wakefulness. A nurse moves quietly to her side. "Oh, it hurts, it hurts," the woman moans. The nurse checks her bandage, then whispers quietly till her patient drops back to sleep. The woman is fearful, but not in pain, and the nurse's words reassure her. Early administration of narcotics, which further depress respiration, have been cut to a minimum in the recovery room.

A nurse is across the room, her back to a gall-bladder patient, when he stirs, gags and starts to choke. She glides swiftly to his side, reaches to the suction apparatus behind him and inserts it deftly down his throat. As it gurgles, irritating mucus is sucked up. He holds up a weak hand in gratitude.

Another nurse examines a teen-age boy who completed heart surgery five hours earlier. He is conscious. "We're going to sit up now," the nurse tells him, "and you're going to take three deep breaths and then cough for me. It will hurt a little, but it will help your lungs to expand." She lifts him up, and he coughs weakly.

The nurse's routine is busy and usually quite uneventful. Check blood pressure, pulse and respiration every five minutes, later every fifteen minutes. Note them carefully on the chart. Be on guard for a falling blood pressure, a rising pulse rate, which may denote impending shock. Watch the bandages carefully for drainage. Even one tiny slipped suture can cause trouble. Glance at the little boy's neck to detect unusual swallowing motions. A tonsil wound can hemorrhage quietly, with blood dripping unnoticed down the throat. Make sure an unconscious patient is not lying supine, chin on chest, a position dangerously like the coffin. Note the skin. Is it cold and clammy? Or bluish? Does the chest rise and fall rhythmically? Or is there air hunger—chest and neck muscles straining?

"The recovery-room nurse," says the chief anesthesiologist in a leading New York hospital, "lives in the most exciting environment in the entire hospital. Her alertness is the first line of defense in the battle for a human life. Hand-picked for stability and intelligence, she soon develops an almost intuitive smell for danger. A patient's snort or faint cough is as meaningful to her as an infant's cry to a mother."

Within seconds the recovery-room nurse can find any needed piece of equipment. Her role in the dire emergency of cardiac arrest—the moment when a patient's heart unaccountably stops beating—has been mapped and rehearsed. To summon aid, an emergency bell which peals through the operating suite lies behind her desk. Usually five rings mean a cardiac arrest.

In a large Eastern hospital, a woman aged fifty-eight was admitted a few months ago to the recovery room. Her surgery had been minor but lengthy, a diagnostic biopsy of the thigh bone. Upon admission, her vital signs were normal. Five minutes later a student nurse moved to her side and adjusted the blood-pressure cuff on her arm. She shook her head and held a sensitive finger to the woman's wrist.

"I can't get a blood pressure," she called to the head nurse. "Will you try?"

Other nurses tensed for action as the head nurse moved swiftly to the woman's side. She, too, shook her head.

Like a well-trained football team, the nurses moved simultaneously; one to the wall, where she gave the emergency buzzer an urgent five rings; another to the supply closet for the cardiac-arrest tray; a third for heart stimulants and an artificial airway. The head nurse remained at the patient's side. She elevated the foot of the bed and started feeding oxygen by mask.

Within thirty seconds an anesthesiologist appeared, a surgeon at his heels. Soon nine surgeons were crowding the doorway. A surgeon took up the scalpel and rib spreader from the sterile tray, while the anesthesiologist, eyes on the sweep hand of the wall clock, called out fifteen-second intervals. The body can live only four minutes without heart action.

"Two minutes."

The doctor reached the heart and began gently massaging it.

"Two minutes, fifteen seconds."

A nurse wheeled up the electric defibrillator machine, to shock the heart from useless twitching into purposeful beat.

"Three minutes."

A second surgeon quietly slipped into place as the first man's hand tired.

Ten minutes later, heart pumping steadily, the woman was wheeled into the operating room, where the chest wound was closed under sterile conditions. Two weeks later she was discharged, well.

Nurse Carol Zeidler, superintendent of the recovery room at the New Rochelle, New York, Hospital; at left, the suction bottle used to clear throat obstructions.

Cardiac arrest is far from the only recovery-room emergency in which seconds count. Last year a sixty-three-year-old woman was wheeled into the Hartford Hospital recovery room, following surgical correction of a hernia of the diaphragm. A half hour later X-ray technicians pushed their machine up to her stretcher. X rays are made routinely following chest surgery, to make sure that fluid and air do not accumulate in the chest cavity and collapse the lungs.

A technician and a nurse started to lift the patient. She moaned softly and fell back in their arms. The nurse looked at the patient's face as she automatically reached for the wrist. The face had suddenly become bloated, the skin stretched tautly over swollen cheeks. She pulled back the sheet. The woman looked pregnant. Her distended abdomen kept growing, like a huge balloon about to burst.

With the emergency bell still echoing, Dr. Charles Barbour, staff anesthesiologist, was at the patient's side. The woman's skin was bluish. She had no pulse or blood pressure. Doctor Barbour made a swift diagnosis. Somehow, he knew, air was entering the chest cavity, pressing on the lungs. Through a leak in the wound, air was seeping into the abdomen, now hard as a board, and coursing up under the skin of the neck and face.

Doctor Barbour called for two long hollow needles, deftly inserted one in the abdominal cavity, the other in the left chest. In the quiet room, the air whistled as it escaped. The woman's cheeks slackened and her stomach slowly relaxed. The emergency had lasted only four minutes.

Sometimes the quick action of a nurse is enough to save a life. In a Middle Western hospital a few months ago a fifteen-year-old boy lay in the recovery room, following heart surgery. A narrow tube stretched from an opening in his chest to a large bottle on the floor, partly filled with water. The tube was sucking air and fluid out of the youngster's chest. Immersion of its open end in water kept air from flowing back and crushing his lungs.

The strap to restrain the legs of a restless patient had been removed and thrown over the bottom of the stretcher. Suddenly, in a single violent motion, the boy doubled up his legs. The strap fell, its buckle striking sharply against the heavy bottle on the floor. The bottle broke. Water gushed to the floor. One end of the chest tube was now open, and air was rushing into the chest cavity, where, within minutes, it would flood the area, constricting and collapsing the lungs.

At the crack of the breaking bottle, two nurses looked up. One moved swiftly to the youngster's side. She kinked the tube and held it firmly closed until the other nurse appeared with a new bottle. Then she deftly slipped tube into bottle, resting the end carefully in water. In the minute which had passed, the boy hardly stirred.

Not more than one patient in twenty is likely to become delirious while recovering from anesthesia, but when he does, four persons are often needed to protect him from injury. Patients have been known to fall out of bed, even when the crib sides are raised, or to thrash so violently that they overturn a stretcher. Carol Zeidler, the pretty twenty-three-year-old blond nursing supervisor of the New Rochelle, New York, Hospital recovery room, had no warning of such an occurrence when she sent her staff to lunch one quiet day last year. Then one of her two patients, a 200-pound man, reared up in bed, his arms flailing. Carol tried to push him down.

"For a while there," she recalls, "we looked like a couple of wrestlers. I was using all the strength in my arms to hold him down, but he was getting too much for me. Luckily, I have long legs—I'm five feet eight. With one leg, I reached out and kicked free the mechanism which locks the stretcher wheels in place. Then, still pushing down, I edged him, stretcher and all, over toward the wall where our emergency switch is placed. It's four feet off the floor, but I gave one mighty kick and my left heel managed to flip it.

"The switch flashes a light in the operating-room office and the resident's room just down the hall. If I hadn't been ready to cry from exhaustion, I would have burst out laughing at what streamed through the door. Doctors in every stage of undress, including one who was shirtless, still dripping wet from the shower, pulling on his pants as he ran. Five minutes later, my patient was quiet as a baby. It took me two days to recover."

The recovery room's value to the modern hospital is so obvious that anesthesiologists today can't figure out how they ever survived without one. Actually, until World War II approached, the need was not overwhelming. Surgery was simpler, and fewer people had it. Oxygen, blood and intravenous feeding were not routine. Private patients usually hired round-the-clock private nurses, and wards were well staffed.

As the war quickened, civilian hospitals began to suffer from a severe shortage of nurses and house doctors. Emergency Hospital in Washington, D.C., always assigned a nurse to watch each post-operative patient. But one morning in 1942 six operations were scheduled and only a single nurse available. Dr. Donald H. Stubbs, hospital anesthesiologist, ordered a spare room scrubbed, staffed it with his nurse and wheeled in all six patients.

During the same year, recovery rooms were opened at St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, staffed by Mayo Clinic doctors, and at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, New York. At first, they were considered mere stopgaps to ease the nursing shortage. St. Mary's sent to its recovery room only those patients unable to secure private-duty nurses.

Meanwhile, in the war theaters, surgical cases were pouring into hastily set up field hospitals. Thousand-bed hospitals spread over twenty-five acres, Nissen huts or tents in a straggling row. Obviously, a post-operative patient could not be trundled such a distance back to his ward, especially when only a semi-trained corpsman might be waiting to care for him. Army doctors improvised recovery wards in tents adjacent to the operating area, and trained corpsmen and nurses to staff them.

Watching such a recovery room in action, Col. Ralph M. Tovell, senior consultant in anesthesiology for ETO, realized that a complex problem had been inadvertently solved. Concentration of postoperative cases allowed concentration of the equipment they might need. Undue motion was eliminated. Surgical patients were getting more expert care than a private-duty nurse provided at home.

Doctor Tovell knew that plans were already drawn for a new building for the Hartford (*Continued on Page 64*)

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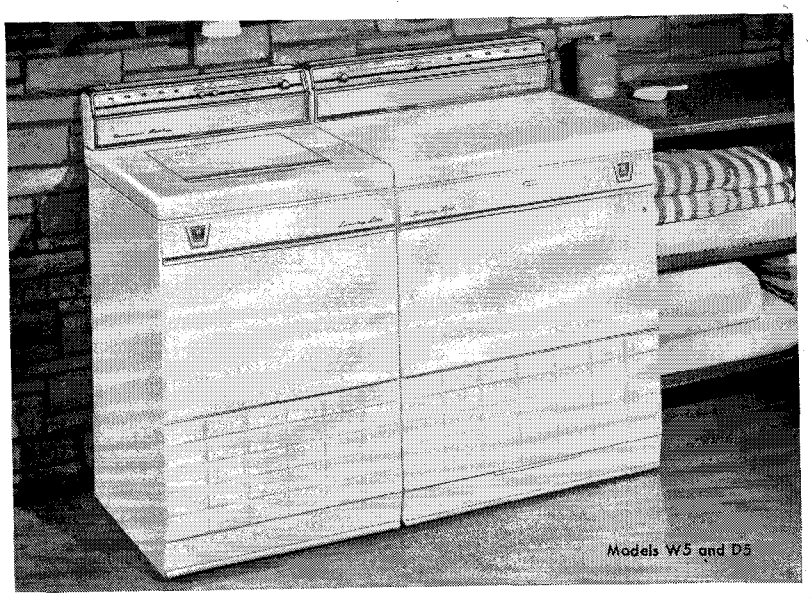

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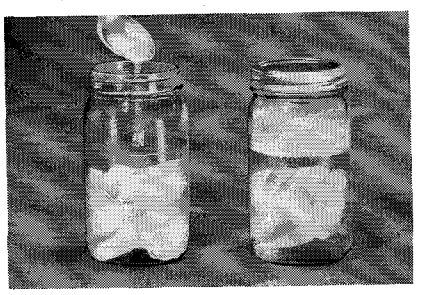

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(*Continued from Page 62*) Hospital, where, as a civilian, he had been chief anesthesiologist. Construction was due to start with the war's end. "You've got to revise the plans," he wrote home. "This recovery-ward idea is a must."

When ground was broken ten days after V-J Day for the Hartford Hospital, a recovery room had been added to the plans. Elsewhere, the new concept was catching on slowly. In 1951 an American Hospital Association survey revealed that barely more than one out of ten hospitals had installed recovery rooms.

Although anesthesiologists were enthusiastic, hospital administrators scoffed at "expensive luxury." A recovery room meant space, which usually had to be taken from revenue-producing beds. It meant money—a minimum of $4000 and as much as $50,000. It meant special nurses, with every hospital already seriously understaffed. It meant headaches from the public. Wouldn't private patients complain about being sent to an open ward? Would their families wait patiently during the extra hours following surgery?

Increasingly, the need was acute. Surgery had grown bolder. The scalpel was making daring incursions into the heart, lungs and brain. Routine care of the postoperative patient called for blood, intravenous fluids, oxygen. Resuscitation equipment was multiplying wildly. No hospital could afford to crowd into one private room all the equipment which might be needed to save a life.

Instead of improving, the nursing shortage was worsening. The special-duty nurse, usually an older woman trained years earlier, gave only a delusion of safety. Even when a patient could afford her fees, she was tough to locate. With hospital and surgical insurance spreading, more people were seeking surgery and demanding semiprivate rooms, less accessible than the ward to the nurse's eye.

Anesthesiologists schemed and pleaded and hunted desperately for operating floor space. Nurses' locker rooms, even supply closets were turned into recovery rooms. One doctor persuaded his hospital to combine a secretary's cubicle, a hallway and an elevator shaft into a recovery area. Another checked nursing duties and announced that the floor nurse's work would be cut in half if she were freed from care of the postoperative patient.

In the past few years recovery-room construction has boomed. By the end of 1955 almost one general hospital out of every three had built such a room. In the larger hospitals, where the bulk of the nation's surgery is performed, the figure is even higher. More than half of the 200-bed hospitals and over 80 per cent of the 500-bed hospitals have recovery rooms.

Pressure from the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, an influential national organization which passes on hospital standards, is expected to be increasingly persuasive. "In five years' time," says Dr. Kenneth B. Babcock, director of the Joint Commission, "we will probably not in good conscience be able to accredit a hospital of more than fifty beds which has an active surgical service and no recovery room."

Slowly the recovery-room concept is expanding to the maternity patient. A recent survey of 300 large hospitals indicates that one out of every ten either has installed an obstetrical recovery room or is planning one.

Impressed by the success of team care, a few hospitals have broadened their recovery rooms to include critically ill nonsurgical patients in need of intensive treatment. Dr. Max S. Sadove, chief anesthesiologist at the University of Illinois Research and Educational Hospitals in Chicago, is a leading proponent of the intensive-therapy idea.

"The critically ill patient," Doctor Sadove says, "takes five, ten or even twenty times the nursing care of the average convalescent. It is unfair both to him and to the other patients on the ward to expect a nurse to divide her time between them.

"We put poisoning cases, attempted suicides, spinal-cord injuries and acute cardiacs in our recovery room. A patient using an artificial kidney or an iron lung needs more nurses than there are on the average floor. He goes into the intensive-therapy room too. We even take outpatients in need of temporary watching, such as spastic children who have had dental work performed under general anesthesia. One out of every six patients remains more than a day, and some stay a week. When a patient remains overnight in the recovery room, we usually relax our rules and allow a brief visit from his family."

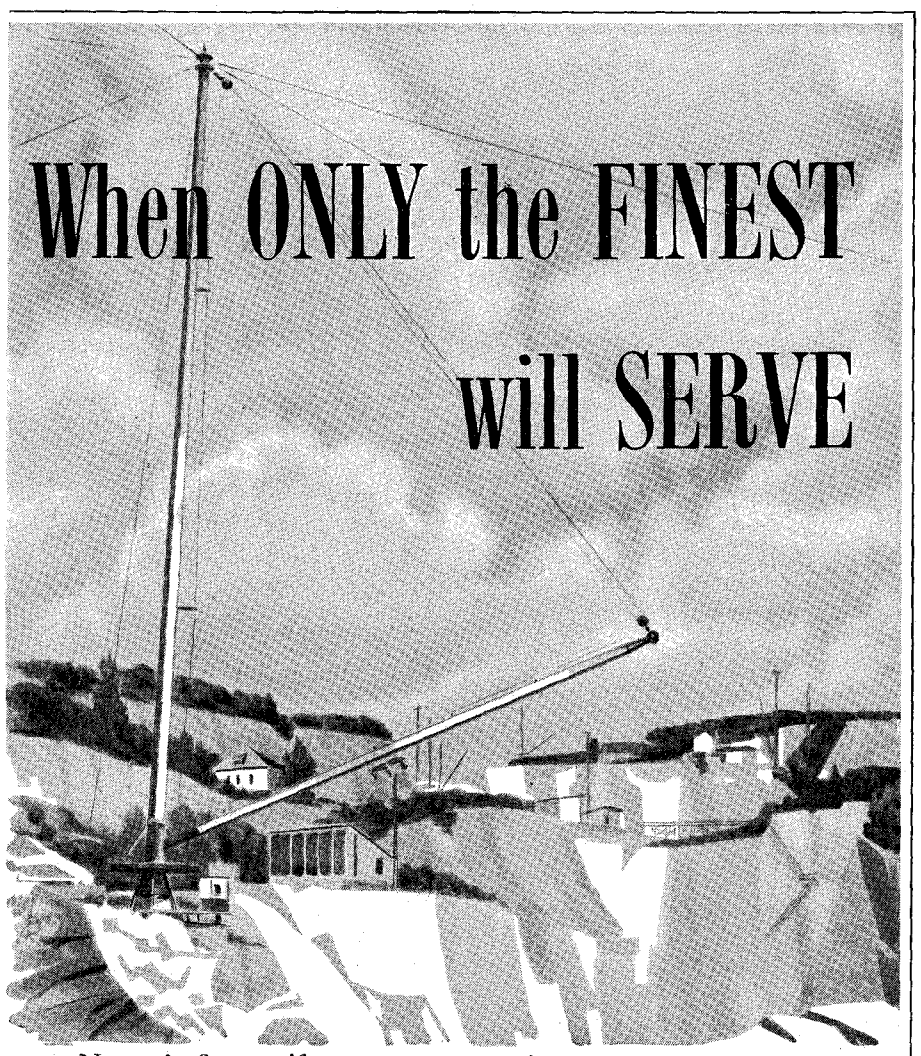
The family of the surgical patient, usually barred from visiting the recovery room, is probably the only loser from this new deal in postoperative care. Contrary to expectations, few beefs are received from patients themselves, even in New York's Presbyterian Hospital, where corporation executives from the Harkness Pavilion rub elbows in the recovery room with the medically indigent.

The waiting families do suffer, especially when communication lines are weak, and their news is sifted through a bored floor nurse, who, in turn, has to telephone the recovery room for her information. Yet complaints are seldom heard from those relatives who have recently had both pre- and post-recovery room experience. One of these, a Chicago man, sat at the bedside of his unconscious brother, following a lung operation several years ago.

"My companion," the man recalls, "was a student nurse. I don't know which of us was more frightened. At the same moment, we both noticed he was having trouble breathing. The nurse ran down the hall for oxygen, and I ran after her. Together we lugged the oxygen tank to his bedside. It was ten minutes before a doctor arrived.

"A few months ago we had to rush my eight-year-old daughter to the same hospital for an appendectomy. But what a difference! They have a recovery room now. Sure, my wife and I were jumpy while we waited an extra hour for her to come down. But I knew that if she needed oxygen, it was right by her bed. And a doctor was much closer than ten minutes away. It was a pretty good feeling."

THE END



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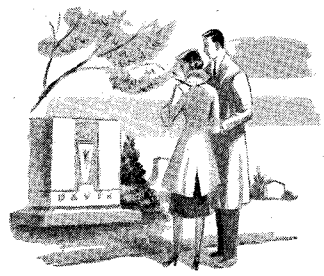

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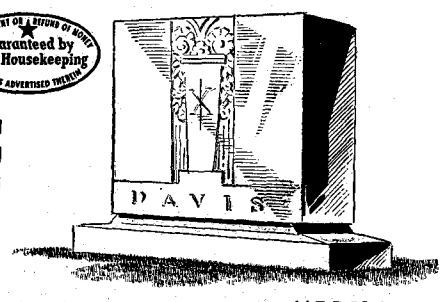

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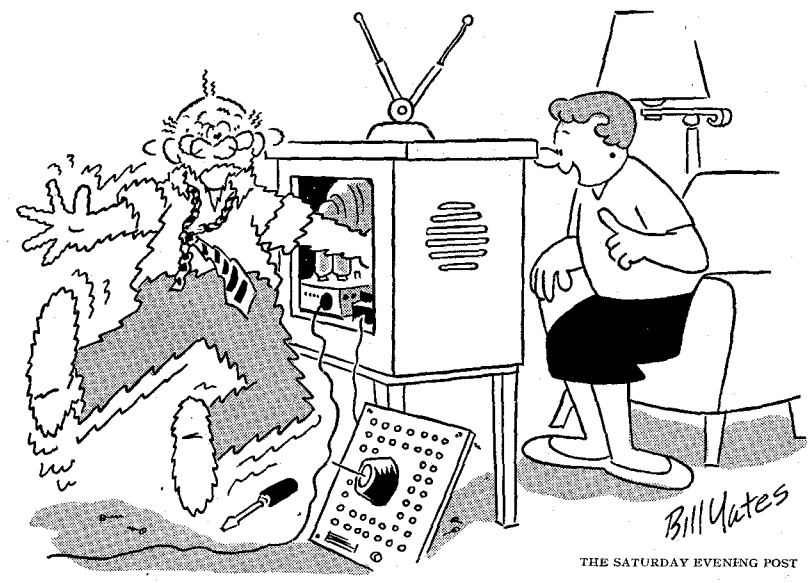

"That's it, dear. Hold it right there."

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The Lady (Continued from Page 23)

the boy down with the heavy end of her crop. The story was that she had killed him.

When I asked my father, he said he didn't know if it was true or not, but I must remember she was a Johnson y Campo, that the Johnson y Campo sheep ranch took in a great Spanish grant beyond the Prietas. For generations her people had had the power of life and death over their peons, especially here in the Arriba country, and a horse, to them, meant more than a peon.

"Don't you want to ride with me, Jud?" she asked, wrinkling her eyebrows at me in a playful Spanish gesture of hurt. At the same time that she spoke to me so lightly, there was something indefinably sad about her. I think that is what quieted my fear and stitched a bond between us—this secret sorrow of hers, like mine, and her complete forgiveness of me for the crime of which my father was accused.

Today she seemed to me so worthy and beautiful, what she asked so reasonable, even virtuous, that before I knew it I was stumbling around the wheels and climbing up on the cushions, which in most buggies were hard black leather, but which here were of rose cloth; and we were off down the road with a feeling that no automobile can give me today, of flowing animal limbs and muscles, of a bright tan harness with silver trimmings and a silver whip socket engraved with a name I couldn't read. I saw with pride that she drove Critter, her favorite horse I had heard so much about, the fastest in the territory and her great pet.

Presently we stopped in front of the large, shabby Casa Nuñoz. Here she cut the horse to my side so she could alight.

"Will you hold him for me?" she asked. "Critter hates to be tied. If we were out on the mesa, I'd let him stand, but he's so curious. He likes to move around and examine everything, and I don't want him wandering around town with a buggy."

Never had I held a horse, and I felt sure this one she called Critter knew it. He was dark, not black nor middle or red bay, the latter of which the Mexicans call colorado. I had seen much more handsome and spirited horses and had wondered why a lady like Mrs. Sessions, with such a fancy buggy, liked him so well.

Mrs. Sessions stayed in a long time. I saw young Gus Padilla run out and come back with old Ezequiel Salazar, the proprietor of Casa Nuñoz. Then the boy reappeared and with importance took hold of Critter's bridle.

"Doña Ellen wants to see you inside," he informed me.

I went, somewhat puzzled and reluctant. In my father's and my rooms I found a little group of people, including old Ezequiel, Mrs. Garcia, Mrs. Padilla and a number of their children, all at a respectful distance from Mrs. Sessions, who, in some unexplained way, made our kitchen seem rude and barbarous, unfit to hold such a lady as she.

"Jud, we've been holding a little discussion about you," she said, almost gaily. "The judge and I don't like you living here by yourself. It's not well for a young boy, and we're afraid you don't get enough to eat. How would you like to come over to my house and stay till your father gets back?"

"I don't think I would like it," I said quickly.

"He would like it fine, Doña Ellen," Mrs. Garcia said. "In your house he would have Epifania and Manuel for company now, and later on, when you came in from the ranch, he would have your son. It is no small thing to have a cousin to play with and speak and read and spell the English language."

"I'm a bad reader and speller," I protested.

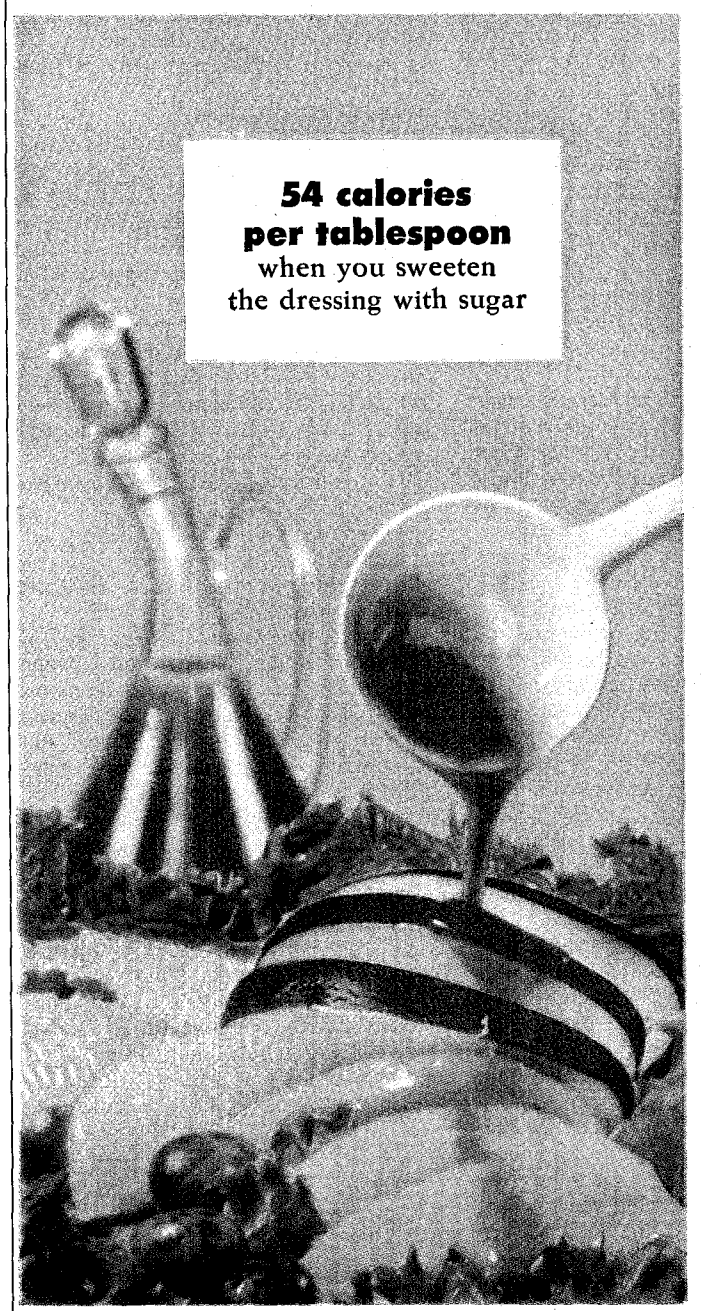
Old Ezequiel waved his hand. "You mustn't be deceived by his tricks, Doña Ellen. His father could read and write very well or never could he have been a trusted clerk and messenger of the commission house. Like father, like son."

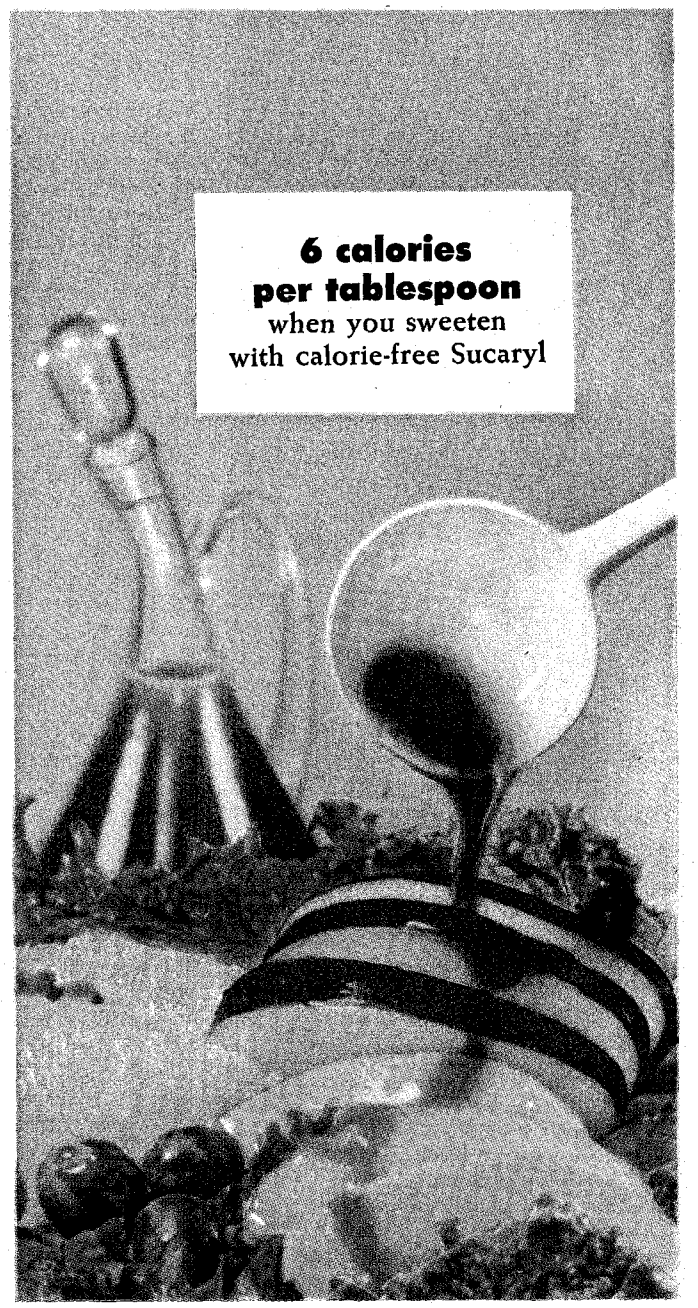
"That's enough!" Doña Ellen reproved him sharply, and I thought I saw her eyes blaze at him for a moment. Then, to me, as if it was all decided, "Manuel will come for your trunk and other things. Now let's go over to the house and I'll show you where you will sleep."

She took my arm. Before I knew it, we were out on the plaza, where she left Critter looking curiously after her while we went on foot to a street nearby called La Placita, one of the spokes radiating from the square.

The white Sessions house, still known as the Johnson y Campo house, looked large and imposing to me. The front door was locked, but Cousin Albert's wife rang until it was opened by a flurried Mexican woman whom she called Epifania. Then we entered.

I found myself in an immense dim hall, wide as a parlor and twice as long, with mysterious doors on either side, one of which was open, revealing ghostly shapes of sheets over indeterminate pieces





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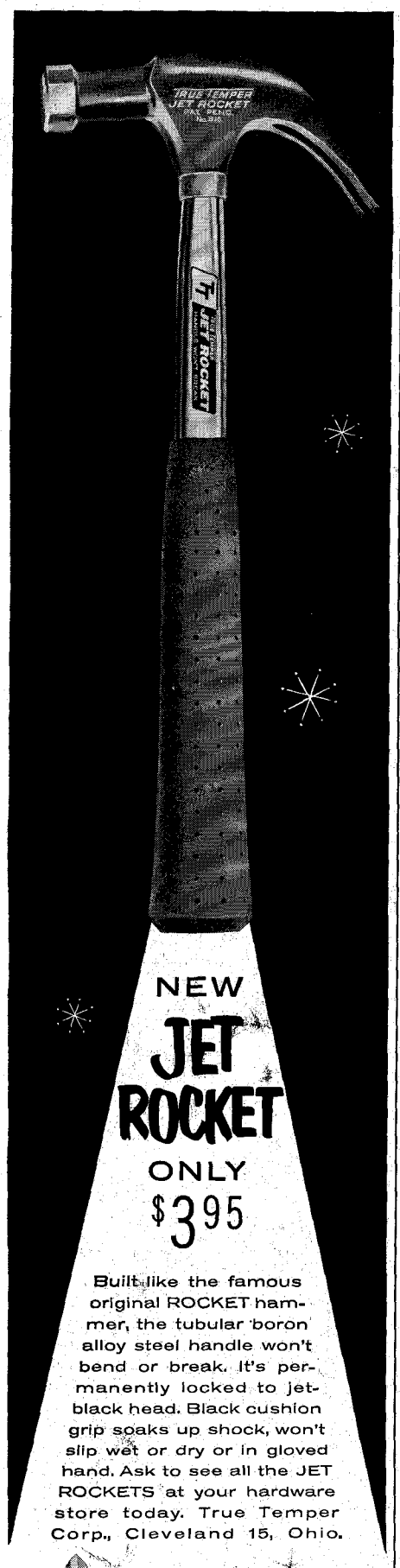
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of furniture. Mrs. Sessions showed me that new and astonishing institution she called the bathroom, a frightening place with a great white tin tub on a high platform as if on a throne; after which she took me to a much nicer room with a white iron bed, the figure of Christ on the cross on the wall and soft washed Navajo rugs on the floor. This was Willy's room, she told me, and would be mine until they moved in from the ranch, when another bed would be put in for me.

"You are all right now, Jud," she promised me. "Friends of your father will look after you till he gets back."

Her references to my father and his friends, and that he would be back, warmed me like wine and bathed all the strange objects around me. But after she had gone something went out of the house. It seemed foreign.

After going to bed, I remembered what my father had said of the Johnson y Campo family, and its power over the life and death of its peons, and the story of Doña Ellen and the stable boy who had incurred her displeasure. I was glad that she and Cousin Albert planned to stay out on the ranch until fall. By that time I was sure that my father would be home.

Next morning, with the New Mexican sun shining in my window and with it lying brightly across the kitchen floor while I was served breakfast, the house seemed like a different place, and the world too. Not only then but after I sallied forth from the house, I found my status in Old Town had changed.

Old Ezequiel, with drooping eye, crooked stick, the picture of avarice and chicanery, stopped me on the plaza to talk to me with deference in front of everyone. Lawyer Beasley, whose house stood next door to my Cousin Albert's, and whose ranch lay beyond the Johnson y Campo land—they had married sisters—acknowledged my existence by inclining his head curtly but unmistakably to me when he passed. And the Old Town boys talked to me of my absent father with new and evident respect.

"Your papa will be back soon now," Goyo Sanchez, whose full name was Gregorio, promised me. "His cousin, the judge, will see that he goes free."

"For a while he may go to jail, but it will not be so bad," Pas Ramirez assured. "My Uncle Angel is in the penitentiary at Sante Fe for six years. They let him come home for weddings and funerals."

I answered angrily that my father had never taken the money, but they looked at me with instant dismay and disappointment. I saw that I was losing caste, that I must not object to my rank as embezzler's son if I wanted to swim with them in the river, rope milk cows pastured in the big meadow and ride bareback, often naked, some of the broken-down horses grazing there. At Epifania's orders, I went back to the house for midday dinner and found a great dish of frijoles, hot with chili.

It was the first day my stomach had been filled since my father left, and late that afternoon, coming back for supper, I felt that life was sweet again, and the one who had saved me was Cousin Albert's lady, who had put me under her aegis and the protection of the powerful Johnson y Campo name. As I turned up La Placita from the plaza, the walls of her and Cousin Albert's house ahead of me glistened white in the sun, like a citadel of peace and security which could not easily be broken.

In this I found that I was sadly mistaken. My first inkling came the second week the judge moved back to town. He had come alone at first, called by the September term of court. He slept in the Old Town house during the week, returning to the ranch for the weekend. Any uneasiness I felt for his coming soon vanished. He had me call him "Cousin Albert" as my mother used to do, and treated me kindly, almost as a son, a slender, delicate man with a white skin and unusual heavy black beard.

Sheets still hung over the furniture in the parlor, and tonight, as usual, he sat in the wide hall by the hanging brass lamp, which he had pulled down to read the Denver paper that had come on the evening train. In the shadows on a settee, I lay content just to be near this one remaining link with my mother. Presently the hand bell on the end of the long cord that ran to the rear of the house tinkled, and the judge rose with the paper still in his hands and went to the door himself.

"Oh, good evening, Amado. Come in," he said heartily, and I saw a durably dressed Mexican with strong, brown, almost Oriental face and eyes. I knew him as Sheriff Martinez. There were two Martinez brothers in Moro. It was the custom for Amado to run for sheriff on the Republican ticket, and Francisco on the Democratic. Whichever won appointed his brother as first deputy, and a Martinez had been sheriff of Moro County since most men could remember. Usually it was Amado. Tonight he was very grave.

"Is anything the matter?" Cousin Albert asked.

"You haven't heard about the ranch?" Amado inquired significantly.

"You mean our ranch?" Cousin Albert seemed surprised. "Sit down, Amado."

But both men remained standing.

"You remember last year, judge, when Señor Beasley drove his herd from his ranch through Ojo Canyon? I don't mean that Señor Beasley was there himself. But his foreman, Jeffcoat, said Señor Beasley told him it was too far to drive around on the public road through Canyon del Norte. The cattle would lose weight. Señor Beasley said his wife was a Johnson y Campo herself, a sister of Doña Ellen, and that Jeffcoat could come through. Now, Señor Beasley knows very well how narrow Ojo Canyon is. I didn't see for myself what the cattle did to your señora's garden, but I heard. Also what Doña Ellen thought of that garden. Your señora and Señor Beasley's foreman, Jeffcoat, had very hard words. She warned him never to come over your private road with a herd again."

"Yes, yes, of course," the judge said impatiently, as if to urge him on.

"Well, Jeffcoat's men came through again this morning. He had a herd of fat steers Señor Beasley wanted to ship before the early price dropped. So he took Ojo Canyon like the other time. There was Doña Ellen's new garden and rosebushes and a new fence around them. Jeffcoat did not stop."

"We mustn't blame Jeffcoat. This is Beasley's doings," Cousin Albert said angrily.

"Perhaps," the sheriff spoke under his breath, with dry Spanish malice, "perhaps it is a pity that Señor Beasley wasn't there instead of Jeffcoat."

The judge looked sober. "You mean someone was hurt?"

"About as bad as any man can be hurt," the sheriff said gravely. "From all reports, there was only one shot. I saw for myself that it was a very good shot. The bullet found the forehead."

The judge stood almost like a statue. "Did his men say who did it?"

The sheriff avoided his eyes. "Who knows? A herd of cattle makes much dust. It is hard to see. But all could hear the rifle speak. It came, they said, from the portal of your house."

"How long was the shot?"

"From all accounts," the sheriff repeated, looking away, "it was a long shot and a very good one too."

Cousin Albert was silent a long time, as if wrestling with something grave.

"Well, I expect you to do whatever is right and necessary, Amado."

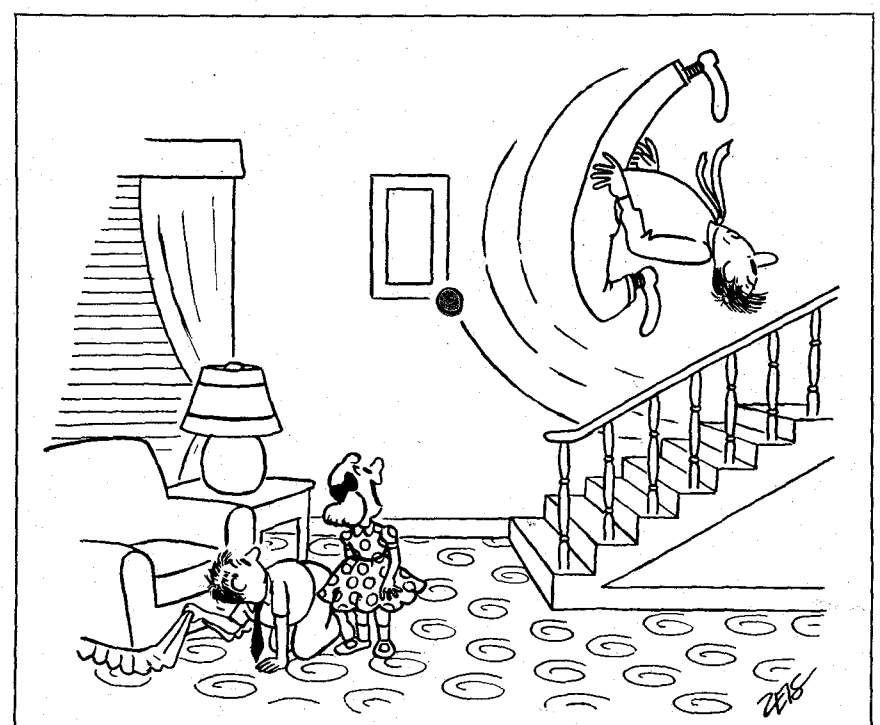
"Thank God, I don't have to do anything. Don Carlos came in tonight. He said that it was him who fired the death shot."

"Charley! Why didn't he come here to see me?"

"He told me he thought you wouldn't like, since you are his brother-in-law, to leave him out on bail on a murder charge. So I left him with Choppo and came right over."

"Thank you, Amado," Cousin Albert said. I could see that he was much affected. He folded his paper and laid it on the table. Then he took his familiar cream-colored hat from the rack.

"I'll walk along back with you and talk to him," he said. "Meantime you better send for Tom."



"Oh, good—Daddy found it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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For a long time after they had gone and later in my bed, I lay going over what was said and the pictures created in my mind. There had been something incomplete about the story, something that passed between the two men that puzzled me, something not so much spoken as left unsaid, but which each understood. I wondered how Charley, Doña Ellen's brother, could have done such a violent thing. It was true that he had once been a dead shot with the rifle, trained by his English father, but of late the only things he was known to do were drink whisky and drive fast horses.

Next morning when I got up, Cousin Albert was already gone, but Pas and Goyo were waiting for me outside the back door. They informed me that the Englishman's horse was in our stable, and we spent the greater part of the morning standing around him talking in suppressed excitement.

"It is his horse," Pas said at length. "But it is not he, they say, that killed the Anglo."

"Who was he, then?" I asked, eager to hear the family name cleared.

"It was not a he but a she," Pas declared mysteriously.

For a moment I didn't know what he meant. Then I saw Manuel bearing down upon us. Doña Ellen always referred to him as a *mozo*, which meant boy, but he was some fifty years old, a short, heavy man, like so many Mexicans his age, with a powerful torso and tremendous face, now distorted with rage.

"What lie is this, you son of a goat?" he roared, and tried to get his huge hands on Pas. But Pas was too quick for him and dodged out in the alley, where we presently joined him.

"Now let's go down to the jail," Pas said daringly. "We will ask the Englishman himself who fired the shot that killed."

All the way down the alley what he had said earlier pierced me. Exactly what did he mean that it had not been a he but a she that had done it? I remembered the story about Doña Ellen as a girl. A whole procession of uneasy thoughts troubled me as we stood outside the jail under a small window which Pas and Goyo informed me opened into the Englishman's cell. Although Pas called loudly and brazenly, no face appeared at the bars and no voice answered.

It was late noon when I came up the alley to find Doña Ellen's buggy outside the stable and her pet horse, Critter, in the next box stall to her brother's. An empty carriage that had evidently been filled with baggage and servants from the ranch stood in the driveway.

Manuel scowled at me. "You better make steps for the dinner. If you are wise you will say nothing from that young liar of a he-goat," he warned me.

The house seemed another place when I entered it. Moving slowly down the hall, I saw the sheets taken from the familiar shapes in the long parlor, disclosing wholly unfamiliar furnishings. I stopped before reaching the dining room, but Doña Ellen must have seen my head pass outside the window, else she heard the front door, for she came out in the hall.

"Hello, Jud! Where have you been?" she greeted me, as if I and not she were the one who needed comforting. "We've had to start dinner. Come in."

She took my cold hand in her warm one and drew me into the dining room.

"This is Willy," she said, leading me to where a dark-haired, delicate-looking boy sat in front of a scarcely touched plate. "Your place, Jud, is right here beside him. I hope you two will be friends. You're cousins, you know, and blood is thicker than water."

Once I was settled long enough to recover myself and observe what was going on around me, I saw Cousin Albert at the head of the table, looking kindly and approvingly at me. His wife didn't take her seat where I expected, but sat opposite Willy and me. Before I came, she had been telling the judge and Willy of some trifling incident.

I listened to her, a little surprised to find it amusing. She finished it, turned to me, asked me questions about myself, confided to me one or two intimate things about herself, then wove the four of us into her conversation. She seemed to make light of unspoken affliction.

I found this a characteristic I was to see much of. It came up in her whether the casualty was past, present or threatening the future. She had a manner of disregarding trouble and danger by making fun of them both. It was this, I think, together with her playful feminine wiles and Latin melancholy, as if deep inside of her she knew her serious fate all the time, that made men want to deliver her from the dangers she so confidently disdained and the trouble she so rashly courted.

At first, sitting there at the table, I wondered if shooting and death had actually occurred. Then, with dinner done, it was as if the pleasant interlude, like an act in a play, was over. Faint sadness settled on her face. Gravity returned to Cousin Albert, and when I glanced at Willy, his dark eyes looked back at me wordlessly. What the look meant I had no idea, but I felt that I liked him and that we would get along.

There was no telephone in the house those days to inform your friends that you had come to town, but news traveled about as fast then as now, particularly about an event like at present, when your friends were expected to rally around to offer support and encouragement. It was something of a revelation to see the house bright and almost gay that evening, with wine in glasses taken from a table of four marble shelves along the wall. The Ignacio Bacas and the Felipe Chavezes, who spoke mostly Spanish, came, and the Wilmots and the Kidds, who spoke mostly English. These were sheep people or those who did business with them.

Others arriving later, included Tom Dold, the family lawyer since Cousin Albert had sat on the bench. A bachelor like Mr. Younger, he reminded me of him, also, in his fund of good humor, but was portlier, had a more courteous, gentlemanly air and slower Alabama or Mississippi speech. Not a word so far that I heard in English was spoken of Ellen's brother languishing in jail, but Mr. Dold's stories and confident manner spoke continuously, saying, have no fear; everything in Moro County is under control.

When Willy and I were sent to bed, his mother excused herself from the company and came back to see that he was properly covered in his new quarters, for late-September nights can be cool in Moro. He occupied my late bed, which had been his, and I was in another, narrower one placed in the (*Continued on Page 69*)

On Closer Inspection

What nettles me most
Is when time and again,
The worst women drivers
Turn out to be men!

By Thomas Usk

New shears
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easier, faster
Need a really good cutting pair of grass shears? Try these next time you're in your neighborhood hardware store. Wide-opening blades gather more grass. Extra-long blades with their draw-cut action slice it off clean. Protective non-slip sheath on lower grip avoids blisters. Extra bottom grip clearance lets you cut right down to the turf without scraping knuckles on walks or curbs. Ask to see True Temper's new No. 22 shears, $2.75.
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(*Continued from Page 67*) room since last night. His mother tucked him in and kissed him good night. Then she came over and did the same to me.

No one had kissed me since my mother had done it several years before. I remembered Cousin Albert's wife's hands as brisk and masterful, but when she pressed the covers around my neck and shoulders, I thought I had never felt a touch more gentle and soft. That such hands could have the stain of blood on them seemed to me unthinkable. I felt myself relax, grateful that for tonight at least sleep would solve all problems, including that of making any more talk to Willy this first night of our acquaintance when tragedy and constraint lay so heavy on us both.

"*Buenas noches*, Jud," she said, using the Spanish to me, as she had to Willy, as if to intimate that I would have to learn more of the language now.

"Good night, Doña Ellen," I said.

"Call me Cousin Ellen," she corrected, and waited.

"Good night, Cousin Ellen," I replied dutifully.

She looked down at me in warm, impulsive approval, but even as she smiled I imagined I saw some deep, inconsolable shadow in her eyes.

The Moro County courthouse stood a little way off the plaza at the corner of Audiencia Street and what was then called New Town Road. More than once I had ventured into its dim tunnels and gazed on doors painted with such mysterious and important names as Treasurer, Assessor, County Clerk, Commissioners, and their Spanish equivalents.

Now, after what had happened on the ranch, the aspect of the whole building changed. I found myself avoiding it whenever possible. Something dark, unfriendly, almost frightening, had come over it and the jail where Ellen's brother, Charley, awaited trial. I knew it couldn't be Charley or his fate. He meant nothing to me. No, it must be something else. I remembered what Pas had hinted at. This must be the secret of my shock, an implication so incredible and terrible that I didn't dare think of it openly.

From the beginning, I looked to see if anyone else might know and feel as I did. Willy came under my scrutiny first. He was a quiet, delicate boy with pale skin and a shock of coarse black hair. Although his face could light up like the sun coming out of a patch of sunflowers, there were times when he looked at me with something inexpressible in his dark eyes. I watched Cousin Albert, too, but his grave face and eyes, his gallant black beard and slender arched back, told me nothing.

I watched for Willy's grandmother to come in from the ranch for the trial. Willy called her *Mamma Grande* instead of the more formal *abuelita*. She would know, I felt, for she had been there when it happened. If she hadn't seen it herself, she surely would have demanded every detail from those who did. A short, stout native woman with a swarthy face, she had the blackest of eyes. Those eyes gave the impression of having looked on many unpleasant things—the butchery of sheep, torture by Indians, the stabbing and shooting down of men in cold blood, and other wickedness common in this raw land. But her face and black eyes to me remained unreadable.

When Ellen's sister, Doña Ana, came over from next door to see her mother, I thought I caught a glimpse of fear in her face, but I felt it might have been for her husband. Even before coming to my cousin's house to live, I had heard how, since their marriage, Lawyer Beasley had dominated and restrained her, taking over her inheritance, keeping her on a strict allowance, laying down her expenses for the house, naming the prices she must pay even for such small things as eggs and chili.

Epifania had once told me how Doña Ana had looked as a girl. "Ah, you should see those two girls together when they are little. About the same size. Only a year or more between them. But such a difference! Doña Ana *moreno*. How you say in English—dark. And Doña Ellen with white skin and hair of gold like her father. You wouldn't believe they come from the same mother."

Now I found Doña Ana older-looking than Ellen, worn-faced and somber-eyed. It was strange to see her and think that before marriage she had been beautiful and gay. Today she seemed dull, apprehensive, to have no will or decision of her own.

"Snell thinks I should," several times she defended herself. "I'll see what Snell thinks," she said when Ellen urged them to dinner.

Twice she grew visibly nervous when Ellen asked if she wouldn't sit with her and her mother at the trial.

"I'm not sure Snell would want me to," was all she would say.

I suspected she was here today without his permission. More than once, her daughter, Felicitas, said they'd better go. Doña Ana hung on as if she feared to stay, but hated more to leave; as if, since this shooting had come between them, she didn't know when she would see her mother and sister again.

The daughter, Felicitas, refused to sit down. I thought her the prettiest girl I had ever seen, a little younger than I, with an English skin, hazel eyes and golden hair. She treated us with veiled hostile coolness, as if we had shown ourselves the bitter enemy and persecutor of her parent. Only on Willy, once or twice when he wasn't looking, did I see her glance soften.

My eyes searched the faces of others, too—of Tom Dold and Doctor George Gammel, who were most often at the house, as well as the Wilmots, the Rodeys and the Kidds. But they told me nothing, and as for the native friends who came, their faces were impossible for an Anglo to read.

Meanwhile the time for the trial was approaching, and Willy and I were told we would have to attend. I suspect it was the idea of Tom Dold, who defended Charley, that we boys, sitting with Ellen and her mother, would arouse the sympathy of the jury. The most that it aroused in me was the belief that my unspoken fears might now be brought out in public and our presence. All the time that Willy and I had to sit there, with witness after witness being questioned, with Cousin Albert sitting watchfully on the bench, and people, including many cattlemen from out of the county, crowding the room to the doors and windows, I remembered what Pas Ramirez had hinted, and waited for it to raise its ugly head in the courtroom.

The witness I disliked more than any other was Lawyer Beasley.

"That's my Uncle Snell, and he hates us," Willy had whispered the first day. "When grandfather died, he wanted us to let him take over and manage the ranch. But only Tia Ana would sign."

I remembered the first time I had seen the name. My father had brought home a copy of the Moro Sentinel and in it was his advertisement:

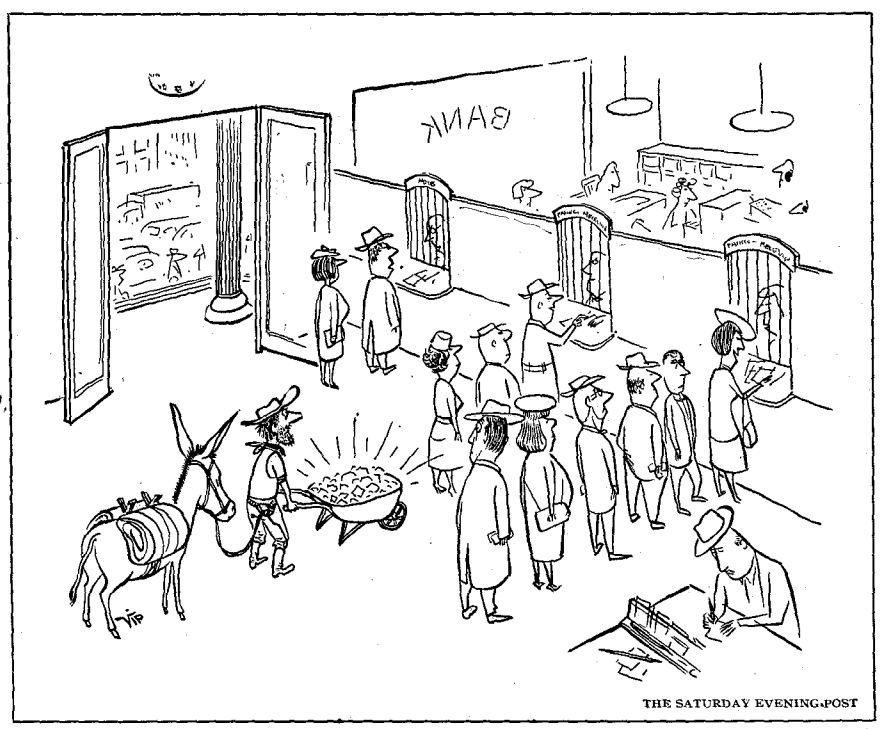
J. SNELL BEASLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Legal Advice and Counsel. Collections Made. Loans Arranged. Deeds. Mortgages. All Instruments of Writing Promptly Attended To.

My father said he was the shrewdest and richest lawyer in the county, and told me stories to prove it. One, I recall, was how he had collected a note for the Silverio Garcias. A Baca County cattleman owed the Garcias twenty thousand dollars. For years he refused to pay. Beasley told the Garcias he would collect it in or out of court, but his fee would be half of the amount, and the Garcias finally signed a paper promising him ten thousand dollars. Then Beasley settled the debt quickly for eleven thousand. His share was ten thousand, the Garcias' only one.

Another time, my father said, Beasley was engaged by a cattleman named Lassen to defend him for the murder of a Mexican sheep herder. There was no doubt of his acquittal among the cattlemen in Baca County, but Beasley had fixed a juror to hold out for conviction, or so everyone openly said. This hung the jury and a new trial was ordered, when Lassen was acquitted. The first time Beasley took Lassens' cattle as his fee, the second time his ranch, and this was the ranch whose foreman, Jeffcoat, had been shot in Ojo Canyon.

And now here Lawyer Beasley was in court before me. Of all the Jeffcoat sympathizers, many of them from Baca



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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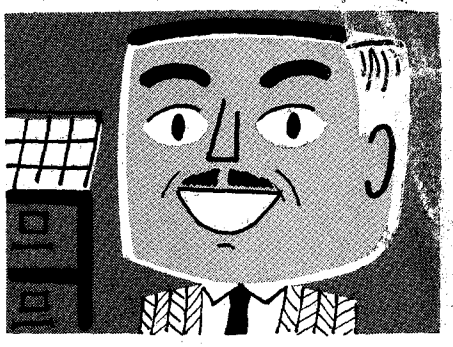

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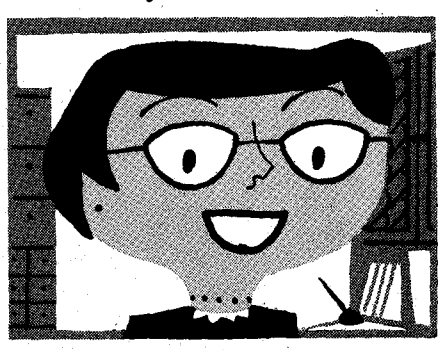

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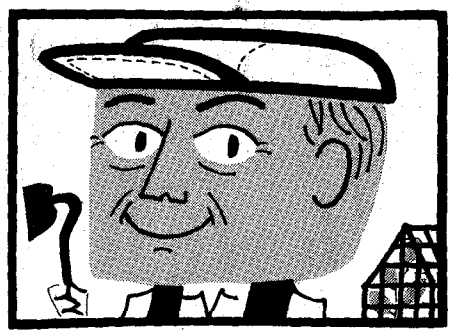

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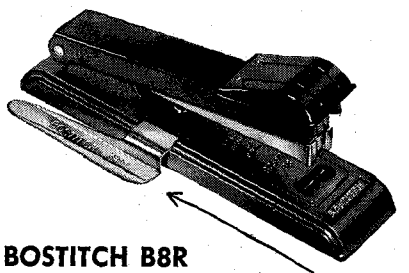

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County, he was the most dangerous to reckon with. A short, thick man with a red, mottled face, he sat directly behind the prosecuting attorney and often leaned forward to speak to him. When at last he was put on the stand as owner of the cattle, he let loose long blasts of answers and testimony on his wife's right to send their cattle through Ojo Canyon that I felt shook Charley's defense to its foundations.

But no word did he breathe of the specter that lay on my heart, and when I looked up and saw Cousin Albert sitting unaffected on the bench, the faces of the jurors as before, the procedure of the court unchanged and other witnesses being called as if nothing had happened, I had the same feeling as the night when Cousin Albert and Sheriff Martinez had talked—as if all were playing a part.

But I knew that Snell Beasley was not playing a part. I think he must have expected a hung jury, for the last day he let Doña Ana make the show of attending her brother's trial. The jury was out scarcely an hour when they came in with a verdict of not guilty. Freed now, the prisoner pushed his way to his mother and Ellen in the crowd. Doña Ana was so carried away by the excitement that she made her way to their side.

It was a pretty scene; Charley hugged and kissed by his mother and sisters while the sheepmen stood around watching with enjoyment and approval. Then suddenly the red face of Lawyer Beasley appeared. The excitement seemed to go out of Ana. Her face aged visibly as her husband took her arm and they moved away.

I saw pity and anger on a number of faces, but my relief was too great, not so much that Charley was freed, but that court and jury had recognized no one but him as the one who could have fired the shot. I went home with a new peace. At supper Ellen told me that we had stood by loyally, that already we had missed so much school it wouldn't hurt us to miss a little more, and so she was taking us out for a week's holiday to the ranch. It seemed that God was in His heaven and all right with the world.

There was a celebration at the house that evening, with dozens of people there, including the whole family of Apolonio Sena, who had testified in Charley's behalf. Next morning Charley went back to the ranch, taking his mother with him. I think the idea was to get him away from the saloons as long as the cattlemen were in town.

We made ready to leave early the same afternoon. It was a cloudless fall day, of which there are so many in the Southwest. Manuel brought Critter and the yellow-top buggy around to the front of the house. The horse, which had hardly been out of his stall during the trial, was impatient to be off. As a rule, with three in the buggy, the driver, usually the lightest in weight, sat on the adjoining knees of the two on the seat, but it was plain that Critter would be too much for a boy today, and I had to take Willy on my lap.

"It will make you strong holding up each other," Ellen teased us while Critter danced to go.

It was exciting to ride with her again, her light talk and fun, her feminine presence beside us, her superb mastery over horse and the desert spaces. Pleasure in my new life swam about me, and once we had forded the river and were up on the escarpment, with the broad mesa stretching before us, washing up to the Prietas like a wave of light with the foam of dried bunch grass, I could hardly wait for the hunting that she promised us. Looking from town, the Prietas were like a long wall of dark sand sprinkled with moss, but the sand, Willy informed me, was rock and the green moss, cedars and pines, where mule deer and mountain lion could be found.

Halfway across the mesa we overtook a group of horsemen—evidently cattlemen returning to Baca County from the trial. They looked around and saw us coming, but did not get out of our way, and Ellen had to turn Critter aside on the level mesa to pass.

"*Hu-cha! Hu-cha!*" one of them sent up the sheepman's cry derisively after us.

"Don't look back!" Ellen cautioned us—careful, I thought, neither to increase nor to slacken Critter's pace—but presently the same voice yelled again. I couldn't understand what it said, but I think Ellen did because when I looked at her, something in her face and shoulders had changed.

Then I heard hoofbeats coming after us, and that was when I learned about Critter—that congenitally he could never let another horse around him, and at such a time not even Ellen could hold him. Now, as the hoofbeats came closer, he answered with a burst of speed that left the other quickly behind. Ellen tried to curb him. I still retain a vivid picture of her in my mind, her gloved hands sawing on the tan lines, her slight body half lifted to its feet.

"You fool!" she cried, exasperated. "They'll think we're running away!"

But she could do nothing with him until the sounds of pursuit behind us had ceased. Then she slowed him down and furiously turned him around. The horsemen were now a mile or two in the rear, and she drove slowly back until close to them. Here in the trail she waited for them to come.

Willy and I were silent. What he thought I had no means of knowing, but when I glanced at Ellen, the unsuspected transformation in her astonished me. It was a revelation to me to see with what hard relish she faced the oncoming riders. Her feminine, trusting and helpless way with men had vanished and been replaced toward these men with something else, still very feminine, but without pity and boding no good for anyone, herself included.

Critter stood perfectly quiet while the riders came, as if his honor was not involved this time, but they gave the yellow-top buggy a wide berth, turning far aside, as Ellen had before. None of them offered to molest us or even speak to her, but when they were by and Ellen passed them again, they let out a series of shrill derisive Texas yells after us. This time she did not stop. We drove on toward the mountains, and nothing more was said about it, but the incident made a strong impression on me.

If I thought Ellen a lady in town, she was still more so out here. Over the years I always thought her to be at her feminine best among the natives. They seemed to infect her with a special kind of delicate charm. Hardly had we approached the scattered cluster of adobe buildings when Johnson y Campo Mexicans surrounded the buggy. The men pulled off their unwieldy hats with surprising humility and grace. The swarthy women smiled. The black eyes of the children, who were miniature replicas of their elders, shone at their *doña.* Even men who looked to me like rascals and thieves asked with gentle courtesy of the health and well-being of Ellen and Willy, whom they called "Guillo." I was introduced as Willy's cousin, and my well-being became instantly their consuming interest and concern.

But never for a moment could I treat them as Ellen and Willy could and did. There was, I soon found, a great art in it, a precise stage between superiority and warm interest which I never could attain. I wondered if Ellen's secret might not have been inherited from her father. For the first time I had a glimpse of him. In the long adobe horse stables, in a place called the tack room, among the bridles, saddles, collars and pieces of harness on the wall, were tacked up photographs of Johnson y Campo horses, often with a rider or driver. Sometimes it was Ellen or Charley, but usually their father, who, I found to my surprise, had been a one-armed man of presence and intensity.

Where I felt him most was in the house, in what they called the gun room, with New Mexican grizzly skins on the floor and, on the wall, deer, elk and antelope heads and a considerable rack of pistols and rifles, all interstudded with photographs, some of them framed, of Ellen's father standing with his foot on a prostrate bear or mountain lion or sighting his rifle, the barrel supported by the stump of his left arm.

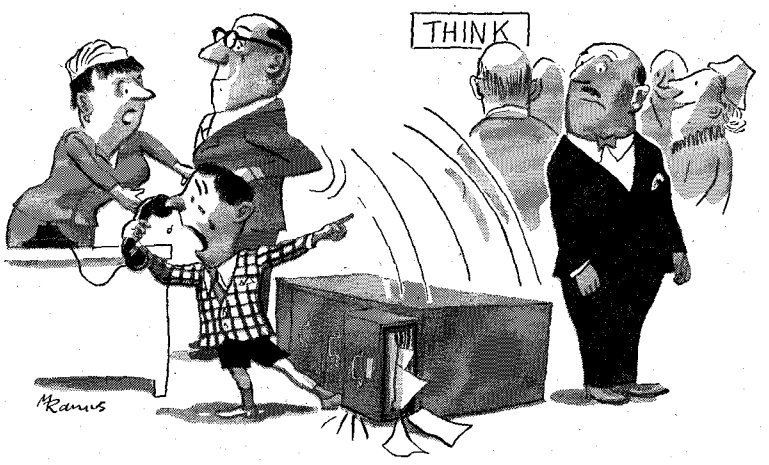
The second day at the ranch Ellen took us on the promised hunting trip. She drove me in the buckboard along a pair of wheel tracks that wound for miles through the cedars and then out to a lonely expanse of plain. Willy rode his blue pony, the one they called a *grullo.* Up near a round, treeless mountain, which his mother said was an extinct volcano, she pointed out distant motionless or slowly moving objects which I couldn't make out at first, but which gradually took shape for me as small brown living creatures as they moved curiously toward us, and then white as they alternately turned and ran.

They still seemed in entire safety from us when Ellen suddenly stopped the horse, passed the lines to me, drew a rifle from beneath the seat, stood up in the buckboard and fired. The lunge of the horse threw her back into the seat, but not too quickly to keep me from seeing one of the inquisitive brown-and-white wraiths drop to the range while the others fled. When we reached it, I found a beautiful small deerlike creature lying on the grass with blood running from its mouth and from a well-directed hole in its graceful head.

It seemed incredible to me that destruction had occurred so accurately and at such a great distance. I had always wanted a rifle of my own to knock over prairie dogs rearing by their sandy burrows, and I didn't understand why Ellen's splendid shooting should bother me. Turning, I saw Willy a few yards away, sitting motionless on his pony, staring at the dead antelope.

Still in the saddle, he held his mother's unquiet horse while she had me help her lift the game to the back of the buckboard, where the bleeding head was left hanging over the edge. Then we drove back to the ranch house. It was very strange. Our trip had been successful. This was exactly what we wanted, what we had come out to the ranch for, and yet some inexplicable shadow for me had fallen over the sunlit plain.

TO BE CONTINUED



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

To bear out his boast that his office force was "one big happy family," Mr. Bountiful encouraged employees to bring their children to the office. Then came the day when Smith accidentally toppled a filing cabinet on his son's toe. At Mrs. Smith's urging, a damage suit against Bountiful was filed in behalf of the child.

"As Smith's employer, I may be liable for Smith's bungling on the job," Bountiful said indignantly. "But as the son couldn't sue his father, that lets me out too."

"Oh, no," said the child's lawyer. "This boy was injured due to the carelessness of an employee of your company. The fact that the employee is his father matters nothing."

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• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bountiful had to pay. The court ruled that while children are not permitted to sue their parents because that would endanger domestic quiet, they are entirely free to sue their parents' boss.

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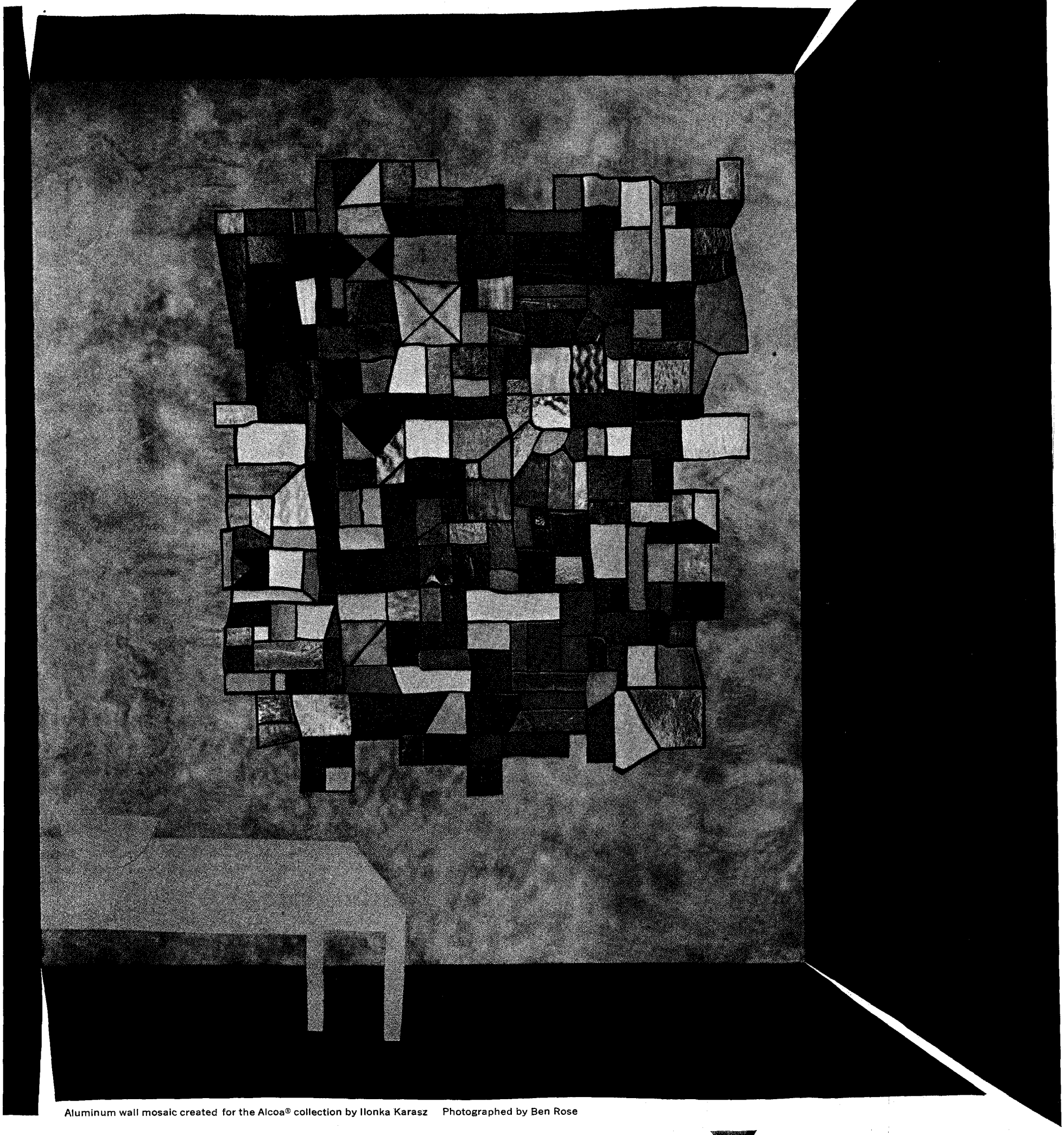

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Tugboat Annie and the Hoard of Heroin

(Continued from Page 35)

gallantry, removed his cap. "Jake tells me ——"

"Keep yer hat on, ye iggerant ape!" snapped Annie promptly. "D'ye want yer termites to ketch a cold?"

"Jake said," Mr. Bullwinkle pursued, unruffled, "ya was worried about me."

"'Twas nothin'," Annie disclaimed loftily, while wondering desperately how much she could ask without tipping him off. "I jest come over to see if ye'd growed yer other head yet."

"One's all I need to outsmart you, dear," he said complacently. "Well, whatever ya're up to, there prob'ly ain't enough in it for both of us. So, long as this gale holds out, le's not worry about it, huh?"

"Suits me," said Annie. "All I come in here fer was shelter. An' ——"

"I said," repeated Mr. Bullwinkle softly, "as long as the gale holds out! Well—*pomme de terre!*" And he clumsily tiptoed out.

When the door closed, Annie's mind was a turmoil of both hope and apprehension. While doubting that he knew the exact score about the Sonora Star, she realized that her foolish impulse in roaring across to the Salamander had certainly set him to thinking; and, unhappily conditioned as she was by long experience of his incurable duplicity and razor-edged cunning, his final significant remark caused her to toss for restless hours, sleepless in her bunk, while overhead the gale screamed in relentless and unabated fury.

That Annie's trepidation about the acuteness of her foe was well founded was borne out early next morning; for, long before there was activity about the Narcissus' decks, Mr. Bullwinkle was up and, from a concealed vantage point on top of the Salamander's superstructure, he was keeping sharp-eyed watch. Actually, his radio operator had not overheard Secoma's radiophoned orders about the Sonora Star, and they had put in at Clallam Bay solely for shelter; therefore he would have accepted, without suspicion, the Narcissus' later arrival. But not now. Clearly Annie was onto something profitable, and what that something was he was determined to know.

Thus musing, a movement on the Narcissus' deck snapped him alert again. It was Annie, emerging from her cabin; and intently his glance followed as, after a quick survey of the unabated, gale-swept fury of the strait outside, she flumped down the ladder, then waddled forward, clamped her big fists about the mooring line and gave a brief, strong haul, to the intense puzzlement, not only of the spying Mr. Bullwinkle but also of Clem, the radio operator, who had followed her down.

"Think I was doin' me mornin's dirty dozen?" Annie said with a grin when she saw Clem watching her. "Unh-uh! It's jest a little wrinkle I l'arned when you was on'y two sauce pots high. If the rope's damp an' taut, it means bad weather'll hold on, wid mebbe more rain, fer another twenty-four hours. When it slacks an' starts to dry out, the weather'll clear an' we kin git under way. But, way it is now, we're stuck here till tomorrer mornin' anyways. Come on"—she headed for the messroom—"le's git in there afore them hungry buzzards gobbles everythin' in sight, includin' theirselves."

The value of this bit of sea lore upon the eavesdropping Mr. Bullwinkle did not immediately register, except as a vague notion that it might prove useful later if, unable to discover her plans, it became necessary to delay her departure. And his determination to ferret out what she had in mind was excited still further when, in midmorning, the Narcissus chugged across to the oil dock to replenish her fuel supply.

"That clinches it!" he told Jake deeply. "She'd have plenty fuel for that log-boom towin' job when she left Secoma. So what she's fell over is a long, deep-water haul! Mebbe outside the strait!"

"What about us, then, in case ya can grab it? We'd better ——"

"We filled our bunkers at Port Townsend on the way up here, stupid!" Mr. Bullwinkle replied. "An' a fat lot o' good that'll do, till I find out what the old hog belly's up to!"

Worried, he consulted his barometer, and although it had gone up a trifle, this did not help. It simply meant that time was running out and, when the weather cleared, Annie would take off. And to follow her would be useless, for, blacked out at night outside the cape, she could easily throw him off. To delay her, therefore, now became imperative. But how?

Then a chance remark by Jake about a longshoremen's jamboree ashore the following night supplied part of the answer; and, putting his fertilely scheming brain to work, it did not take long to fill in the rest. So it was with bubbling high spirits, beneath an expression of bovine placidity, that Mr. Bullwinkle met the Narcissus on her return from the oil dock.

Looking down at him as they came alongside, Annie was nervous; for she did not expect her wily foe to overlook the significance of the Narcissus' bunkering. So she was both relieved and receptive when, after the tug was secured, Mr. Bullwinkle asked meekly to be allowed on board.

"What fer?" she asked. "I ain't deef."

"Well," he dissembled, stifling the hot retort, "remember what we agreed last night about not gettin' in each other's hair?"

"What hair?" asked Annie, staring fixedly at his balding pate.

Mr. Bullwinkle's temper slipped another notch, but he persevered. "Well, looks like we're stuck here another coupla days, so why not be pals? An' tomorrer night," he went on hastily, as she frowned, "there's a big shindig ashore. An' bein' it's my birthday, too, I'd like your crew an' mine to celebrate—as my guests."

"In that case," asked Annie tartly, "what's the ketch?"

"Listen, Fatso!" Mr. Bullwinkle roared, "Take that damn chip offa yer shoulder an' stick it back in yer thick blockhead!"

"Now that," Annie grinned, "is more like the reel, ugly-tempered you! What time? Barrin' clear weather, o' course."

"Oh, eight, eight-thirty. Mind ya, Annie, them longshoremen cuts up pretty rough sometimes, but there'll be plenty beer an' vittles."

"Swellegant!" beamed Annie, who dearly loved a good rowdy party. "We'll be there, brass knuckles an' all!"

But, watching his bandy legs propel Mr. Bullwinkle back to his tug and thence ashore, ostensibly to make arrangements, Annie's brow furrowed anew. *What's reely back o' that nasty puss o' his?* she worried to herself. *Oh, well*—she shrugged—*at least, durin' the party I kin keep me peekers on him.*

During the afternoon, bored by the inaction, some of the Narcissus' crew wandered ashore, and Annie, exhausted after her restless night, had fallen asleep in her bunk when, shortly before dark, Peter awakened her.

"What we gonna do about supper, Annie?" he asked. "Pinto's in his bunk an' ——"

"Well, git him up an' into the galley! Fer heaven's sake ——"

"He can't get up. Know what he done when he come back from town?" asked Peter, awed. "He mixed a batch o' biscuit dough an' put it in the icebox to bake!"

"Oh, brother!" Annie murmured.

"An' he put a fifth o' Scotch in the oven! So know what I think? I think he's drunk!"

"Whatever gave ye that idear?" said Annie. "Anyways, ax Hank to fix the boys somethin'. He's handy wid a skillet."

"O.K., I'll tell him. But I still don't think it's right," Peter continued obdurately. "Bullwinkle fillin' Pinto full o' swamp juice!"

"What's that?" Instantly Annie tensed. "Bullwinkle done that?"

"So Big Sam said. He seen 'em drinkin' together acrost the tracks. An' you know Pinto, Annie! Time he fell in the dock wi' all them empty whisky bottles, he was drunk for a week!"

"Look, Peter!" Annie's iron fingers dug into his arm. "You know what Bullwinkle's like! He's slippery as a newt in a barrel of eels! D'ye s'pose he was pumpin' Pinto about the Sonora Star?"

"Mebbe," said Peter dubiously. "But what good would it do if he did tell him?" He threw open the door and gestured. "Hark at that wind an' surf out in the strait there! Bullwinkle can't leave any sooner than we can! An' he certainly won't take off before his birthday party tomorrow night!"

"Mebbe so!" said Annie grimly. "But I'll sure knock it outta Pinto right now!"

Bursting into the fo'castle, Annie grabbed the blissfully snoring Pinto and alternately punched and slapped him upright. "Listen, ye mis'rable imitation of a human bean!" she grated lethally. "Did you tell Bullwinkle about that Sonora Star job when he got ye drunk today? Well, come on!"—she shook him till his teeth rattled—"did ye?"

Reproachfully Pinto opened his bloodshot eyes. "Don't rush the boats, pa," he murmured. "Women an' children first!"

Annie thumped him again. "Did ye? Did you tell Bullwinkle?"

Alive now to his greater peril, Pinto snapped awake. "Bullwinkle?" he quavered. "Well, yeah. But he got me so cussed mad, Annie, sayin' you wouldn't know a towin' job if somebody stuffed it up yer nose ——"

Furious, Annie thrust him back in his bunk and stamped out on deck. "Well, that's tore it!" she choked. "Bullwinkle knows!"

"Aw, slack off!" said Peter. "So he knows! But what can he do in this weather? An' maybe, come mornin', we'll be on our way."

But when, after another night of worry, Annie once more tested the mooring line, she shook her head, perplexed. "Looka that sky! It seems to be clearin' an' the wind's sure shifted," she said to Clem. "But this line's still damp an' taut!" Then she shrugged dumpily. "Well, I'll string along wid it an' wait over fer Bullwinkle's brawl tonight. But they ain't none of us," she added vehemently, "is gonna set hide nor hair ashore till the Salamander's monkeys has went first!"

This detail was settled shortly after dark, however, when Mr. Bullwinkle and crew left their ship together; and as soon as they had disappeared beyond the single, wind-swung light at the wharf's shore end, Annie and the others followed.

They could hear, a full two blocks away from the Longshoremen's Hall, the lively discordance of a brassy combo and the enthusiastic stomping of feet, and Annie's spirits soared. "Oh, boy!" she chortled. "I sure feel like trippin' the light fanatic tonight!"

She broke into an elephantine trot; and, her appetite for fun having been whetted further by a brisk scuffle at the entrance with a couple of frisky loggers who tried to bar their way, Annie eagerly clattered up the stairs, with the others close behind.

"Where's Bullwinkle?" she boomed joyously to the (*Continued on Page 75*)

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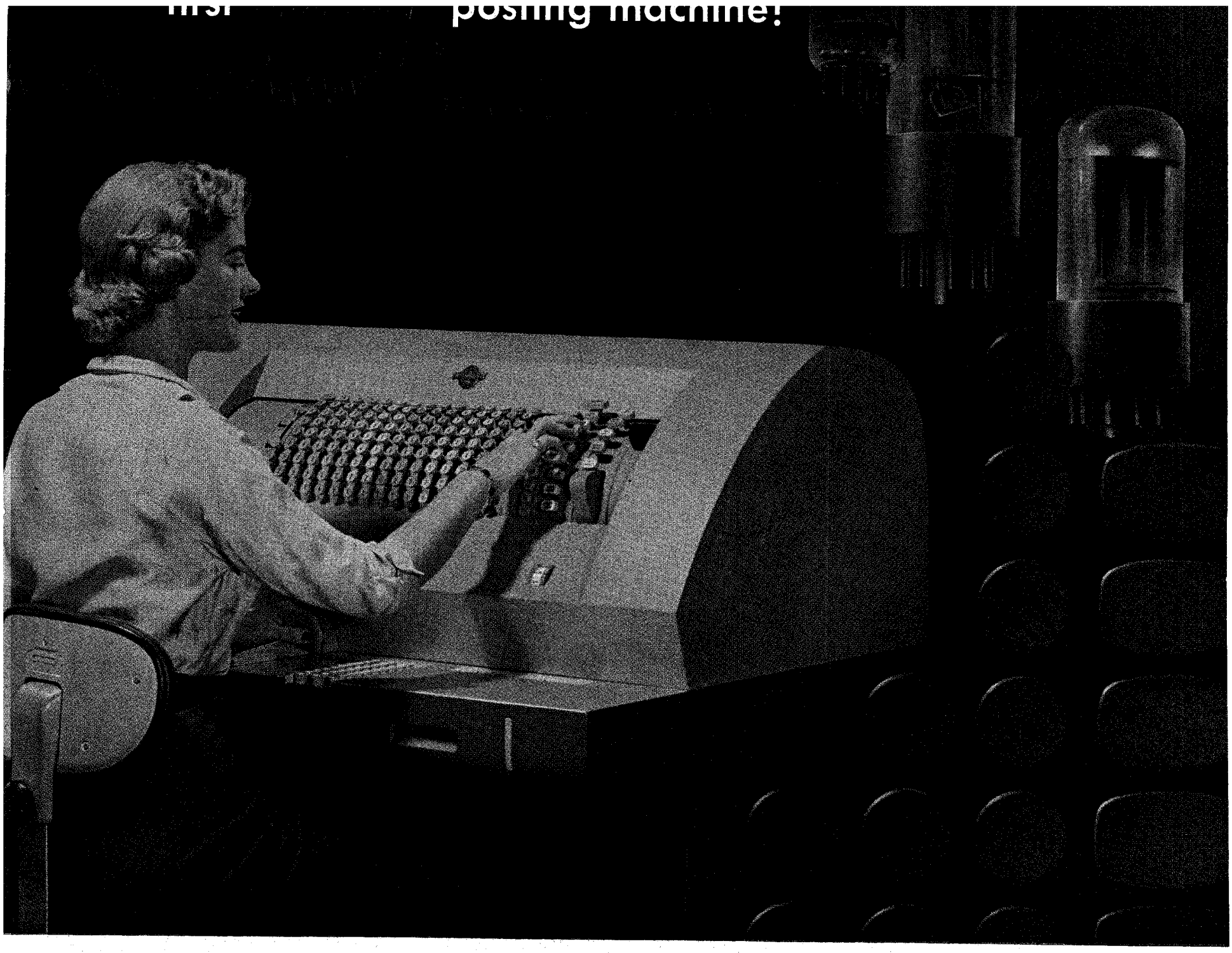

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(*Continued from Page 73*) ticket taker outside the crowded room of cavorting fishermen, loggers and water-front workers with their caparisoned, perspiring ladies. "I wanna wish him happy birthday! Then I'm gonna twirl him in the arms o' harsichord till he ——"

"Bullwinkle?" The man looked blank. "I don't know no Bullwinkle. But if you wanna buy your tickets ——"

A quick glance through the open doorway was enough, and instantly Annie was thundering back down the stairs again. "Back to the Narcissus!" she hurled over her shoulder as she ran; and, the others streaming after, she led them at a massive gallop to the docks. But too late; for when, gasping for breath, they pounded out on the cannery dock, the Salamander was gone.

"But we seen 'em go ashore, Annie!" grunted Peter, perplexed.

"Yeah!" said Annie bitterly. "Then they prob'ly hid ahind the cannery till we went past, then snuck back an' away! An' look at the weather now! It's clearin' fast—an' that I jest can't figger, fer them moorin' lines was still taut this mornin'!"

"Annie," Big Sam said, disturbed, "I forgot to tell ya this; but jest before daylight this mornin' when I come up from checkin' that air-pressure valve we bin havin' trouble with, I seen Bullwinkle sneakin' back to the Salamander ——"

"From where?" Annie asked quickly.

"Well, from our bow moorin' line, it looked like. He had a bucket an' a sponge. So mebbe he's been ——"

"—wettin' down our lines!" roared Annie. "To fool us into stayin' over till tonight so's he could skulk out on us! Come on ——" She jumped on board the tug. "Cast off! Le's go! An', Clem, when we git out in the strait, make contack wid the Sonora Star's master an' say we're the tug he's s'posed to use, an' to tell Bullwinkle to go to the devil!"

The Narcissus was well on her way and butting into the heavy, confused seas outside the cape, however, before Clem staggered to the wheelhouse with word from the Sonora Star. And at the message he delivered, Annie really blew up; for, first, the shipmaster had curtly declared that, in his crippled condition he would hire whichever tug reached him first; and second, one of his firemen had broken a leg in a fall off an engine-room grating, was in urgent need of medical aid, and would the Narcissus kindly take him off the Salamander to which, when she arrived, the steamer would have transferred him, and rush the man to a hospital ashore?

To such an appeal there was, among seafarers, only one answer; so the Narcissus continued to slug her way offshore; but it was many hours later before Annie, standing out in the raw wind, and the heavy drizzle that had sprung up, sighted the running lights of the Sonora Star and of the rolling, pitching Salamander close off the steamer's beam.

When within hailing distance Mr. Bullwinkle stepped out on deck; but, although Annie sorely was tempted, now was no time for personal hostilities, for transfer of the injured man from one wildly gyrating tug to the other called for intense concentration and superb seamanship. And since this was a quality Mr. Bullwinkle possessed to a degree no less, Annie reluctantly conceded, than her own, the job was quickly done.

With the man wrapped in warm blankets and carried to the fo'castle, the Narcissus promptly got under way, while a cheer went up from the Sonora Star's rail and bridge, and the staccato blast of the whistle conveyed her thanks.

"Well, at least they appreciate what we done, Annie," said Peter when Annie reentered the wheelhouse.

"Kin the boss put that in the bank?" demanded Annie harshly. "Sure, I'm glad to help that pore feller; but that ain't earnin' the nine hundred a day what Bullwinkle cheated us out of! And, brother," she ended grimly, "next time I ketch up wid him I'll give him a happy birthday he'll never forgit!"

For the rest of the trip in past the cape she remained morose and silent. Then, a few miles east of Neah Bay, Peter called her attention to an approaching vessel, from whose bridge came the rapid blinking of an Aldis lamp.

"Looks like a Customs cutter, Annie," he said, and added, puzzled, "She's signalin' us to heave to!"

Quickly Annie jingled Big Sam; and presently, dipping and plunging, the two vessels were abeam, with a uniformed United States Customs officer leaning out from the cutter's bridge.

"Where you from, Annie?" the Customs man hailed, recognizing her. "Outside?"

Annie explained, adding that they were taking the Sonora Star's injured crewman to the Marine Hospital at Port Angeles.

"Sonora Star, eh?" the Customs officer replied, sharp interest in his tone. "Did you or any of your crew board her out there? Or any of her crew board you?" And when, perplexed, she told him no, he said, "What about the Salamander?"

"I dunno," Annie replied. "Mebbe some o' the steamer's crew had to board her to help that feller down. It musta bin pretty tricky work in the sea what's kickin' up out there. Why? What's the deal?"

Ignoring this, the man asked why, if the Narcissus originally was supposed to pick up the Sonora Star, the Salamander had taken over. Annie briefly but warmly told him what had happened at Clallam Bay.

"Seems he was pretty determined to reach that steamer first," the Customs officer replied reflectively. "Well, thanks, Annie. Oh—one thing more! If either of them gets in touch with you, don't mention that we stopped you. O.K.?"

With a swirl of foam beneath her counter the cutter slid away, and for a few perplexed minutes Annie watched her diminishing stern light as she sped seaward; and when she re-entered the wheelhouse the strange encounter provided a topic for lively but fruitless conversation until, before daybreak, they made fast alongside a Port Angeles wharf.

A Marine Hospital ambulance, prearranged by radiophone, already was waiting; but when the Sonora Star's fireman was taken ashore, the mystery deepened, for, to his obvious astonishment, he was gently but thoroughly searched by two more Customs men who were on hand. That smuggling was involved now was obvious, but the devious Mr. Bullwinkle's part in it, if any, must remain unsolved until his arrival.

It was midafternoon, however, before the Sonora Star, escorted by the Customs cutter and the Salamander, with Mr. Bullwinkle as pilot on the steamer's bridge, entered port and moved slowly to an anchorage; and tensely Annie watched until, with her chain cable out, she swung with the tide, and Mr. Bullwinkle descended to his tug.

He was followed down, she noticed, by two Customs officers who immediately disappeared below, while the Salamander moved shoreward and into a vacant berth ahead of the Narcissus, with Jake at the wheel and Mr. Bullwinkle now nowhere in sight. And hardly had the tug made fast before Annie was aboard and banging energetically on her rival's door.

"Leave the hinges, will ya!" he roared irascibly from within. Then, as he flung open the door, "Oh, it's you! Well, look," he added hastily, backing up before her grim advance, "before ya fly off yer broom handle, lemme tell ya what happened last night! Then ya'll figure yerself well out of this whole deal!"

"I'll wait," she rasped and sat down. "But it better be good!"

It was; for after the Sonora Star and the Salamander, inbound, had passed the international three-mile limit, both vessels had been boarded and searched by officers from the Customs cutter, who, after a thorough shakedown, finally had permitted Mr. Bullwinkle to board the steamer and pilot her in. But still the search continued, with rigid questioning of both crews.

"What they're lookin' for, I dunno," he said indignantly. "But they'd been tipped off to somethin'! An' they kept poundin' me about whether any o' my crew was aboard the steamer or if their people boarded us."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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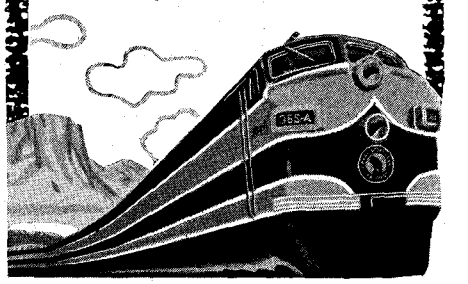

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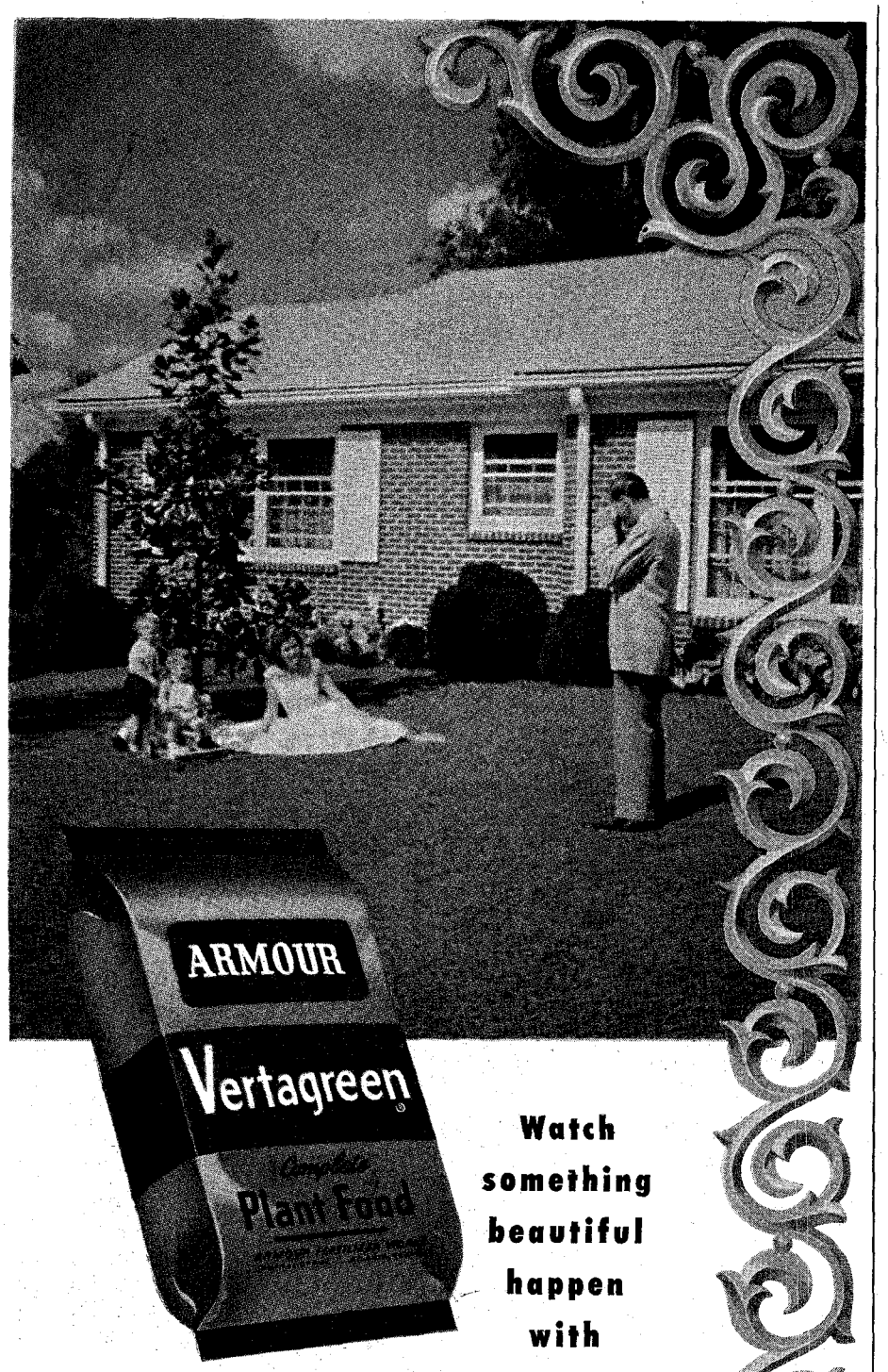

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"An' did they?"

"My boys never left the tug. But sure, three, four o' their men come down the ladder and aboard us to help get that guy on board. But wi' the rollin' and pitchin' an' confusion—it was dark an' half rainin', too, remember?—how could I identify any of 'em? So, when we got here and I come back to the Salamander, damn if they didn't follow me an' start searchin' again!"

"Yeah, I seen 'em," said Annie. "But if you ain't did nothin' ——"

She was stopped abruptly by a tap on the door, and two Customs officers, strangers to Annie, entered unbidden.

"No, don't go," said one, as Annie rose to leave. "Perhaps Captain Bullwinkle might like you as a witness."

"Witness to what?" she snapped. "All he done was cheat me outta a towin' job."

Ignoring this, the Customs man turned to Mr. Bullwinkle. "You've told us repeatedly, captain, that you had no previous contact with anyone on the Sonora Star. Do you still claim that is true?"

"Sure, it's true! So help me ——"

"Then perhaps you will explain," put in the other man quietly, "the presence on your tug of this?"

He produced from his pocket a parcel covered with waterproofed canvas, which already had been slit open. Ashen-faced, the Salamander's master stared at it.

"How—how do I know?" he stammered, his voice a frightened squawk. "I never seen it before!"

From the canvas the Customs man took an inner parcel wrapped in a torn, pale-green sheet of what looked like newsprint. Inside this was an oblong tin box which, with the lid removed, was seen to be full of a fine white powder.

"Wh-what's that?" said Mr. Bullwinkle hoarsely.

"That," said the Customs man quietly, "is about one kilo of almost pure heroin. Present value, six thousand dollars."

"But when cut and sold to the retail pushers ashore," his partner supplemented, equally quietly, "it's worth about one hundred and fifty thousand."

"An' ya found that on my tug?" Mr. Bullwinkle croaked, stunned.

"Correct. Crammed up into your starboard hawsepipe and lashed fast with a piece of fishline."

In hoarse, desperate appeal, Mr. Bullwinkle turned to Annie. "They're lyin', ain't they, Fatso?" he rasped. "They must be! You've known me since ——"

"I've knowed ye! An' they ain't lyin'!" Annie got to her feet in pachydermous wrath. "But they're sure as hell mistook! Look, you fellers, I've fought wid this no-good rang-a-tang fer years! An' sure, he'd stufficate his own ma to turn a crooked buck! But smuggle cosmetics? No, sir! It musta bin one o' them offa the Sonora Star what saw his chance to sneak it on the Salamander ——"

"That's a possibility, of course ——"

"—— An' figgered he could snatch it back when they got to port! So why pick on a pore innocent scut like Bullwinkle?"

Politely they let her finish; then one opened the door and the other put a hand on Mr. Bullwinkle's arm. "Ready, captain?" he said.

"Ya—ya're arrestin' me?"

"Not necessarily. You can post bond, with your tug as security. And if you can clear yourself, all you'll lose is your working time."

"An' if he can't?" said Annie apprehensively.

"Then it's a pretty stiff fine," said the Customs officer slowly, "and probably a term in a Federal pen."

For some time after they had gone, Annie, profoundly dejected, sat in a chair, her unseeing gaze fixed on Mr. Bullwinkle's threadbare carpet while her tired brain labored to find a plan that would free him from the trap into which his greed had put him. But all her thoughts led to the same hopeless dead end.

Then, at her feet she noticed a crumpled scrap of the green-tinted newsprint that the Customs man had unwittingly dropped when opening the smuggled parcel. Automatically she picked it up, and as a relief from her unhappy thoughts she idly scanned it. But slowly, as she read, there crept into her jaded mind a small warm glow.

"Hey, now, what about this?" she muttered and, carefully now, she read it again. Then she jumped up and, with hope rising in her like a bull tide, and blue eyes snapping fire, she waddled energetically back to the Narcissus. And as she went she noticed with intense new interest that the Sonora Star was now inching toward a nearby pier.

Boarding her tug, Annie placed a chair to command a view of both the shoreward end of the wharf and the Sonora Star; and, heroically resisting the coaxing of Pinto's supper bell, she settled down to await the return of the feloniously suspected Mr. Bullwinkle.

Darkness had fallen, however, with the harbor lights rippling over the black water and a cold wind stirring, before heavy footsteps clumping along the wharf heralded the approach of the slump-shouldered, discouraged and savage-tempered master of the Salamander. About to board his tug, he paused at her hail and glared suspiciously across. "What the devil ya want?" he demanded ungraciously.

"Come on over here, quick!" she yelled. "Somethin' new's bin addled!" Reluctantly he joined her.

"What'd they say? Ye still in a jam?" asked Annie eagerly, while noticing that the Sonora Star's crew were trooping down her gangway for a night ashore.

"Look, Annie, I'm tired," he said wearily. "Don't ask silly questions."

"Silly, huh?" she snapped, nettled. "An' s'pose I telled ye I might be able to prove who stuck that box o' neurotics on yer tug?"

"What's that?" Suddenly Mr. Bullwinkle was alert. "Ya got an idea?"

"If I ain't I'll buy ye a new hat. But me idear'll cost ye."

"How much?" rasped Mr. Bullwinkle.

"Double what ye git paid fer that Sonora Star job. An' I want it in writin'—"

"I said I was tired, not stupid!"

"Ye'll git plenty o' sack time," Annie reminded him grimly, "in Uncle Sam's pokey." Determinedly she got to her feet. "Well, ye gonna sign that payoff or not?"

Mr. Bullwinkle looked at her, while his blood pressure soared. Then, "O.K., Annie," he said carefully, "but someday I'm gonna get you in a bind like this! And when I do ——"

"When ye do," replied Annie complacently, leading the way to her cabin, "ye'll think ye swallered a cactus. Meanwhiles, le's git down to grass tacks."

Sometime later, after Mr. Bullwinkle had been carefully rehearsed, he and Annie, with a bodyguard composed of the more reliable rough-and-tumble scrappers of both tugs' crews, went ashore; and like most mariners after days at sea, they visited various water-front taverns. But it was not until they had entered their sixth, the Chinook Bar and Grill, that they found what they were seeking—a lively oasis whose patrons comprised mainly the crew, deck and black gangs of the Sonora Star, as quickly was made clear by their frequent references to Latin-American ports.

The place was thick with smoke, noisy with convivial talk; the arrival of the

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newcomers caused no comment as they pushed their way toward the bar and, with drinks in their hands, made themselves part of the jolly scene around them.

Then the argument started; and, as it grew hot, heads were turned, drinks and talk were suspended, and in the lull thus created the voice of Tugboat Annie rose like the bellow of a goaded bull.

"An' I'm tellin' you," she threw into the apparently contemptuous face of the Salamander's master, "ye don't know one dog from another! An' as fer boxers, I don't believe ye've ever even seed ——"

"Aw nuts! Listen, ya old face-ache!" Mr. Bullwinkle snarled in return. "Just because ya're walkin' on two legs fer a change, don't think ya invented the whole anamile kingdom! The low-slung, sausage-bellied pooch you're thinkin' of is a dachshund! But a boxer is a big tan dog wi' a black face, an' it's a dang sight prettier than you!"

"Yeah?" countered Annie violently. "Where was you born—in the city pound?

... ...

Warning

By R. H. Grenville

Who laughs at ghosts,
Let him beware
The midnight hour,
The silent stair,
The velvet shadows
Softly massed
In nooks and corners
Of the past.

Who laughs at ghosts
Indulgently,
As a childish fancy,
Let him be
Careful never
To linger on
In a house whose children
Have grown and gone.

... ...

Ye better go back to yer kennel an' eat a few more bones ——"

"'Arf a mo', missus!" a new voice intervened officiously, and its owner thrust himself forward—a tall, wide-shouldered, lean-hipped man with a broken nose, dressed in shore-going gear that, while flashy, obviously was expensive. "This bloke," he went on, jerking a huge, calloused thumb at Mr. Bullwinkle, "is abso-lutely kerrect. 'E knows a boxer or-right!"

"What you buttin' in fer?" demanded Annie furiously. "Who are ye?"

"Nyme of 'Awkins. Bosun off the Sonora Star. Knows all abaht dogs, I do! Bin me 'obby all me life! An' like I told yer, old gel, 'e's right!"

"Yer a liar!" Annie hurled back. "A boxer's a yard o' sidewalk-scrapin' belly wid a pair o' bandy legs fore an' aft! Like him!" she added contemptuously, indicating Mr. Bullwinkle, who, at this, felt a moment of real choler. But Annie had turned back to Mr. Hawkins. "But mebbe," she said truculently, "since ye think ye know so much, ye'd like to bet?"

"Strong-minded 'arridan, ain't yer?" he grinned. "Welp, it's takin' a crool advantage, but yer arsked for it. 'Ow much—ten?"

"Suits me," said Annie promptly. "Who'll hold the money?"

"I will," volunteered Mr. Bullwinkle, and the self-styled dog expert handed over a ten-dollar bill.

"Cover that fer me, pal," Annie said to Mr. Bullwinkle, and before he could protest she turned again to Mr. Hawkins. "Ye gotta prove it, big-mouth. I ain't takin' jest yer word!"

"I'll prove it, never fear!" he chortled. "Ten minutes is orl I ask. Be right back."

When he returned, panting a little, he was carrying a well-thumbed newspaper-like copy of an English publication, Our Canine Friends, and, flipping it open, he thrust it under Annie's nose.

"There y'are, me fine doxy!" he cried triumphantly. "A harticle on boxers, pickshers an' orl! Part o' the page is missin', but no matter. Yer can see I'm right!" He turned to Mr. Bullwinkle, who now was watching him, tense and narrow-eyed. "Where's me winnin's, chum?"

"Wait a minute—lemme see that!" snapped Annie.

She snapped the green-tinted paper from his hand and matched its torn and ragged edge against the similarly colored scrap she had picked up from Mr. Bullwinkle's cabin floor. They exactly fitted.

Puzzled, Mr. Hawkins watched her. Then, "That's pecooliar, ma," he said slowly. "Where'd yer get that bit? Looks like it wos the missin' piece off the syme page."

"It is, pal," said Annie calmly. "It come offa that box what ye smuggled on board o' Bullwinkle's tug last night."

Instantly Mr. Hawkins leaped, grabbing for the paper; but Mr. Bullwinkle's cocked, iron fist swung like a sledge hammer and knocked him half the length of the bar. Then, jumping after him, he dragged him to his feet, propped him against a wall and enthusiastically went to work.

The battle caught like exploding gasoline, raged up and down the bar and boiled out into the street as the brawny tugboatmen took on the crew of the Sonora Star. After dealing a few indiscriminate and joyous wallops, Annie ducked reluctantly out of the melee and, with the evidence tucked safely down her capacious bosom, she scuttled into a telephone booth at the rear.

Presently, against a background of exuberant fighting yells, she was giving to the startled master of the Customs cutter a brief but convincing account of the vindication of Mr. Bullwinkle.

"But git yer men up here, quick!" she urged. "'Cause time Horatio Horse's-tail is through enj'yin' hisself there won't be enough left o' that guy to stuff in a—tee-hee!—in a Chihuahua's doghouse!"

In high good humor Annie stepped out of the booth and returned hopefully to the scene of carnage; but by now, except for an optimistic flurry or two, the fight was over; and Mr. Bullwinkle, sitting comfortably on the recumbent form of his unconscious foe, was touching exploring fingers to a cut lip and a spectacularly damaged eye.

Then Annie remembered something and, striding quickly forward, to his indignant astonishment she dragged him roughly to his feet.

"Now what have I done, ya fat ox?" he demanded angrily.

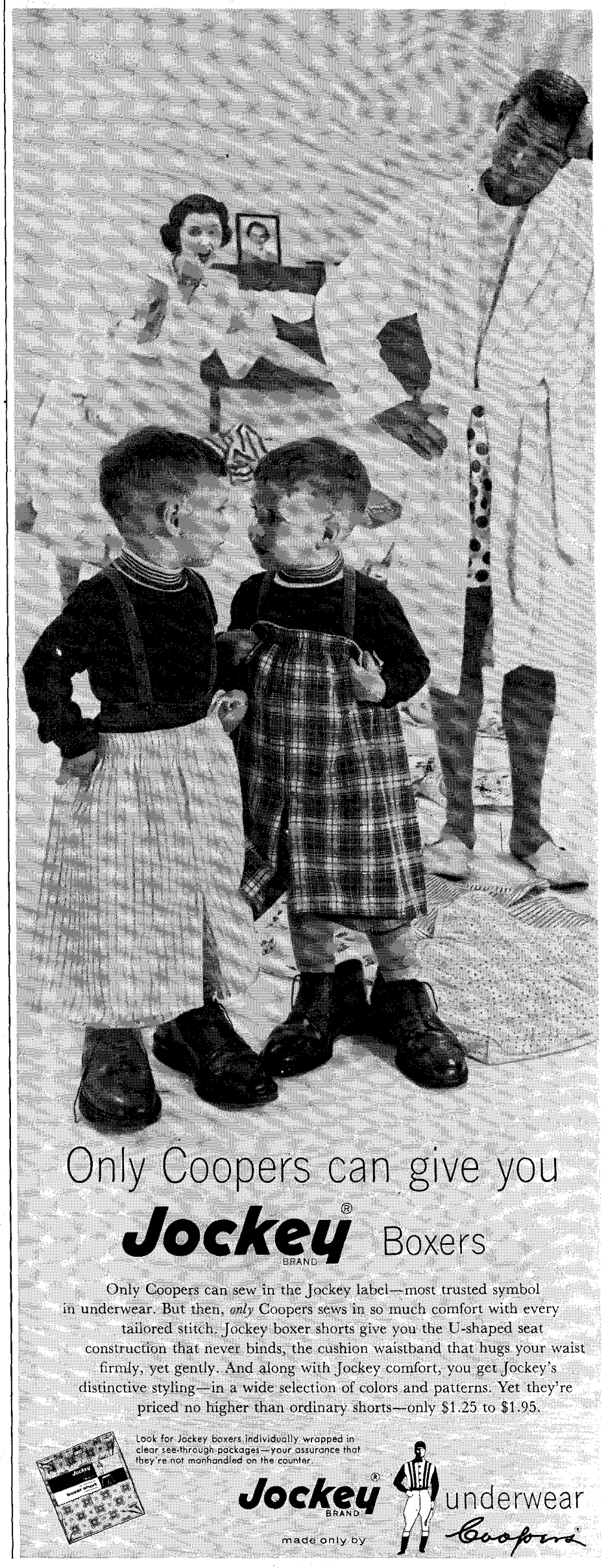
Annie implacably extended her hand. "Come on, ye thief," she rasped. "Give!"

"Give? Give what?"

"The ten bucks what I won offa him!" she said, pointing to the recumbent Mr. Hawkins. "An' ye better fetch him another lick. I seen him breathe."

Mr. Bullwinkle obliged. And straightening again, he handed her the ten-dollar bill.

"Thanks!" she said with a grin, and put it away. "Now I kin buy ye that new hat I promised ye—remember? But don't let it go to yer head!" THE END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- **RADIATOR:** Drain anti-freeze. Remove rust, scale with *Mobil Radiator Flush*. Inspect for leaks, stoppages. Control corrosion with *Mobil Hydrotone*.
- **CHASSIS:** Protect all friction points with correct *Mobilubrication*. Guard costly drive mechanisms with *Mobilube* for gears—*Mobilfluid 200* for automatic transmissions.
- **BATTERY:** Check condition and strength with *Mobil Start-O-Scope*. Install new *Mobil Premier Battery*, if needed. Stays stronger—lasts longer.
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The Selfish Kind of Love

(Continued from Page 31)

"Hoffman doesn't sound like a Spanish name," Betty said. "But you never know."

Cliff remembered the first time they'd seen this cottage and its view. He was a commercial artist who'd had a good run of luck, and he'd decided he could now afford something long dear to his heart—a solid year of painting and experimenting without feeling the need to sell anything. The first step was to get away from the city, with its crowds, turmoil and exorbitant costs, and into the country—real, remote country where the pressures of living would be at a minimum. After long searching, they'd come here. The rent was ridiculously low by urban standards, and the facilities acceptable. As for the location—he had stared out of this very window and felt an excitement and a freshness that he hadn't experienced since his student days.

Now he was staring out of the same window at the same view. But he was staring moodily, angrily.

Betty said, speaking slowly, "Remember, we told each other we wouldn't need people, wouldn't want them. We were fed up to here with people. Maybe we ought to tell ourselves that again. If you say it all in a rush, it sounds fine."

She dropped it like a hot rock, and he let it lie there dead, not answering her. What she had said was, of course, the plain truth. One trouble with the city had been its almost limitless gregariousness. People dropping in, people calling up, people accepting invitations and giving invitations—people, people everywhere, going and coming like tireless lemmings. Solitude, seclusion—these were urgent needs. But something had happened after a month or two, after the old-lady-Hoffman episode, when the crime had been committed and the clock had struck midnight. You needed people, needed talk, needed a change of scene. You needed new vistas, voices, points of view. He couldn't define how this would go into a picture, and probably no one else could, either, but it would. And he was sure, now, that you'd need it as much if you were a plumber or a lawyer or anything else. To go to people's homes, to have them to yours, to welcome and be welcomed—this was an essential food.

"And there wasn't anything to it," he said. "Not a thing that anyone with good sense would have thought about twice."

Betty rose, crossed the room and stood beside him. She put an arm lightly about his waist. "No, there was nothing to it," she said. "Only there was everything to it—here. We didn't know what it was like—here."

Cliff Hargraves thought about the old-lady-Hoffman episode—that ridiculous, blown-up-out-of-all-proportion episode that was a perfect example of how cock-eyed human nature was. It had happened when they were moving in. It had been a long haul, and they were tired and dirty. A box filled with drawing essentials had unaccountably disappeared; the truck driver swore he'd never seen it. Somewhere, somehow, Betty had lost a necklace that had belonged to her mother, and this, the situation being what it was, had taken on the dimensions of a major earthquake. It was then that there was a firm knock on the door and old lady Hoffman appeared.

She was a tall straight old lady, with level gray eyes that missed nothing. There was just the trace of a guttural accent in her voice that made you wonder where she had spent her girlhood.

She introduced herself briefly. She had come to see what she could do to help, she said; there were always many little problems when people moved. She added that "the boys" would have come with her, but they had been called away on an important errand; they would come as soon as they could.

And the last thing on earth the Hargraveses wanted just then was Mrs. Hoffman and her boys, whoever they might be. They wanted to bring a little semblance of order out of the chaos, clean up, eat a sandwich and go to bed.

"Why, that's very kind of you," Betty said. "But I don't think there's a thing now. Maybe later on ——"

"Thanks a million," Cliff said. "But we seem to be getting along. It isn't so bad as it looks." He even thought that, very possibly, "the boys" would be looking for paid employment—an idea which came of having lived long in a great city where so many people had their hands out, palm up.

Mrs. Hoffman had looked at them, nodded and said something vague about another time. She had gone. She had not returned. Nor had "the boys" ever put in an appearance. Neither had any of the other natives.

At first the Hargraveses couldn't believe that so petty a matter had been responsible for the lack of friendliness and interest they met everywhere. They certainly hadn't been cordial; certainly, they agreed, they should have asked her to sit down and cleared a chair so she could. But they'd been weary and out of sorts—anyone would understand the situation and make due allowances. No, it couldn't have been that.

But it had been that. Betty brought the final news home—she'd overheard a whispered conversation in the store. These Hargraveses, the tenor of it went, obviously thought themselves a very superior sort. They didn't want help when it was offered, and they wouldn't be the kind to offer help to others. They clearly wanted to be by themselves, on their own little pedestals. They would have their way.

Old lady Hoffman, additionally, was something of a matriarch. The region was full of Hoffmans and the kith and kin of Hoffmans, and they stood together like a seasoned company of troops.

For a time Cliff and Betty had been amused in a somewhat embarrassed fashion. "We weren't very nice, I admit," Cliff said. "I'm sorry for that. But it will wear off. Anyhow, from a purely selfish point of view, it's better this way."

But it had not worn off. It was not better this way, not any more. And there was nothing to be done about it.

Now Betty pressed her head against his chest. "Bad?" she said, in a gentle, almost motherly voice.

"Of course not," he said. "There are enough people making Everests out of holes in the ground around here without our joining in."

"We could go back," Betty said. "We don't have to stay."

"Yes, we could," Cliff said. "We could run away like a pair of scared rabbits."

Betty was silent. Cliff looked around, toward the room with the north light and the superb view he used for a studio. There was work in there—work that needed to be done, that he wanted to do. But it was going undone—because he was a social animal, for all he'd once believed to the contrary.

"I think I'll walk down and get some cigarettes," he said.

"Put on a warm coat," Betty said. "It's cold."

And it was cold—far below freezing. But the air was dry; it put a lift into the blood. It would be fun if there were a house where you could stop for a cup of coffee and talk for a bit about small things. *But the devil with that, Hargraves. Forget it.*

He walked down the graveled road, a tall man with short, rough hair and black eyes, his figure made bulky by the hunting coat. He passed the property of one of the Hoffmans. It was typical of this country—a very old gingerbread house, scrupulously maintained, and a fine new barn which probably was worth three times as much as the house. A herd of well-fed Hoffman cows stared at him with suspicion.

He bought his cigarettes in the combination general store and post office. Mr. Ellison, proprietor, gave him a small smile and a word of greeting, which was better than par for the course. However, this hardly counted, for Mr. Ellison was a man with wares to sell, and also, in his role as postmaster, a public servant. He had to be the convivial type.

A young woman Cliff had seen twenty times nodded slightly and turned away. This was more like it; this was typical. No one pretended not to be able to see Cliff or Betty. No one was ever actively discourteous. They were all just as cold as Antarctica, and about as remote. *Old lady Hoffman, dictator. And skip that one, too, Hargraves.*

Cliff glanced over the small rack of magazines. An event of a month ago came vividly, painfully to mind. He'd done a cover for a big and important magazine, and he and Betty had been here in the store when the issue had arrived. It was a good cover and he was proud of it—a city scene which caught the feel of traffic and pavement and racket and people ever in a hurry which was the hallmark of all cities. But he'd have practically cut an arm off before announcing he was the artist.

But Betty, the dear idiot, was a creature of impulse and delight. She'd grabbed a copy of the magazine, held it high and cried, "Look, Cliff, look! It's yours! And it's wonderful!"

He had been embarrassed at first, for there were half a dozen other people in the store, all natives. Then he was glad for what she'd done. It wouldn't do any harm if the news got about that he amounted to something, that he and Betty weren't just uncivil fly-by-nights.

But that hadn't been enough for Betty. All exuberance, carried away, she had gone on. She'd turned, with the eagerness of a child on Christmas morning, and said to the nearest woman, "My husband painted this! Isn't it fine?"

The woman had looked at the cover. Then she had said, "Very nice." And she and the others had gone silently about their errands. Cliff had understood, then and there, exactly what the phrase "a silence as heavy as clay" involved.

Now he felt an unpleasant warmth at the remembrance. This, of course, had constituted another paragraph in the general indictment—like, say, getting a parking ticket after being arrested for arson. It had been more proof—as if proof were needed—that the Hargraveses were self-centered and conceited people, who threw their weight around and liked to make other people feel inferior.

"Well, I'll run along," he said to Mr. Ellison. It was clear that the social give and take was over.

Mr. Ellison nodded and began stacking cans of vegetables on a shelf. Cliff left the store and walked on down the road. A little more exercise in the icy air might do him good.

Below the village the river widened and created little tributaries. Some of these made ponds an acre to a dozen acres in extent. Now the ponds were frozen, but the ice was not really thick; there had been periodic intervals of thaw.

A boy of about ten caught Cliff's eye. Bundled in a sweater, he was standing at a pond's edge, staring across it. There was urgency in the way he held himself.

Cliff walked toward him, mildly interested. Then he saw what the boy was staring at. In the middle of the pond was a duck, seemingly sitting on the ice. There was no sense in ducks' being around here at this time; they should have moved on to warmer climes long since. But not all ducks, as he knew, followed the rules.

He came level with the boy. "That's a funny thing," he said. "Looks like a mallard too. It is. I don't ——"

The boy said, "It's stuck. It's froze in."

At that moment the duck made an effort to free (*Continued on Page 81*)

"Oh, dear! Another big client?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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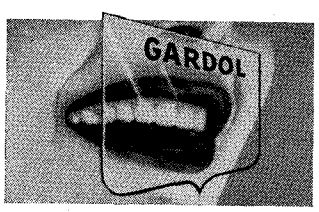

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(*Continued from Page 79*) itself. The body lifted, the wings fanned out. There was an instant of intense struggle. Then, beaten, it relaxed against the ice and was still, a pathetic bundle of feathers. The duck—someway, somehow—had got its feet firmly fixed and frozen in the ice, and it could not break loose.

Cliff said, more to himself than to the boy, "I don't suppose a duck could freeze to death. But it'll starve."

The boy said, a faintly excited note in his voice, "Somebody could shoot it."

"Yes," Cliff said. "They could shoot it."

He could go home and get his shotgun and do the shooting himself. He had shot a fair number of ducks in his time. He knew the feeling of triumph, mixed with a sadness, that followed a really good shot—when a flight came down a pass, and you picked the biggest and fastest of their number, tracked it and fired, and it fell, wings folded, killed instantly. This was a unique and splendid thing. But to shoot a duck caught in the ice ——

"I wonder how thick that ice is out there," Cliff said, and this time he was talking to himself alone.

But he had spoken aloud, and the boy answered. Now the boy's voice was really excited; he was an adventurer, with his heart bent on far voyages and dramatic deeds. "I'll bet it isn't anywhere near as thin as they say it is. I'll bet I could go out there and ——"

"No," Cliff said. He said it again, more strongly, summoning up the old army note of command, "No."

He took a step forward and tested the ice at the edge of the pond. It was thick and strong. But the ice here was a very different matter from the ice in the center.

Once more the duck tried to free itself; once more the poor wings fanned. But this time the effort was perceptibly weaker. How many times had the duck tried, over how many hours? Now, in exhaustion, it had no chance at all.

There was, of course, the possibility that there would be a fresh thaw. But this was remote. It would take a wind from the south, and there was no wind. It would be days, a week perhaps, before any thaw. And so the duck must die.

The duck must die. Cliff shook his head, partly in regret at the thought, partly in irritation at himself. A duck—what in the name of the universe was one solitary duck? They died in their millions each year—from shooting, natural causes, the inroads of civilization that steadily destroyed their breeding and nesting grounds.

Only—only this one duck was something else. The plight of this one duck, for some reason, was more compelling than a million ducks whose destiny it was to fall to gun or disease or old age.

"What are you going to do?" the boy said.

"Nothing," Cliff said. "What else?" He looked at the boy. "You ought to have something better to do than just hang around here," he said.

The boy looked back, then walked away. But he didn't keep on going. He stopped a dozen feet down the round of the pond, and stared out at the duck again.

One duck—just one. Nothing—an absolutely monumental insignificance. Yet one damned duck —— *Whoa*, he said to himself. *Let's not let this get out of hand. Whoa there, Hargraves.* He was what you might call a frustrated naturalist. He liked animals. He prided himself that he wasn't sentimental about it. But animals ——

Cliff Hargraves took a step out onto the ice again. A second step. A third, and a fourth. The ice was still stout enough. But the duck was fifty or sixty yards away, maybe more. And the pond steadily deepened; he had observed it first when the water was clear as glass and you could see the bottom sliding steadily away. Out there where the duck was, the pond was probably twenty feet deep. A long, cold way down.

The sensible thing to do was to go home and forget it. Betty would be wondering about him by now. He took one step back, hesitated a moment, then took two forward. He stood there, hands in pockets, neck pulled down inside his down-filled coat, feeling foolish. The kid on the bank there, looking at him—the kid expected action. But the hell with the kid. No doubt he was one of the Hoffman tribe. He'd grow up to be as remote and aloof as his forebears.

Just then the duck made another effort to free itself. This was feebler still—little more than a vague directionless fluttering of wings and head and body. The effort ceased. The wings folded, the head went down, the body shrank.

Cliff Hargraves had had it. He had forgotten the boy, forgotten the village, forgotten everything else but the plight of the duck. You didn't abandon anyone or anything, insignificant as it might be, in a situation like that. He was going after the duck. He was going to free it or find out why not.

He thought, *If I find out why not, it isn't going to be at all funny.* Then he put this consideration aside. He slipped out of his heavy coat and dropped it on the bank. The cold grabbed him, as if with hands, but that was something you could stand for a long time in the still air.

He would need an improvised hammer to break the ice loose around the duck if he was lucky enough to reach it. He found a stout length of tree limb and slipped it into his pocket.

The boy was still there, watching with big, excited eyes.

"Look," Cliff said. "You hold the fort, will you? I'm going to take a crack at getting that stupid bird. If I get in trouble—well, find me some help as quick as you can. O.K.?"

"O.K.," the boy said. He shifted his feet. "I'd like to go along," he said. "I'm a lot lighter. Ice that'd hold me up wouldn't hold you."

A nice kid, Cliff thought absently. Perhaps the next generation here was going to mark a real improvement over its predecessors. It was about time. He smiled and shook his head. "No," he said. "Stay put. One idiot's enough. Just watch. And that's an order."

He started out across the ice.

He took a dozen strides, and another dozen, stepping as carefully and as lightly as he could. Then there was a creaking sound, and he saw the start of a crack under his foot. The color of the ice was changing too—it was paler, insubstantial. He knew nothing of ice, he had never so much as skated on a city rink. But it took no special knowledge to realize he was at a danger point.

He looked toward the duck, that far way off. It was motionless. His mind seized on a thought: Maybe the duck had died and was past help. Maybe he could now go back with a whole conscience.

Cliff Hargraves sighed. The duck had not died. It was only exhausted; it had surrendered to the inevitable. The duck, dim as its thought processes must be, no doubt knew that there could be no help.

He got down on his knees. He crawled forward, spreading his weight over a greater expanse of ice. There were creakings all around him. But the duck was closer, much closer. Only twenty yards now, maybe fifteen.

He stopped; the ice had taken on a rubbery quality. Little cracks crossed and crisscrossed, running away in all directions.

Then, behind him, he heard Betty's voice, shrill, lifting with panic. "Cliff!" she called. "Cliff!"

So she'd become worried and come looking for him. And she'd found him on this potentially lethal fool's errand.

Very slowly, his body brittle, he turned. She was on the bank, the boy beside her. "It's all right," he said. He held his voice down; he had a feeling that sound waves might be enough to make a hole in the ice. "Don't get excited."

"Cliff! Please, Cliff, come back!"

He looked at the duck again. Its eyes were open and on him. They were beady, unblinking. Yet there seemed to be a desperate, almost human appeal in them. It was imagination. But ——

"In a minute," he called softly to Betty. "In just a minute."

It was time to lie flat and to inch along—to get every bit of ice beneath him that he could. If it broke, of course, he'd probably go down headfirst, and what would follow was anybody's grim guess.

He shook his head. The duck's eyes were—yes, the duck's eyes were still open. Bright, asking eyes.

He lay down on the ice and started the inching process. The cold was bitter. He might as well be naked. And progress was incredibly slow. Knees and toes and fingers—knees and toes and fingers, over and over again. And the creaking sounds louder than before.

Betty had not called out to him again. Behind him, from the shore, he heard sounds, but he did not identify them. His attention was riveted to the problem of reaching the duck. Once more he stopped, raised his head and looked at it. It wasn't far now, just a few more yards.

He spoke aloud. "All right, you," he said. "You're as good as saved. You're a stupid bird who deserves all that's happened to you. I don't know why I bothered. Just stand by for a little while longer—as if you could do anything else."

He started on again. Then, to his left, there was a crack like a pistol's. Water welled over the ice in small waves. To his right there was another crack. The stretch of ice beneath him rocked gently. And back of him ——

Back of him, a slow voice, its edges faintly blurred with accent, said, "Easy. Very easy. I've a rope. I'll throw an end to you. Get ahold."

There was a pause; the voice said, "Here it comes." Something struck his shoulder; he reached out and found the rope's end. There was a loop, and he slipped it up his arm to his shoulder. The voice said, "Good, good. Now come back careful. Most, most careful."

There was nothing on earth that Cliff Hargraves wanted so much—to go back careful, most, most careful, to safety and warmth and hard ground beneath his feet. He lay still for a second. Then he looked ahead once more. Two yards, maybe three—not more than that. Then he could free the duck.

"Pay out the line," he said. "I'm going after it."

"No," the slow voice said. "No, you return now. Too dangerous."

Cliff felt an anger. Did this man, whoever he might be, think he'd come this far only to quit? He might be an idiot, but he wasn't the quitting type. They could engrave that small tribute on his headstone.

He said, "Look here. I'm going on. I appreciate what you're doing, but—I'm going on."

The voice answered at once, "Very well. But watch it. Just watch it, best you can."

The ice felt like paper, as thin and as frail. His wool shirt and trousers were soaked through. Cold—he'd never been so cold. But it was only a yard now, two feet, a foot ——

He reached out and touched the duck. It pecked weakly at his hand. He got his fingers under its body, but could not free it; it was stuck solid. With infinite care he found his pocket and worked the length of the limb out. He tapped against the ice, knowing that the small forces he was loosing could build upon themselves and end in disaster. A crack appeared by the duck's caught webs, and another by its head. He laid the limb down and broke loose a piece of ice the size of a dinner plate, with the duck in the center.

Cliff Hargraves felt a sudden, wholly unreasonable exultation. All he'd done was rescue a duck from the ice. But the way he felt, he might have just painted a rival to the Mona Lisa.

"O.K.," he said. "All set now."

"Fine," the voice said. It was a subdued, a thoughtful voice. "It's bad—be very easy. Easy. Whatever happens, hang onto the line."

Cliff turned himself about, a torturous task—he'd never know if it took three minutes or thirty. He saw the owner of the voice—a heavy, middle-aged man with a mustache and calm blue eyes. He was one of the Hoffman clan, one of those cold, distant ones. But there was an air of quiet competence and strength about him, posed there on the ice, the other end of the line belayed around his shoulders, that Cliff found wonderfully comforting.

"Go to your left a little; the ice is better there," Hoffman said.

Cliff moved, and the coldest water in the world slopped against him and over his thighs and back and shoulders—the section of ice on which he lay was now all but an island, and it was sinking slowly beneath the surface of the pond. But he held tight to his absurd prize—his duck in ice. Hoffman was taking in the line, with just enough pressure to keep it taut and still not hurry Cliff. And again it was the gaining of an inch, six inches, a foot, and, after a long time, a yard.

"Fine, fine," Hoffman said. "Just do not be impatient."

Finally he made it. He was on strong ice, and Hoffman was helping him to his feet. And someone was calling his name, but he could not be sure who it was

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Not every woman arrives late. Some never show up at all.

The modern young man burns his midnight oil in the crankcase.

Talking behind the back of a woman in slacks usually hits below the belt.

People are going to leave you in the dark if you're always blowing a fuse.

You're an old-timer if you can remember when it was difficult to spend money you didn't have.

Punctuality is the art of arriving in time to wait.

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because he was so cold. All his mind could think of was the cold and the uncontrollable shaking of his body.

"Let me have it," Hoffman said. "Unloose your fingers."

Have what? Oh, yes, the duck—he was still holding to the platter of ice on which the duck was stuck. "Take care of it," he said. "Thaw it out. Let ——"

"Yes," Hoffman said. "Now we go back. Hang onto me."

Hargraves blinked his eyes and shook himself. He was still shaking, still incredibly cold. But his mind, such as it was, was getting back to normal. Unwittingly, Hoffman had helped in that, by saying, as to a child, "Hang onto me."

"I'm all right," Cliff said. "I came out here by myself and I can make it back. I don't need to hang onto anybody." He thought, *Especially Hoffman or any of these local characters. Let them build walls around themselves* —— But then he said, "Sorry, I don't mean to be rude. It's only —— Excuse me. Doesn't matter."

Betty came running to meet him. She grabbed him and hugged him, saying he was the worst of all possible fools, he needed a nurse, she'd never trust him off by himself again. He had no answer, save to grin foolishly and hug back, and think how fine and lovely she was. Then he felt a rising east wind that drove the cold through him and made frozen sticks of all his bones.

"We'd better get along home," he said, the words stumbling out through the chattering of his teeth.

"This way," someone said. "It's nearest."

It happened fast after that. They walked him a short way, Betty on one side, a man on the other. They led him through a wide door into a blessedly warm house in which a fire roared in a great fireplace. They took him upstairs and, against his mild protests, stripped him of his clothes and rubbed his skin with a rough towel until it burned. Then someone brought him dry, fresh clothes, more or less his size. He came downstairs again to be handed a huge mug of coffee to which something else had been added to give it character. And he was as good as new.

He looked around the room—at Betty, at Hoffman, at the boy who had first seen the duck and who must have been the one to summon help, at the neighbors. He had seen them all before. But this was the first time he had been in one of their homes.

He said, "What happened to the duck?"

"The duck's all right," Hoffman said. "It's downstairs in the basement, in a box. With feed. Tomorrow, the next day, it will be ready to fly away."

"Good," he said.

Hoffman said, with his touch of accent, "My boy told me how you would not let him go out on the ice. That was thoughtful of you." Then he hurried on, as if he did not want to pursue this point any longer, "Why did you want so much to help a duck?"

Cliff looked at Hoffman. It was quite a while before he answered. "Because," he said, "because ——" and paused. "Why, because it was out there." He stopped. He felt the ultimate fool. "That's all. I really don't know," he said, and stood up to go.

But something else was happening, something odd. People were nodding and smiling. Someone brought him more coffee and a touch of the stuff that made it stout. People were looking at him with friendly, approving eyes. Then a tall, straight old woman came from somewhere and spoke to him. It was the matriarch, old lady Hoffman.

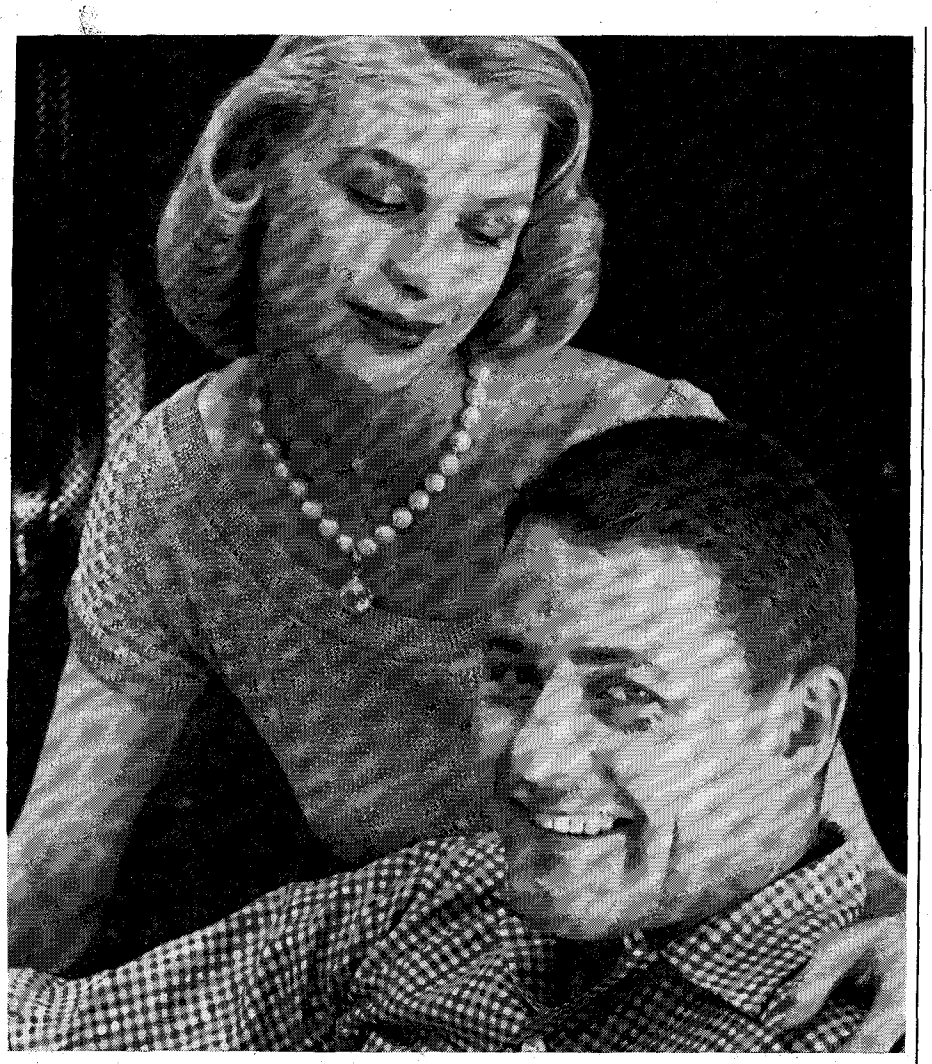
"We would like you to stay for dinner," she said. "You and your wife. It would be a—a pleasure." She looked around, obviously searching for certain wanted words. She found them. "Some of our other friends will be here for dinner too."

For a moment it made no sense. Then he glanced across the room at Betty, and he saw her special, communicating smile, and it did make sense. Sense and simplicity. With these people you had to prove yourself, and in a certain way. You could paint a picture or write a book or design a bridge, but these were far-off, impersonal achievements. They might be respected, yes, but they did not make you a desirable human being. That required something more. Something that was, at one and the same time, both much smaller and much larger. Like humility and friendliness of spirit. Like risking your neck to save a stupid duck. And then, on still another plane, to be willing to help and be helped, and to understand what both these things meant.

He smiled back at Betty, then turned to old lady Hoffman. He made a little bow. "That's nice of you," he said. "We don't want to be a nuisance. But we'd like to stay."

"Our pleasure," old lady Hoffman said. Then one of the men was telling Cliff that he knew a pond where you could find the best duck shooting on earth in season, and that he wanted to take him there on opening day. THE END

"Well, you certainly dominated the conversation tonight."



she'll pretend not to notice!

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Is Larsen a One-Game Wonder?

(Continued from Page 25)

surprisingly mild talking-to from Yankee manager Casey Stengel.

If nothing else, that predawn escapade served to catapult Larsen's name into prominence for the first time. The next time he made headlines—much bigger ones—was on the great day last October eighth when he retired twenty-seven straight Brooklyn batters for the first perfect game in World Series history. Major-league baseball hadn't seen anything like this for thirty-four years, even during the regular season. The last previous perfect game was pitched by Charlie Robertson, of the Chicago White Sox, against Detroit on April 30, 1922.

Since hurling his masterpiece, Don James Larsen—"I hate when anyone calls me Donald"—has been drifting blissfully atop cloud nine, and gathering in a flock of four-figure fees from television performances, guest-of-honor appearances and endorsements.

Now everyone in baseball is trying to guess which way the six-foot-four, 215-pound Larsen will bounce when he comes down to earth again. Some feel that the perfect game will have a steadying influence on him, and that he may go on to become the ace of the Yankees' staff. Others see him as strictly a one-game wonder.

"That perfect game might turn out to be the worst thing that ever happened to Larsen," says a big-league manager who saw him pitch it. "It was a helluva fine pitching job and I'm not taking anything away from him, but he's the type to start thinking he's got it made now. If he does he won't last long."

On the other hand, there are those who believe Larsen already has shown so much ability that his World Series feat cannot possibly be brushed off as a mere flash in the pan.

"He's got all the earmarks of a twenty-game winner," insists Al Lopez, the former Cleveland manager who is now taking over the Chicago White Sox. "Larsen still hasn't reached his full potential. Look at the equipment he has—a great curve, a fast ball that moves, a fine slider and a good change-up. They tell me he throws a knuckler too."

The Yankees' Casey Stengel agrees with Lopez. "Larsen can become the best pitcher in baseball," he maintains. "All he has to do is put his mind to it, and I think he will."

Larsen, a rather naïve, monosyllabled young giant, whose casual manner and deceptively lazy gait make him seem like a real-life Li'l Abner, keeps telling everyone not to expect any miracles from him in 1957.

"Just because I pitched a perfect game last year doesn't mean doodly-doo this year. I'll settle for sixteen or eighteen victories right now. Not that I don't have confidence, you understand. I think I can win more than that, but why bite off a bigger chunk than you can chew?"

The new pitching pride of the Yankees realizes he's at the crossroads. He knows he can become a consistently big winner and earn far more than the $12,000 salary he drew last year. He also knows he can slip back to the bottom of the pile and be remembered solely as the eccentric right-hander who achieved perfection for a single game in the 1956 World Series and then never was heard of again.

Although Larsen felt he was entitled to a substantial increase in salary for 1957 on the strength of his potential box-office drawing power, the Yankee brass didn't go along with this thinking. The club's first offer was $15,000—a $3000 raise. This hardly satisfied Don. He insisted he was worth $20,000 and held out firmly in repeated talks with personnel director Lee MacPhail.

Typically, Larsen nettled Yankee officials when he showed up unsigned at St. Petersburg and didn't even bother to seek out general manager George Weiss to discuss terms, although both were staying at the same hotel. Weiss finally buttonholed Larsen, and the two reached a compromise six days after the Yankees officially opened camp. Don didn't quite get the $20,000, but probably will make that much through a bonus clause in his contract.

Larsen isn't the worrying kind, though, even when he doesn't happen to have a dime in his pocket. That was his approximate financial status on the morning of October eighth, just a few hours before he made baseball history. Don needed some money to pay his hotel bill, so he asked Bill McCorry, the Yankees' road secretary, for an advance on the traveling expenses which all players receive to return home after the final game.

McCorry informed Larsen he would get the money when all the rest of the Yankees did, at the conclusion of the Series.

"Aw, t'hell with it," muttered Larsen indifferently. "I'll dig up a few bucks somewhere."

Immediately after the game, McCorry came by with Don's expense check, but the jubilant, perspiring pitcher had little need for it then.

"Thanks anyway," he said, waving a handful of wires containing lucrative offers, "but I'm in real good shape now."

Normally, it takes a calamity of gigantic proportions to disturb Larsen. He had become upset three days earlier, however, when Stengel yanked him from the mound in the second inning of the second Series game. Larsen was having control trouble, but he had given up only one hit, and the Yankees were leading, 6 to 1. Six subsequent pitchers failed, however, to hold the Dodgers, who won out, 13–8.

Larsen nearly threw a fit. "I don't give a damn if I ever pitch a game for the Yankees or Stengel again," he stormed. "I go out there and break my neck. For what? He had no business taking me out of there."

Larsen had been a model of good behavior from the end of the regular season until that game. Now he said, "That's the last time I'll ever get to bed early. I'm gonna start enjoying life again, and nobody had better stop me."

True to his word, Larsen got little sleep the next two nights, and averaged about a sandwich a day in the food department. Yet when Stengel informed him he would start the fifth game—the Series now was all even at two games apiece—Larsen suddenly perked up.

"I'll show 'em all. I'm gonna beat those guys but good tomorrow," he said to one of the writers of this article the night before. "Don't be surprised if I pitch a no-hitter too."

It was just an offhand remark, but it wasn't the first time Larsen proved an uncanny prophet. Only a month before, with his season record a mediocre seven and five, he told the same writer he was going to pitch four four-hit games in a row. He then went on to reel off consecutive four-hit performances against Baltimore, Detroit and Boston. In his next and last start, three days before the end of the season against the Red Sox, he gave up only three hits.

It took Larsen two hours and six minutes to record his name for baseball posterity against the Dodgers. Sal Maglie, his opponent in the 2–0 epic, consumed the greater portion of that time. Don made only ninety-seven pitches, seventy-one of which were in the strike zone.

Looking back, Larsen says he was fully aware of what was unfolding from the sixth inning on. When he ducked into the dugout runway for a smoke after retiring the Dodgers in the seventh, he cornered Mickey Mantle. Giggling, he asked him, "Do you think I'll make it?"

Mantle, aware of the superstition that a no-hitter in the making is ruined as soon as anyone mentions it, shot Don a dirty look and walked away without answering.

Larsen's most graphic memory of the game is the tomblike silence which enveloped the 64,519 fans at Yankee Stadium as he went out to face the Dodgers in the ninth inning.

"It's funny how lonely you feel on the mound at a time like that," he says. "Sure I was a little nervous. I knew everyone in the park was watching me. Then I started thinking how many others, including my father and mother, were watching me on television too. The more I thought about it, the more my hands began to sweat."

He got Carl Furillo, the first Brooklyn hitter, on a soft fly to right field. Roy Campanella, up next, went out on an easy grounder to second baseman Billy Martin. Dodger manager Walt Alston then sent up the veteran Dale Mitchell, an ever-dangerous poke hitter, to bat for Maglie. With the pressure now reaching heart-pounding proportions, Larsen stepped off the mound and turned his back to the plate. He removed his cap, mopped beads of perspiration from his brow and glanced skyward for what seemed like ages.

"I didn't know what to do, so I said a little prayer," he recalls. "I think I said, 'Please, somebody help me out.'"

Larsen wasn't the only Yankee praying. "I kept praying that the ball wouldn't be hit to me," confessed Mantle, who had saved the no-hitter with a glittering fifth-inning catch of Gil Hodges' long liner to deep left center. "I was afraid I might do something to mess up the works. The ball was getting harder and harder to follow in the background of the crowd."

Other members of the Yankees also were hoping the ball wouldn't be hit in their direction. In the bull pen, Don's roommate, pitcher Rip Coleman, turned his eyes away from the field because he couldn't bear to watch.

Larsen's first pitch to Mitchell was a ball, low and on the outside. *Oh-oh*, he thought, *I've been ahead of the batters all day, and now I start this guy off with a ball. This could be it.*

His next pitch was a curve for a called strike. *That's better—much better.*

Mitchell swung at the next pitch and missed for strike two. *Don't get cocky now. Don't give him anything good to hit.*

Mitchell then fouled an inside curve behind the plate, and the count held at one-and-two. *Well, here goes everything.*

Larsen put every ounce of energy into his next pitch, a fast ball just above the waist. Mitchell started to swing, then held back. Umpire Babe Pinelli jerked his right hand up. Strike three! Mitchell turned to protest, but it was all over.

"I was so happy I felt like crying," Larsen says, "but everything happened so fast after that I never had the chance. Yogi Berra came running out to the mound and hit me like a ton of bricks. Then everybody jumped on me. To this day I can't remember how I got back to the clubhouse."

Spontaneous ovations greeted Larsen everywhere he went that night. Wires and letters began pouring in by the thousands, not only from all over the United States but from such distant places as Japan and

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the American Embassy in Poland. Some parents wrote that they planned to name their babies after him, and the mayor of Michigan City, Indiana—his birthplace—wired that a street would be named after him there. Harassed switchboard operators at his Bronx hotel recorded 2217 incoming telephone calls for him that day.

Among the avalanche of congratulatory letters Larsen received was one from President Eisenhower. It read:

> It is a noteworthy event when anybody achieves perfection in anything. It has been so long since anyone pitched a perfect Big League game that I have to go back to my generation of ballplayers to recall such a thing—and that is truly a long time ago.
>
> This note brings you my very sincere congratulations on a memorable feat, one that will inspire pitchers for a long time to come.

Don thought a long time before framing his reply to the President. In it he wrote, "If anyone was to ask me now what is the greatest thrill I've ever had, I'd certainly find it difficult trying to decide between the no-hitter and the note I received from you."

Essentially, Larsen is a humble guy. He knows he has certain shortcomings, and takes little trouble to hide them. He is intensely loyal to anyone who has ever helped him. The more he thought about his perfect game the night after he pitched it, the more he realized what a debt he owed Casey Stengel.

"If I did it for anybody, I did it for Casey," he said solemnly. "He stuck with me all year, even when a lot of the others said he was making a mistake. Yeah, I know I got mad at him when he jerked me in the second game. But I guess he figured he knew what he was doing. If he stayed with me and let me finish that game, I probably wouldn't have started again for the rest of the Series. It makes me feel good to know I repaid him. You know something, I really like the guy."

For days after the perfect game, Larsen tried to figure out some way to express his gratitude to Stengel and the rest of the Yankees. He finally hit upon the idea of an appropriate plaque, individually engraved for each man. The plaques were delivered as Don's personal gift during Christmas week.

Larsen's sudden fame and fortune haven't caused any noticeable change in his hat size. He is still far more at ease with "a gang of guys who knew me when" than he is with most of the celebrities he has suddenly been thrown among. Not so long ago, for example, he visited a New York hotel to make a brief speech before assorted big businessmen. Upon hearing that a number of disabled veterans were gathered in another room of the hotel, Larsen, an ex-soldier, excused himself to pay the group an unannounced visit.

Even Marilyn Monroe wouldn't have made a bigger hit. The veterans talked baseball with Don for hours. And after they asked him every conceivable question in the book, he stood around signing autographs until his fingers were numb.

"They talk about him being a screwball," said one of the veterans afterward, "but they never talk about all his class."

According to his Yankee teammates, Larsen is his own worst enemy. A study of his baseball background reveals that most of the pitfalls he has fallen into he dug himself. Take 1950, the year he appeared headed for a brilliant season with Wichita, of the Western League. Playing a pinball machine in a drugstore one day, he angrily smashed his fist through the glass top because he had missed the jack pot. This impulse put him out of action for a month and cost him a chance for promotion.

Even after coming up to the big leagues with the St. Louis Browns in 1953, fresh out of military service, Don kept getting into various kinds of hot water. His biggest trouble, it seemed, was failure to respect manager Marty Marion's twelve-o'clock curfew. Marion finally went to owner Bill Veeck in midseason.

"Look, Bill," he said, "we have to teach this guy Larsen a lesson. I think if we send him down to San Antonio right now, it might throw a scare into him and get him straightened out."

Veeck disagreed, however. The Browns were in the cellar at the time, and in acute need of decent pitching.

The by-ways of fame: Don Larsen, the Yankees' perfect-game pitcher, helped provide publicity in Hollywood for Diana Dors of the films.

"There's no sense trying to reform him," said Veeck. "I still think he'll be a big winner someday, even though he winks at all the rules."

When the Browns' franchise was transferred to Baltimore for 1954, Larsen went along with it. His record with the Orioles that year was a sorry-looking three victories and twenty-one defeats, but that didn't deter the Yankees from obtaining him in a large-scale trade on November 18, 1954. When all noses were counted, a total of eighteen players changed uniforms in the deal.

The key man from the Yankees' point of view was supposed to be Bullet Bob Turley. They also had hopes for Larsen at the start of 1955, but after winning only one game he developed a twinge in his arm, and was demoted in May to Denver, of the American Association.

Don was hit pretty hard in his first start for Denver, and some of the fans pictured him being sent even farther down the baseball ladder. "Good-by, Larsen!" they heckled. "Next stop for you is Birmingham."

But Don went on to win nine of his next ten games. On July twenty-eighth the Yankees put in a hurry call for his services. Most players can't pack their bags fast enough when a summons comes from the majors, but Larsen was in no particular hurry to pull out of Denver.

"You got a good chance to get into the Little World Series," he said to his Denver manager, Ralph Houk. "What are you gonna do for pitchers?"

"Forget the Little World Series and start worrying about the big one," Houk snapped. "Now here's your plane ticket to New York, and get going."

With the Yankees, Larsen proved exactly the pitcher Stengel was looking for to help him wrap up another American League flag. Don won eight out of nine games in the stretch run. Even so, he managed to get in Casey's hair during one point in August.

The Yankees had completed a four-game series in Baltimore, Don's former stamping ground, and Stengel ordered all his players to be on a specially chartered bus that would take them to the railroad depot. Everyone complied except Larsen, Whitey Ford, Bob Grim and Rip Coleman. The four pitchers took a cab by themselves and stopped for a "sociable beer" before boarding the train.

Stengel had fire in his eye when he discovered he had been disobeyed. He sought out Larsen on the train, and found him in the club car among a group of other Yankees and newspapermen.

"If I ever catch you taking any of my players out again," sputtered the irate manager, sticking a finger under Larsen's chin and getting up on his toes, "I'll—I'll punch you right square in the nose!"

For the most part, though, Casey seems to harbor a kindly feeling for Larsen. He was the first to defend him after his Series exploit when someone made the wry comment that Larsen's perfect game was sure to set back the cause of clean living at least twenty years.

"The big guy ain't half as bad as some people try to make him out," said Stengel. "O.K., so he likes to have a beer once in a while, and read them comic books. I know a lotta worse crimes than that. I've never seen him drunk, and he gives me 100 per cent any time I ask him to go out there and pitch. I'd gladly take two or three more pitchers like him any time."

Those comic books amount almost to a consuming passion with Don. He searches for new issues at almost every newsstand he passes.

His only other conspicuous idiosyncrasy is a preference for trimming his own hair, which he likes to keep closely cropped. He also is partial to "shoot-'em-up" Western movies, the recordings of Elvis Presley and Frankie Laine, automobiles built for speed, and pizza topped with mushrooms.

Larsen's only real complaint is that too many writers have tried to portray him as an irresponsible, Rube Waddell-type character.

"I'll admit I like to have a little fun—who doesn't?—but I'm not half as flaky as some of those newspaper stories make me out to be," he says. "They try to make it sound like every night is New Year's Eve with me."

Don's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Larsen, who lives with him in a $15,000 home he bought for her in San Diego, California, insists he has never been a "problem child."

"From the time he was small he wanted to be a ballplayer," she says. "I didn't pay too much attention to it, because he didn't seem to have any special talent for the game."

His father, James, who is separated from Don's mother and works as a clothing salesman in Berkeley, California, vividly recalls how the boy used to insist on playing catch with him indoors on cold winter days when the family lived in Michigan City, Indiana. "We'd go down to the basement of our home and Don would fire away for all he was worth," says the elder Larsen.

As a shaver, Don delivered newspapers to help the family finances. "I remember how much a penny meant to me then, and that's why I like to spend it a little more easily now," he says. Like most kids, he was softhearted about animals, and would frequently bring home a stray dog or cat he'd happened to find on the street.

While he was still a child, the parents moved with Don and his older sister, Joyce, to San Diego. There he entered Point Loma High School and played on both the baseball and basketball teams.

"We always considered him a much better basketball player than a baseball player," says Don Clarkson, his high-school coach. "But he had his mind set on pitching."

Don also played baseball with the local American Legion team. There he caught the eye of Art Swartz, a scout for the St. Louis Browns. Just seventeen at the time, Don signed a contract with the Browns' Class C farm club at Aberdeen, South Dakota. He had only a four-and-three record his first year at Aberdeen, but in 1948 he registered seventeen victories against eleven defeats.

By 1950 he was making headway in Class A ball with Wichita, of the Western League, until he ran afoul of that pinball machine. In 1951 he entered the Army and performed so sensationally in service baseball in Hawaii the next two years, both as a pitcher and a hitter, that many observers rated him the outstanding player to appear there since World War II. That was quite a tribute, for the service teams in the Pacific were loaded with big-leaguers.

When he got home from the Army, Don received (*Continued on Page 86*)

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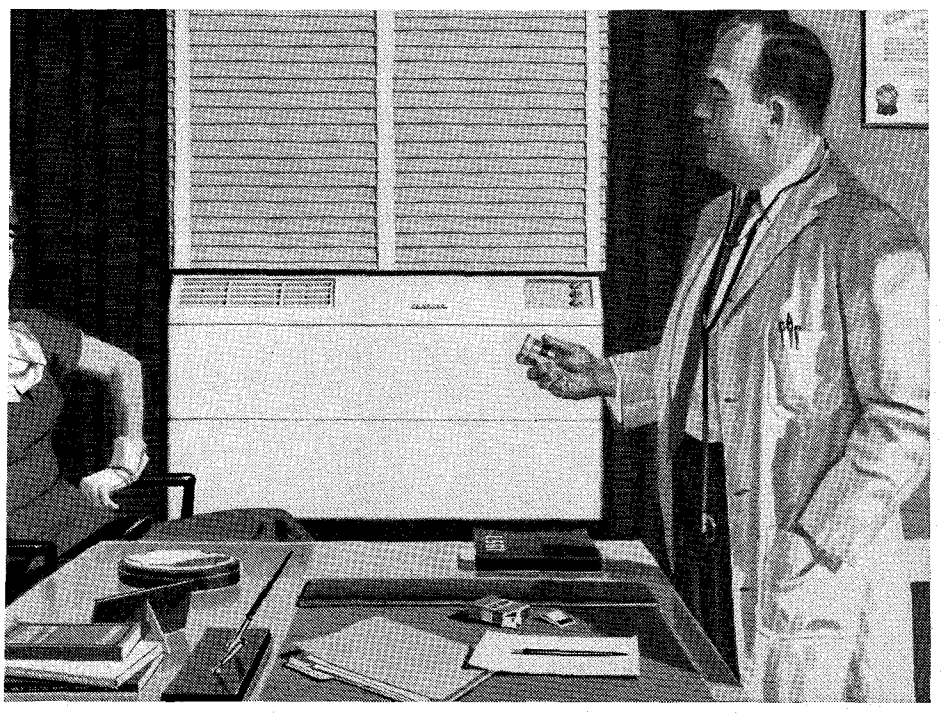

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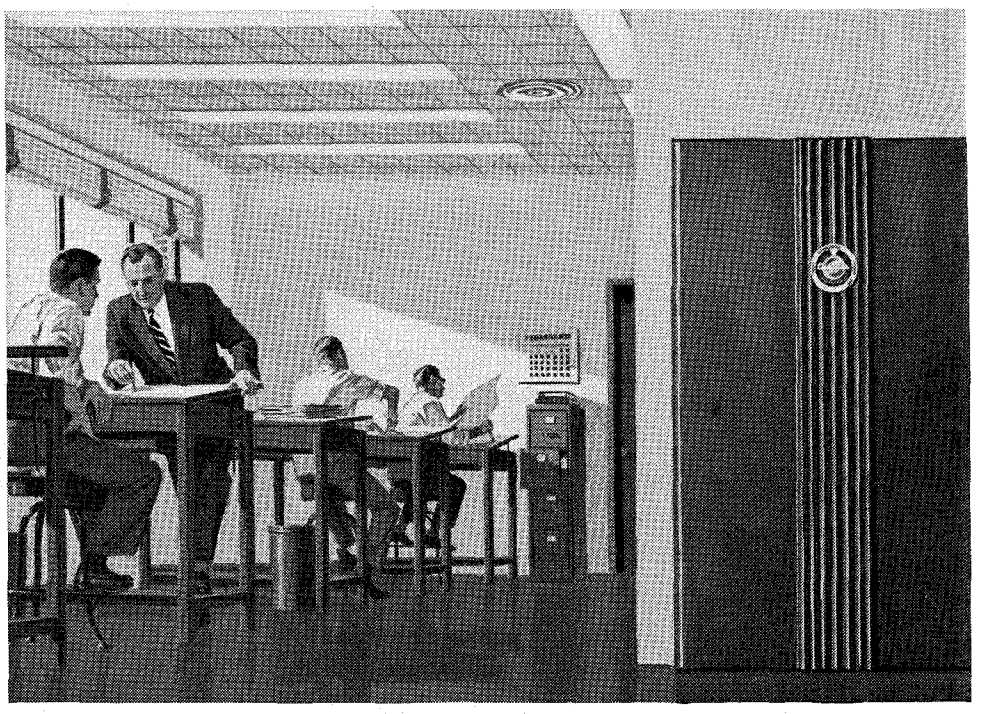

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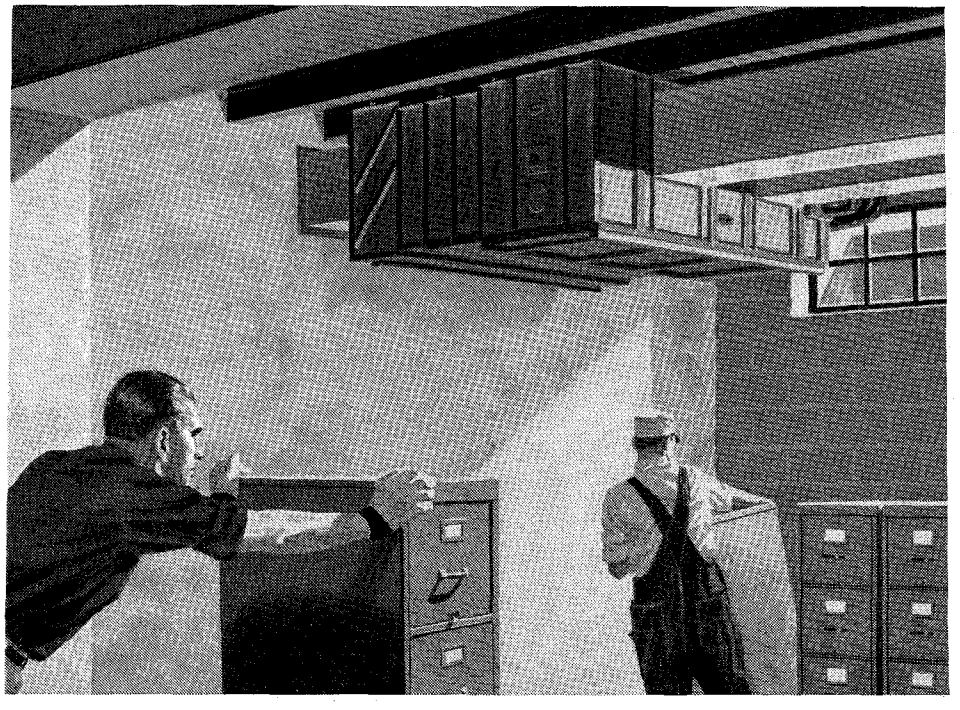

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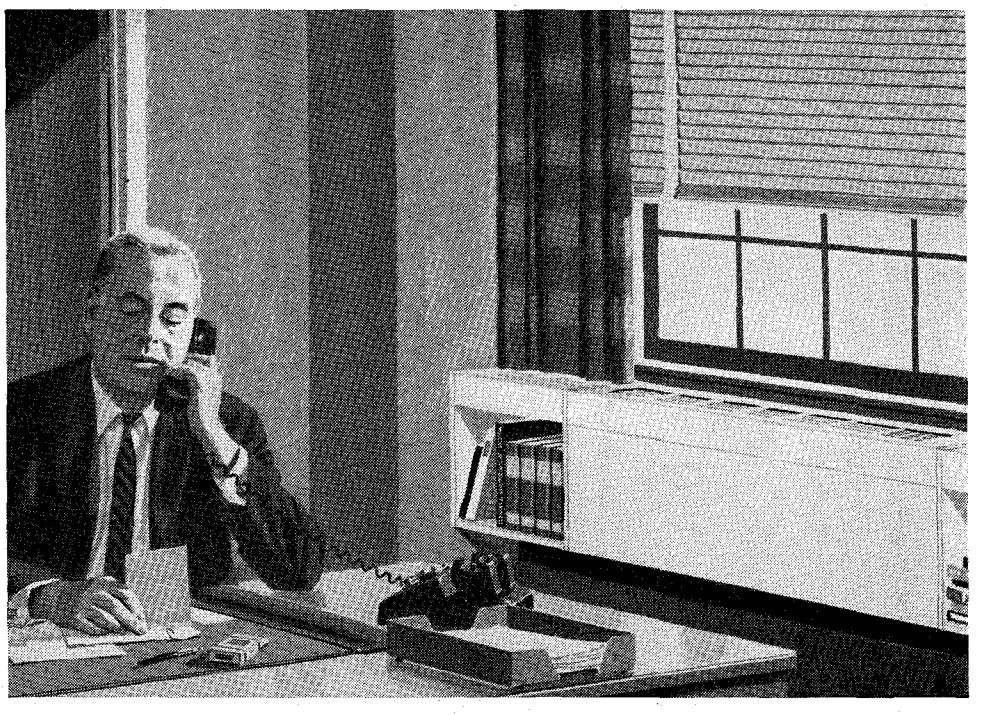

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(*Continued from Page 84*) an invitation to train on a "look" basis with the St. Louis Browns in 1953. He won a place on the pitching staff, and posted a seven-twelve record that year. The following season in Baltimore he had his most appalling year—three wins, twenty-one losses.

However, Larsen gave evidence of being a much better pitcher than this. His earned-run average, for instance, was a not-so-bad 4.37. There were such high lights as a game on May sixteenth, when he had a no-hitter going against the Yankees until Andy Carey singled with two out in the eighth.

It was at Baltimore that Larsen met his wife, Vivian. The couple have a twenty-month-old daughter, Caroline, but are currently living apart. News of the marriage was never made public until his wife went to court for back support on the day last October when he hurled his perfect game.

Among the first to spot potential greatness in Larsen was Satchel Paige, the ageless Negro fireballer, who was a teammate of Don's with the Browns in 1953. "Right now, Robin Robert"—Paige always shortened the name of the Phillies' ace—"is the kingfish of all the pitchers in baseball," Satch observed near the end of the 1953 season. "But just give Long John"—his own particular nickname for Larsen—"a coupla more years, and he'll be every bit as good.

"Yeah, yeah, I know Long John won only seven games this year. How many more you think Robert woulda won with this club? Three, four tops. Long John is faster than Robert, and he got just as good a curve. Nothing wrong with his control either. Little more experience is all he needs. Then look out! He gonna win twenty, twenty-five games one year. And when he do, don't forget ol' Satch done told you so."

Ted Williams, a man not overly given to tossing praise around, predicted a week before the 1956 World Series that Don's pitching would be "the big difference" between the Yankees and Dodgers. "No one mentions Larsen," Williams said. "I'll bet he makes monkeys out of Brooklyn. He's one of the best right-handers in the league. I think I got only two hits off him all year."

Indirectly, Williams and the rest of the Red Sox were chiefly responsible for Larsen's decision not to use a windup. "Some of the fellows on our club felt we were tipping our pitches to the Red Sox," Larsen explains. "One of their coaches, Del Baker, looked like he knew what we were gonna throw each time. So while I was warming up to pitch against Boston on September twenty-second I decided to try throwing without a windup. I had seen Dick Littlefield do it once when we were both with the Browns, and I thought it might upset Boston's batting rhythm. I also figured it might throw Baker off."

Using the technique for the first time, Don was credited with a 2–1 victory over the Red Sox, although Tommy Byrne mopped up in the ninth. Larsen was so pleased with the results that he disdained a windup when he faced the Red Sox again in his final start of the regular season on September twenty-eighth. He blanked Boston on three hits for seven innings, then left because Stengel wanted to save him for the Series.

There are growing indications that Larsen's no-windup delivery may be copied extensively by pitchers in both leagues this year. Teammate Bob Turley adopted it in the sixth game of the Series and pitched his finest game of the year, even though he lost to Clem Labine, 1 to 0, in ten innings. Tom Poholsky, recently traded from the St. Louis Cardinals to the Chicago Cubs, says he plans to try pitching without a windup this season. Tom Morgan, of the Yankees, used the technique with outstanding results in an off-season charity game at Los Angeles, and several other hurlers gave it a whirl in the various winter leagues.

"I ought to start collecting royalties from those guys," Don says, grinning. "All the hitters seem to think I'm never gonna use a windup again. I may fool 'em, though. What's stopping me from winding up one time and not doing it another? I just may spring that on some of 'em this season."

A special niche in Baseball's Hall of Fame, at Cooperstown, New York, already has been set aside to commemorate Larsen's perfect game. He gets fidgety whenever he thinks about this, and about the worshipful attitude of some of his admirers.

"Just think," gushed one of the movie people he met on his trip to Hollywood the past winter, "I've just shaken hands with the Perfect Pitcher of all time."

"Oh, no," Don quickly corrected. "It was only one game. I may be perfectly lousy in the rest."

The Yankees, however, are willing to give odds against it.

Rugged Bachelors of Okinawa

(Continued from Page 27)

for whom we're responsible think as we do, share our morals and mechanical gadgets, and enjoy our governmental freedoms. And we feel a need to be loved.

Nowhere do the two aims—military and missionary—reach a greater climax of frustration than on this island, about which we haven't decided anything permanent in twelve years.

Along with a couple hundred thousand marines, soldiers and airmen, I spent an unhappy two months on Okinawa in 1945, but had seen only bits and pieces of it again until this year of 1957.

I found that almost nothing is recognizable after twelve years. Millions of American dollars have transformed the island. Huge Kadena Air Base, complete with shops and housing as well as runways, is only a starter. A 110-mile highway system skirts the shore and connects the cities. Officers' and enlisted men's clubs top the scenic hills. Barracks, warehouses, golf course, beach clubs and military piers are new. Civilians have 4000 permanent school classrooms, and the university's modernistic buildings ornament the site of old Shuri castle. The capital at Naha has plenty of shopping centers, bars and dance halls.

Okinawa now has good water systems, power lines, bus services, hospitals, commercial docks—name a modern facility, and it's almost sure to be here somewhere. There are nearly 5000 private automobiles. Docks handle 400,000 tons of cargo annually. New housing goes up even in remote villages, and department stores thrive.

The transformation has come high. Through 1954, our Congress had appropriated $177,000,000 for Okinawan assistance. In 1956, the authorization request was for $43,983,000. Air Force expenses are $32,000,000 annually, with proportionate figures for the smaller Marine and Army units. Including contractors and individuals who hire servants, the United States directly employs 51,000 Okinawans—one out of every five em-

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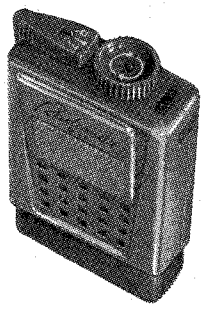

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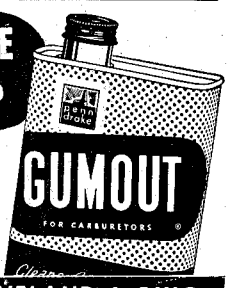

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ployable. Wages are the highest in the island's history. Okinawans have money to spend and stores in which to spend it.

Why, then, isn't the island jumping with joy? General Moore's list of necessities is only one answer of many. The most common complaint is that the United States has taken too much land, ruining the age-old sweet-potato economy of the island. "Return to Japan," is a favorite cry of politicians. "More money for land taken," "More money for teachers," "Too many troops," and "Not enough freedom" appear in the anvil chorus of complaints.

But none of these holds water very well. Most are only symptoms of what ails this confused island. It's true that the United States uses a lot of land. Airfields and radio-antenna farms, warehouses and artillery parks generally require flat spaces. Immediately after the war, our Government seized 45,000 acres, some 16,000 of them out of the 80,000 considered arable on the entire island.

For land used, we have paid annual rentals since 1952. These payments now average seventy dollars a year for the typical family plot of about eight-tenths acre. The trouble is that an Okinawan farmer somehow managed to support his family from such a plot, but he cannot begin to do it on seventy dollars in cash.

Love may not really make the world go round, but it manages to make millions of phonograph records do so.

ALMA DENNY

However, he probably now has a job and may still be using the land part time, so he's not necessarily desperate.

Okinawa never was able to support itself before World War II, even though Japan kept the population level down by permitting a shockingly high infant-mortality rate and by encouraging emigration to Formosa. Nevertheless, subsidies of some kind always were necessary.

Some idea of the postwar problem can be obtained from imports and exports. In 1955, exports were only $13,400,000, against $62,500,000 imports. Chief exports: black sugar, plus large amounts of scrap metal. Exports in 1956 included $9,800,000 worth of scrap metal, which is bound to run out sometime. Its current economic importance is indicated by the fact that 163 persons were killed or injured in the first ten months of 1956 while combing old ammunition dumps for scrap.

American methods recently have helped Okinawan farming, increasing yields of sweet potatoes, sugar cane, paddy rice, soybeans, tropical fruits and livestock steadily since 1951. There has not been any large acreage increase—in fact, much usable land lies idle while owners work at town jobs. Actually, even if Okinawans had all their land back, they could not support themselves because of overpopulation. The Okinawans themselves can think of things they would prefer to getting the land back. One delegation suggested that the United States simply pay the lump sum of $14,300,000 for the privilege of using land which we won in war, plus $8,200,000 annual rental for that part of it which had belonged to private owners. A special congressional subcommittee gulped a little at this. This request, it reported, meant "that if an Okinawan owned a piece of agricultural land which now is needed by the United States, our Government should support that individual, and possibly his heirs, in the same manner and fashion as though he were spending long and arduous hours of work and accepting the hazards of nature throughout the year . . . the dispossessed landowner would . . . receive, without the expenditure of any labor, the equivalent of his total land productivity."

Nice work, if you can get it.

The cry for "return to Japan" does not stand much closer inspection. The United States-Japan peace treaty included a paragraph in which Japan recognized American control over Okinawa and agreed to concur should the United States apply for a United Nations trusteeship. No such application has been made, however, so the island is actually controlled by the military as a prize of war, although official circles avoid the term.

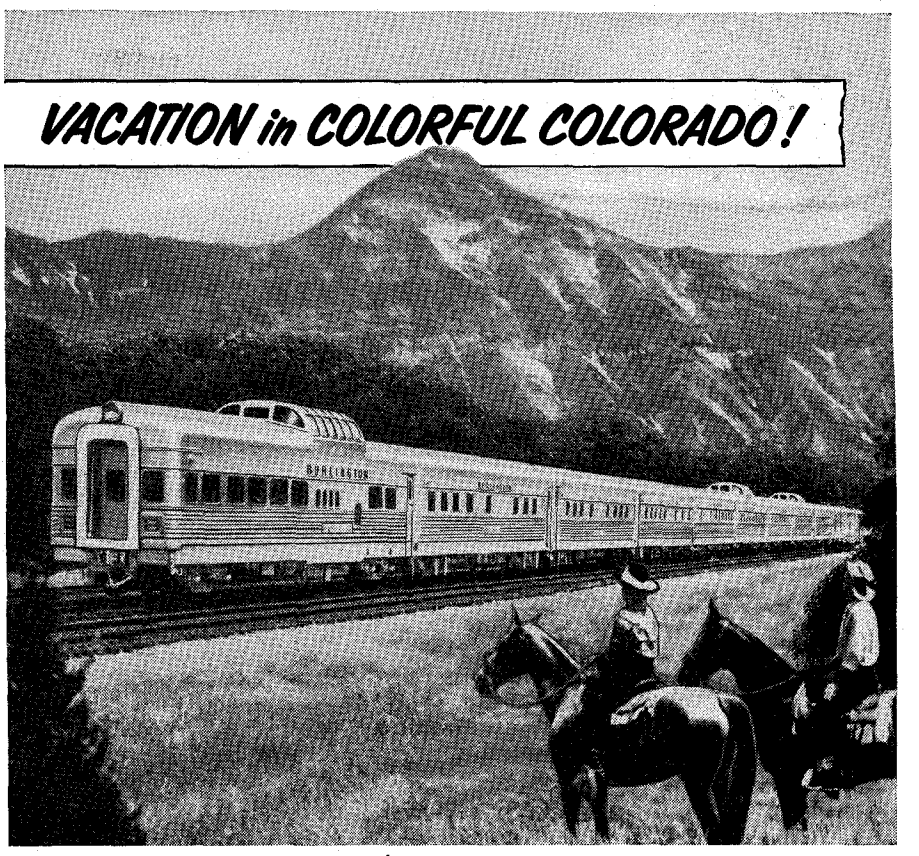
There appears to be no good reason why Okinawa should be returned to Japan. On the one hand, return of Okinawa to Japan outright could mean only economic and social ruin for the island. No Japanese government is likely to subsidize Okinawa for even a fraction of the $52,400,000 which is our estimated annual contribution. Return of Japanese control could only upset the Okinawan currency. There is very little Okinawan industry now, and that would fade away in the face of uncontrolled Japanese competition. Legal codes and taxation would have to be revised—Okinawans would revert to the inferior status they held for more than half a century.

And return of the island government to Japan while we continued to maintain our bases could only mean trouble. Since the Japanese peace treaty, there has been nothing but strife about military operations in Japan—Communist-inspired farmers' marches on military bases at Mount Fuji and elsewhere. When politicians here shout about return to Japan, what they actually mean is return of control to Japan, but with the United States continuing to pay all the bills. There is no indication in our experience in Japan that this would be a workable arrangement. Problems of military security would be multiplied and further expansion of bases, as needed, would become impossible. Our bases could not be used in war unless Japan approved.

Among Americans in Tokyo today, the fashion is to laugh sourly about Okinawa. "Oh, sure," a young lady said to me recently. "Everything will be fine in Okinawa—until some of our do-gooders decide to give it back to Japan, in a year or two." If it happens, this will be an unmitigated tragedy—for the Okinawans, the Japanese, the American taxpayer and the American dream of defending the free world in Asia.

The side of American policy which wants all the world to love us has been active on Okinawa from the first. The improvement of health standards—which almost immediately resulted in an annual population increase of 20,000—was simple humanitarianism. The establishment of a prenatal form of representative government could have been only because we want other people to be like us. We were under no compulsion to give the Okinawans a voice in their government. They had no history of self-government and gave no sign that they were ready for it. Nevertheless, they now have its color, if not its reality. Towns and villages manage their own affairs—the days about which Teahouse of the August Moon was written are long gone. The island has a twenty-nine-man elected legislature.

The results are not happy. The island continues to be ruled by the United States Civil Administration (USCAR). As resident deputy governor of the Ryukyus, quiet-mannered General Moore is dictator



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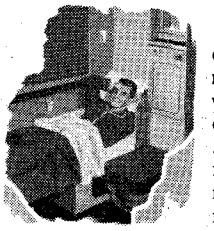

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of the island, although he dislikes the word. He has the power to appoint the Okinawan chief executive, to veto legislative action and to rule by decree. His power extends over taxation, land use, industry and immigration.

Our administration here makes elaborate attempts to have the Okinawan legislature pass desired laws so that decrees will not be needed. USCAR did not interfere—although it thoroughly disapproved—when voters, in December, 1956, elected as mayor of Naha one Kamejiro Senaga, who shortly before had completed a prison sentence for harboring another leftist and giving false evidence. (One of the anti-American demonstrations had occurred when 5000 persons greeted him on his release from prison and listened to him promptly demand that Americans go home.)

The election of Senaga is typical of what Okinawans have done with the little power they have. One of the first legislative acts set up customs duties which taxed to the limit everything Americans wanted, but allowed what Okinawans wanted to come in free. An American who built a shopping center found the village elders delighted to have him do so—and delighted, a few weeks later, to hand him a $6000 bill for school taxes alone. USCAR officers spend much time in heading off unworkable legislation. When this isn't successful, the deputy governor uses his veto.

The American Government simultaneously tries to maintain essential controls for military purposes, to protect Okinawans from economic damage by smart foreigners—including Americans—and to allow the native government all the leeway it can. Some of the results are fantastic.

Okinawa's foreign community includes 20,000 United States Air Force personnel and dependents, some 10,000 marines without any dependents, and about 4000 in Army families. In addition, 50,000 Japanese, 500 Americans and a few others are registered as commercial entrants. Many of the Japanese are here because of prewar residence or family connections, but the other civilians have been admitted on military permits based on one consideration: Can this person provide some service which Okinawans cannot provide themselves?

The presence of these various civilians keeps the military government wondering whether they should be protected from the school tax and other gouges dreamed up by the Okinawans, how much profit they should be allowed to export, and even which ones should go to school.

There are only the Japanese-language schools and those operated for United States military dependents. To these latter, children of American civilians are admitted for a fee, but a Washington ruling says children of aliens may not be. On Okinawa, this means that about a score of foreign children—some the offspring of Filipino veterans of American military services, some Hindu and other children who have had their previous schooling in the United States—are barred from English-speaking classes. The result is that American education is a bootleg item in some special cases.

American civilians generally are in an uneasy position here. Mention dictatorship and rule by decree a few times, and you become highly unpopular. A newspaperman says, "We try to be critical of the government at least part of the time. We want a record of criticism so that if they ever decide to throw us out, we can say it's because we were critical. That's the best protection we can have."

But the government itself has even less. The only clue it ever has had about its own permanence was a statement by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in 1953 that the United States expected to continue the present status "as long as conditions of threat and tension exist in the Far East." Thus, to potential foreign investors, USCAR can only say: "The law of Okinawa is what the command says it is; we'll be here a while, but we don't know how long." Understandably, foreign investment remains low.

General Moore and his staff need all the patience they can muster. Whatever they do, Okinawans will complain, as a matter of principle. Anything which gets unfavorable notice in the Japanese or Communist press brings complaints from Washington, supersensitive to world opinion.

By comparison, the strictly military picture is almost restful to contemplate. The building program, employing so many Okinawans, has another year and a half to run. We now have excellent airfields and are equipped to defend the island against aerial attack. The military base, once neglected, now has swung to the other extreme. Housing, entertainment and fringe advantages—built-in baby sitters and maids at $17.50 a month—compare favorably with other overseas bases. The re-enlistment rate is high, and requests for extended duty here are frequent. The various clubs offer everything from twenty-five cent drinks to Christmas parties for the youngsters.

But even more entertainment, of a sort, is in the villages which have mushroomed near every military camp. The Venus, the Butterfly, the Cinderella and the Chatterbox bars are only typical of more than 1000 such joy palaces, each advertising with gaudy neon the presence of "many-beautiful-hostesses!" Okinawans were used to Japanese troops before the war and accepted marriages of convenience. They now are delighted by what Americans are willing to pay for company and entertainment. Military police and Okinawan officers work side by side to maintain order.

For half a dozen years there has been a steady stream of arriving Air Force and Army families, complete with children, dogs, automobiles and furniture. But for the last year the tenor of American service life has been disturbed. Into this atmosphere of permanency and pleasant living, the 3rd Marine Division came like a squall from another decade. Moving down from Japan, the division headquarters, special troops, artillery and one infantry regiment descended on this island with nothing but their combat gear—no dogs, no furniture, very especially no wives or children. Privates moved into bachelor quarters, and so did Maj. Gen. Alan Shapley and his staff. Battalions began running up and down hills in training, and artillery started slamming away at hillside targets. Amphibious vehicles churned the surf as if this were 1945 again.

The marines acted precisely like men who thought they might have to fight at any time, and who never expected to settle down. Within weeks, most of these permanent transients were maneuvering 1000 miles east, off Iwo Jima. Later they were in the Southern Ryukyus, doing the same thing. Last November they went on a for-real alert during the Suez crisis.

Reactions varied. In many a pleasant club, a young officer expressed himself, "Boy, I'm glad I didn't join the marines. All those guys ever do is work." American service wives were reduced to speechless rage when several Air Force and Army commanders admitted they thought the Army and Air Force could obtain more efficiency at less cost if they, too, left their wives at home.

The marines themselves do not act abused. They listen when Army and Air Force wives sympathize—"Oh, you poor men!"—and generally manage properly martyred expressions. But they were left completely without answer when Bob Vermillion, unabashed publisher of the Morning Star, complained loudly to a group of officers, "Out here I have to live with my wife, and I don't see any reason you should get out of living with yours." Blond Betty Vermillion only smiled—she'd take care of Robert when she got him home.

It's obvious that there will be difficulties if this is to be an even larger military base than it already is. Actually, the troops may represent the only really solid future the island has.

One American shrugged when I asked his opinion. "I think," he said, "we could do worse than to keep two or three divisions of troops here permanently. If they were without families, it wouldn't cost much more than to keep them at home, and they'd be in the right spot if we had a war. More important, they'd provide enough lifeblood for the Okinawan economy to keep it going. It might be the cheapest answer we could find."

Of course, we could solve the problem simply by annexing Okinawa as a United States territory, declaring its people to be American citizens—as are the Guamanians—and permitting free emigration to the United States. The other things we're doing—encouraging resettlement to some of the smaller islands, aiding emigration in driblets to South America, building up local agriculture and industries—appear to be nothing more than desperation stopgaps.

So the dilemma remains. A Genghis Khan would have solved the problem of Okinawa in 1945 by slaughtering its people. Soviet Russia might have ignored them until enough died of neglect or hunger to remove the problem. An insular nation would ignore world realities and give the island back to Japan, no matter what the cost to us.

But we Americans have a fine split personality. So we don't slaughter, or solve population problems with hunger. We do—or let us hope we do—recognize Okinawa's value in preventing World War III. But we cannot answer General Moore's demands for a basic law, a statement of how long we'll stay, or a policy which will let the Okinawans know who they really are expected to be. Because we just haven't made up our minds.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

Is France Still Our Ally?
A Post Editor Reports from Paris on
Why the French Claim We are Ruining Them

"Bring All Your Canceled Checks"
What Happens When Income-Tax
Sleuths Call You In

So You Think You Need Eight Hours' Sleep!
Surprising Facts on Your Sleep Requirements

I Licked My Jinx
Jack Burke Reveals How He Almost Became
Golf's Youngest Has-Been

The Lady Lays Down the Law
Ohio Housewife Ruth Lyons and
Her Influential TV Program

IN COLOR:
How to Eat Like a Movie Star
Recipes of Chasen's Hollywood Restaurant

A Complete Post Novelette
The Business of Love
By Vivian Connell

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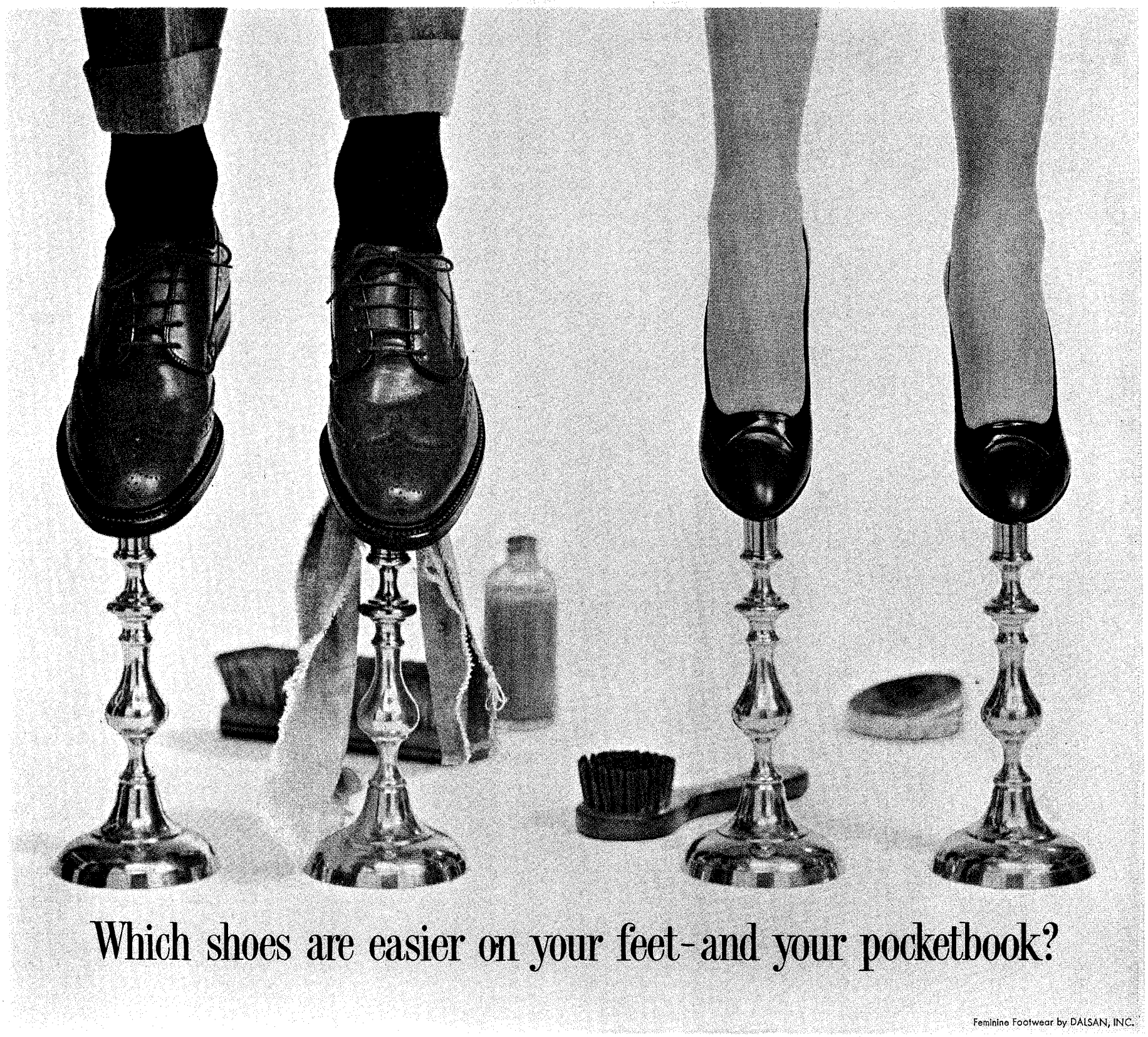
How a "growth company" grows



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Kiowa Moon (Continued from Page 43)

and that she must teach herself never to weep before anyone. But when everything else failed, Mathilda herself fell back on tears. Now she let her lip quiver, and her eyes brimmed. "I wanted a baby girl so much. I was so happy making your little clothes. All of us loved you so, and wanted you so."

Rachel did love Mathilda very dearly; which was not hard, for no gentler spirit could be imagined. But now Rachel was cloyed and repelled. She hated herself for it, and she pitied Mathilda, but that was the way she felt.

She asked, "How much do the boys know?"

"Andy doesn't know. He wasn't born then. And Cassius—well, I don't believe he ever thinks about such things. Ben knows, of course; he was seven then. But we promised each other it would be our secret. We wanted you to be just our own." Then, pleadingly, while those ready tears threatened again: "We don't need to say anything to them or to anybody, ever." She wanted everything put back just as it had been before. But Rachel did not feel that this could ever be.

All my life I'll wonder who I am. Why, then, Ben isn't my brother. He isn't even my cousin. He isn't any relation at all.

Of course, the same thing was true of Cash and Andy. But with Ben it was somehow a peculiarly disturbing, even frightening thought, hard to get near to, after thinking of him as a brother for so long. She circled it skittishly, as a puppy scouts a fascinating new thing that may bite.

Ben had always been much in her thoughts. She had never realized before how often she wondered where he was and what he was doing, whenever he was out of sight, which was most of the time. But now she reached into the past, and most of the things she remembered best were mixed up with Ben.

There were, for example, the talking animals—the dwarf owl, only as big as your thumb; the spotted coyote, the mudhen and the red mare. For a couple of years, when Rachel was seven-eight years old, Ben had kept bringing home accounts of conversations with such-like critters. Whatever became of them all? They just kind of died out. Perhaps Ben knew when she outgrew them.

Still farther back, when she was four, five and six. Moments of mixed terror and delight while Ben was introducing her to horses. She had first been on a horse in his arms, but later had stood barefoot behind his saddle, arms around his neck, while he chased a dodging brush rabbit and almost roped it. Those were the same years when she had been most afraid of the dark, and sometimes when she had been sent to bed alone, he had come and sung to her. Even before that. When she was three and had nightmares, she remembered running in her nightie, over floors icy to her bare feet, to jump into Ben's bunk; for he was the one who never sent her away.

In a few days she was thinking, *All I want is to wait on him and take care of him. Even if he married somebody else, I'd be happy if I could just work for him all my life.* But later she knew it wasn't so. *No, I couldn't stand for anybody else to have him. I'd rather die.*

She began to light up again, and Mathilda was so relieved to see it that she never dared to ask her what had come over her.

Rachel sent a note out to Georgia, next time Andy stopped home. "I take pen in hand to say I'm right sorry," she wrote. "I had no call to act up so. You taken me by surprise, first off. But I see now you told me something I bad needed to know, and I'm right thankful."

Georgia's prompt answer was scrawled on a leaf from a tally book, and appeared to have been written in the saddle. *During a fit of pitching*, Rachel criticized, but was glad to get it. "Freind Rachel," it began, and went on to express relief. She hadn't told anybody what their Donnybrook was about, and hoped Rachel hadn't. All Ben knew was that she "got run the hell out with a bucher Nife." Laughed fit to die every time he throwed it up to her. What she needed was her mouth sewed up, Georgia finished.

Whatever it was the Rawlins family had gone so sour about seemed either to have been withheld from Georgia or had not affected her. So they fixed it up, as they thought, and just about in time. For now the moon was coming full again, and this time the Kiowa war ponies would be tough and full of run.

While the moon was full you must never leave the house unarmed, and even in broad daylight you must never go alone beyond gunshot of support. You must fort up every night, battle shutters barred and weapons ready, as if certain of attack while you slept. You must remember where the plaster-covered loopholes were in the walls, and be ready to knock them open with a blow. When a Kiowa scout came feeling out your defenses, you had better whistle a shot or two over his head without hitting him, as a persuasion to look farther.

Ben had been saving the work near home for the Kiowa moon. Of the six hired hands held back from the drive, he had meant to give half to Zeb, for the Rawlins defense, but Zeb, perhaps in a spasm of thrift, had accepted only two. Ben could only hope that the Rawlinses were getting a little something done, now and then, over at their end of the range; for though the Rawlinses were maintaining a taciturn truce, they could not now join forces in a single range crew every day. Of his remaining four men, Ben picked the best shots—a couple of boys named Tip and Joey—for a permanent home guard; while with Andy and the other two he got on with the calf branding, bringing all hands in every night.

Rachel watched her chance to catch Ben alone. For a couple of days it seemed as though there was no way this could be done. He had turned short of speech and was showing strain, as if he did not like what his houndlike casting told him was happening around there these moonlit nights. But on the third day of the Kiowa moon he broke a stirrup leather and had to stop in the saddle shed to rig another. And there she cornered him.

"Funny how seldom you ever see one. An Indian, I mean," he said, and rambled on as if trying to avoid questions by doing all the talking himself. "Once or twice I've seen a little speck, a long piece off on a ridge where nobody ought to be, and that's about all. I've cut three trails in two days. One of eight-ten horses, ridden in travel file, without any loose stock, and another ——"

"Ben," Rachel cut in, "is Abe Kelsey dead? Do we know yet if he's dead or not?"

He did not look at her, but his hands stopped their work. "He's alive," Ben said.

"I have to know one thing," she came straight at it. "What was the great hurt we did Abe Kelsey?"

"Us? Hurt Kelsey?"

"He hates us, Ben! Why? Because papa wouldn't help him get back his son?"

"The Kiowas don't have Kelsey's son—never did have him. Kelsey's boy is in his grave at Burnt Tree."

"Sure looks like a father would know his own ——"

"Would, huh? That one fool notion has kept the whole thing asimmer! But I've talked to this Seth—in Kiowa, naturally. He's got two squaws already, and three-four kids. All this at sixteen? That buck is twenty-two if he's a minute!"

"Ben, you mean to tell me that old man would fetch down a raid on us just because papa wouldn't ——"

"A raid? Him? They wouldn't move an inch for him."

"I heard he's virtually one of 'em!"

"They'd have killed him long ago, if he wasn't crazy. But let him scout for them? They'd never believe a word out of him."

"Then why are we so set on killing him?"

He hadn't seen it coming. He opened his mouth, and closed it, and for a moment wouldn't look at her.

Then he met her eyes, not with candor, but with plain obstinacy. "Horse thief," he said shortly, and shut his mouth.

She was beaten, and she knew it. Nagging him would serve no purpose. She asked him, "Does Seth ever come here, Ben?"

"Maybe. I don't know. We find tracks where Indian ponies come and go; sometimes moccasin tracks, close in. Why?"

"Want to see what he looks like."

He said with a startling intensity, "I pray God you'll never see his face! Because if you ever do, there'll be war paint on it."

He left her, and she was disheartened as she thought how near she had come to a glimpse behind a dark veil. They were coming no closer together. He would go on treating her as a sister, even thinking of her as one, probably, until Rachel herself made known to him that she was undeceived.

Ben had been wrong about one thing. Seth came the next day, without war paint and in plain light.

Texans always called him Seth. He had been no more than a fable when Abe Kelsey first called him Seth, a riddle, in an old man's tale. But since then he had become a reality to be dreaded, in his own right. There were other white and near-white war chiefs, such as Red Hair, Kiowa Dutch and Kiowa Frank. All of these had been captured, enslaved and finally Indianized when very young; only one or two of them remembered their native speech. Neither Kiowas nor Comanches had hereditary chiefs, and they elected none. A war chief was any man who could scheme up a raid and persuade others to follow him.

On the day Seth came, Ben left the others hauling water to the house, while he rode circle alone to read what news of the night had been written upon the prairie soil. He was back in twenty minutes, and had the up horses moved to the corral nearest the house, where they were covered by its guns. Then he brought Andy and the two hands into the house and forted up. They pried the plugs out of one shutter loophole at each of the two windows facing the Dancing Bird, and opened two loopholes in the door.

The cowhand called Tip was gangly and hatchet-faced, and in this situation was tense enough to ring like the blade of a knife. His eyes darted about the room and came to rest on the fireplace. "Ain't that chimney pretty big?"

"It's got iron hooks built into it, big as scythe blades," Ben told him. "The buck that jumps down it will stay there."

Rachel opened the ammunition chest under the rifle rack, got out a handful of rimfires and took them to the cow hand called Joey. He was a towheaded, Dutchy-looking boy, with white eyelashes and China-blue eyes, which he was too shy ever to raise to Rachel. He thanked her without looking at her.

Suddenly everybody was motionless and silent, each man at his loophole, with no places left over from which to see out. Mamma stopped her humming and held perfectly still.

Ben said, "Ground your carbines, you fellows. I'll kill the man who shoots before I tell him." He seemed relaxed, even pleased with the whole situation.

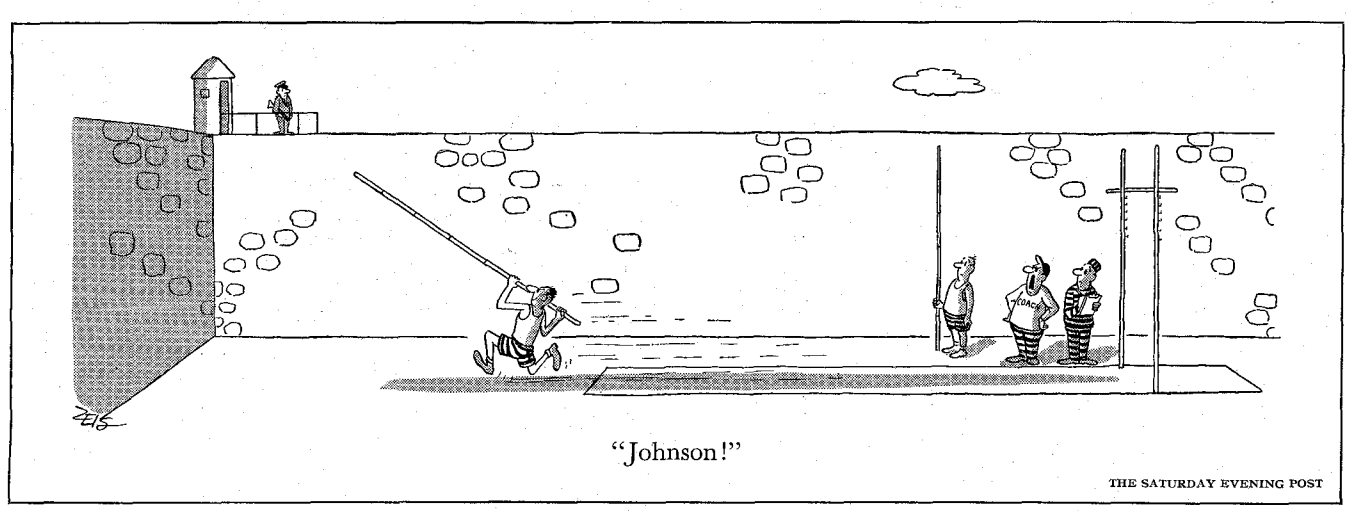
He spoke now in a queer, soft tone, "Sis. Speak of the devil. You want to see what Seth looks like? . . . Let her look, Andy."

What she saw was astonishing. Three Indians sat their ponies on the near bank of the Dancing Bird. They carried carbines in their hands, but wore no paint, no headdresses. In all ways, these three were equipped for travel, not for fighting.

"There's fifteen or twenty more of 'em around someplace," Ben believed. "He's a whopper, isn't he? Big as Satanta."

She knew then, for the first time, which Seth was. You couldn't tell he was a white man, at the distance.

"Carbine, Andy," Ben said, still casual, still as if (*Continued on Page 92*)



"Johnson!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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This trick's on you!

A bucket of water over the door is one of the risks of April Fool's Day. But being tricked on *other* days is something else again.

Yet that's what happens as far as your taxes are concerned. Part of your taxes are used to help pay the cost of electric service for customers of federal government power systems.

First, your taxes help build the federal power plants that produce electricity for these people. Then, you have to be taxed *more* because they don't pay all the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours*. People who get electricity from the TVA, for example, pay less than *one-fifth* of the taxes on electric service that you pay.

Next time you hear someone talk in favor of federal government electricity, ask him about the trick it plays with your taxes (and his). Chances are, he'll stop talking and start thinking. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Company names on request through this magazine*

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(*Continued from Page 90*) pleased, but concentrated, now. He reached back without turning from the loophole, and Andy put his own Spencer in Ben's hand. "I'm going to waste one," he said.

Ben took aim unhurriedly, but fired without delay. Rachel saw the Kiowa ponies stutter their feet. The riders remained relaxed, and Rachel saw that they were grinning. Seth raised his right hand in the peace sign.

Rachel was awe-struck. "Medicine," she whispered. "They think they've got bullet-proof medicine!"

"Not them," Ben said. "I know all three. The one to the left is Seth—there's a tough one! That's—that's—Wolf Saddle, I guess you'd call him." Kiowa names were shifty to translate. "And the other ——" He hesitated again. "That's Lost Bird," he settled for. "Meaner than Seth himself, if that's possible. Those devils know what they're doing." He handed the carbine back to Andy. "They even know what I'm doing," he added.

Outside, Rachel saw Seth speak shortly to the others, then start his horse straight toward the house at a walk. His right hand was still up in the sign of peace. Wolf Saddle and Lost Bird followed.

"Uh-huh," Ben said. "Well, I'm going out there."

Mamma cried out, "Ben! Please! I won't let you!"

Ben was wearing a Colt's Dragoon revolver, in a holster black with years of saddle soapings. He said conversationally, "I'll have to ask you to be quiet, mamma. I'd hate to have to shut you in your room."

"Why!" mamma gasped. Ben had never spoken to her like that before, but papa would have said it, and meant it.

Ben took a look at his percussion caps. "Bar the door after me," he told Andy. "You fellows—Tip and Joey—better poke your front sights out, soon as I'm on the stoop. I won't shoot unless one of 'em swings gun on me—and don't you cut loose until I do. . . . All right, lay holt of this bar here, Andy."

He went out on the stoop, hatless, and stood lightly, his hands hanging empty. The three Kiowas stopped in front of him, their ponies spread a little, less than two horse lengths away.

Seth took a deliberate look at each of the carbine snouts. He smiled a little, faintly contemptuous, mildly entertained. Rachel studied him with the fixity of apprehension. His hair hung in two braids and looked to be a rusty red, in spite of its shine of grease, which must have darkened it. A mixed-blood Kiowa might have had hair that color.

But the low-bred face, pumpkin-rounded, and what they called owl-nosed, showed an uneven splotching, as if it wanted to freckle. And the narrow-set eyes were wrong. They were muddy blue, bloodshot by wind and sun.

Seth's eyes settled upon Ben, and held steadily, waiting for Ben to speak first; yet Ben outwaited him. Finally Seth grunted, and began to talk in signs, letting his carbine hang in the crook of his arm.

"We come as friends. We come to talk to our friend," Seth's hands said; then added, "Sometimes friends are given gifts."

Those in the house understood no more, for now Ben did an exasperating thing. He refused the sign language known to everybody on the prairie, and made the Indians speak in their own tongue. To show off? To impress them? Presently Rachel knew he had done it so those within would not know what he said.

The Kiowa sentences came in slurred bursts, full of clicks, drawn-out nasals, raised and lowered tones. Rachel saw Seth's companions intensify their concentration as they tried to follow Ben's brand of Kiowa. She guessed Ben may have told them that in his understanding it was those who came to talk who brought gifts. Seth smirked, and took from round his neck a slender gold chain with something like a quid of tobacco on it. He tossed this at Ben's feet, but Ben caught it with the toe of his boot and flipped it into his hand. He barely glanced at it before putting the chain around his neck. Seth seemed blanked by that.

Now Seth went into a long, unhurried speech, and Rachel took a look at the two others. Wolf Saddle was the chunkiest of the three, with a broad and yellowish face, as if he might have Comanche blood. His brief interjections seemed to be jokes, for whenever he spoke the two others laughed.

The other Kiowa, called Lost Bird, was in some ways most remarkable of the three. His skin had the dark yet ruddy sun-char of the full-blood Kiowa, but his hair, greased though it was, looked to be auburn. His face was smooth, lineless, placidly at rest. When Rachel had looked at him for a moment, she realized a strange thing. This face was beautiful, and in an odd way, as a girl's face should be beautiful. She was fascinated and at the same time repelled.

As if he felt her gaze, Lost Bird turned his head and looked her straight in the eye. His eyes were green now—no, a dark yellow. They darkened as he tried to see into the shadows behind the loophole, until they seemed almost black, and surface-lighted. Yet, as he turned his eyes to Seth again, they appeared the gray of pale slate. She had a frightened sense of having known eyes like that before, though she was certain she had never seen Lost Bird in her life.

But he began to speak, and the illusion was gone. He had talked no more than a minute when he ended upon what was obviously both a question and a demand.

Instead of answering at once, Ben spoke in English to the people behind him, "Andy, I want a few cartridges. But stay where you are. Let Rachel bring them to you."

By his softened tone, Rachel knew Ben was smiling, and she wondered if the Indians knew by this how angered he was. Did you have to know him, to tell that?

"I want two fifty-caliber metallic, and one rim-fire forty-four," Ben said.

Andy unbarred the door to put the three cartridges in Ben's hand. "Bar it again," Ben said and Andy obeyed. They saw Ben toss one cartridge to each Indian. Then he made a brief final statement in the Kiowa tongue.

The three sat quiet a moment more, their eyes fixed on Ben, faces as expressionless as mud. None threw their cartridges away. Seth kept tossing and catching the gift cartridge without looking at it. Then he spat at Ben's feet and unhurriedly they turned their horses.

Andy softly lifted the bar, and Ben slid inside. The Kiowas jumped their horses out of sight over the cutbank of the Dancing Bird.

"We're getting kind of low on metallic," Andy said, and it was a question.

"I told them to use those when they come again," Ben answered him.

Rachel moved close to Ben, so that she could make her tone low, yet urgent, demanding. "What did Seth want of us?"

He turned to her slowly, took her face between his two hands, and for some moments looked straight down into her eyes. He had never done that before; and, though she met his gaze steadily, the unaccustomed fixity with which his eyes probed into hers so flustered her that her mind would not work.

Then a twinkle appeared, and his face softened with the first warmth before a smile. "They were trying to buy you," he told her.

It seemed so far-fetched, so unexpected, that she couldn't tell it from the kind of foolishness with which he often put people off, when he didn't want to answer them. She heard herself reply nonsensically, in kind. "Well, did you sell me?"

"I held out for more horses."

But later she saw that she had no real reason to disbelieve his statement of Seth's purpose. She was chilled, and shaken. There was something dreadful about the impassable gulf between the Kiowa ways of thinking and those of her own people.

And there was something else. If Seth was determined or believed himself humiliated before the other war chiefs, the hard strike of his answering raid would be the same as if sense and reason were behind it.

Mamma suddenly exclaimed, "Ben! Take that dreadful thing off!" He had forgotten Seth's gift, but now he took the gold chain from around his neck and looked at the dried human ear it carried as a trophy. Then he threw it in the fire.

Two days passed, and the moon was dead full, but Seth did not return. Unexpectedly, on the sixth night of the Kiowa moon—in the very heart of danger—Effie popped up in the foreground of their lives again. Ben brought the word when he came in at nightfall, the Rawlins split of the crew having been joined up with his own early that morning. It seemed that a rider had reached the Rawlinses' pretty late the night before and hollered them up. His news was that Effie and her promised young man—his name was Harry Whittaker—were only one day behind him. The messenger had left them at Fort Richardson when he was sent on ahead with the word.

"Why, she must be home right now!" Mathilda marveled.

The wedding was to be in four days, giving Effie three days with her family, during which the family could get acquainted with their new in-law. Mathilda was mildly shocked by what seemed to her an unseemly haste about these arrangements. She was not at all sure it was decent.

"Jude and Charlie turned right around and high-tailed for home, soon as they give—gave us the word," Andy complained. "Let theirselves right out of a full day's work."

"They had to ride to meet their sister, of course," mamma told him. "It's the least they could do."

"Trust them to do the least," Andy commented.

"Ben!" mamma rebuked them. "He's picking up all this unneighborliness from you!"

Ben denied this. "Her brothers should have met her in Fort Worth, if you ask me," he gave his opinion. "And then kept her where she was!"

But he hadn't found out who the preacher was to be, though Harry Whittaker surely must be bringing one. Didn't even know who all was coming. The Rountrees, doubtless—about six of them—but how many more? How were his womenfolk to know what all to bake, if he didn't even get the main facts? Ben had made a failure of it, they made plain to him.

Ben grumped and complained. He supposed they would make him responsible for getting them over there somehow, if they had to fight every foot of the way. Needn't blame him if it cost every scalp in the dang family. "But, of course, all that means nothing to you folks. Not if some jug-haid female is shotgunning herself a man. Damn those people anyway!"

They were paying no attention to him. The Zacharys, by previous arrangement, would go over the day before—which left them only two days to get ready. They were in a panic over all the baking they must do. And when it came to what they should take to wear —— Weeks of forewarning apparently had not readied them at all. Then they were overriding Ben again on the subject of precautions, which was exactly how people who should know better lost their hair.

Mathilda, though, had a theory that if you worried enough about something it didn't happen, and this often seemed to have worked. This time, as they came in sight of the Rawlinses', it seemed to have worked again, up to here, for they met with no alarms on the way.

Andy rode to the wheel of the democrat wagon as they came in view, and offered to pick up some mullein leaves for Rachel. Girls rubbed their cheeks with these leaves, to bring out a glow. She was (*Continued on Page 94*)

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

1. Of the Wife and the Well-Turned Compliment

Now, lad, I would inform you of the ways
Of wives, and of the clothes they choose to wear;
For, angel-wise, you tread this ground with care.
O son, I sing the potency of praise!
So, is her hat a silly thing of spice
And foolishness—a flower, a scrap of fur
Which yet (she knows) bespeaks the Inner Her?
Then say you love it, son, and tell her twice!

Know this: no jury of your peers would hold
Against you here, nor call your sweet words lies—
Those words more quick than vitamins or gold
To bring the stars and stardust to the eyes.
Yes, praise it, son, and—listen well to mother!—
She won't, so soon, go shopping for another.

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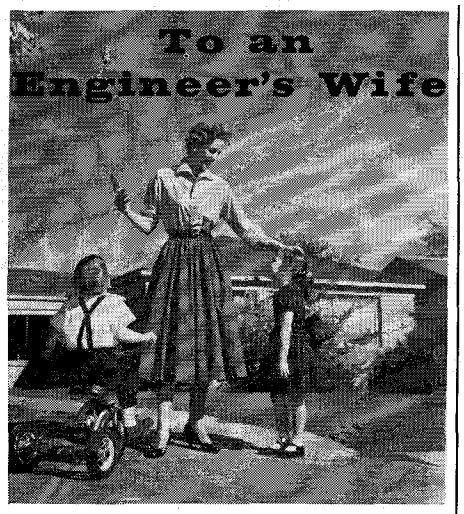

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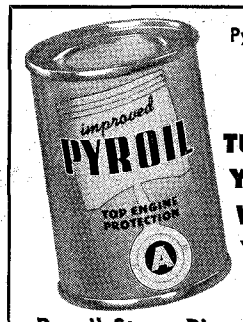

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(*Continued from Page 92*) going to accept, when Andy added, "Charlie's home, you know."

"What's that to me?"

He pretended surprise. "Why, I've kind of been looking for you two to run off 'most any time."

Mathilda made it worse by saying, "Now, don't tease her, Andy."

"What's wrong with Jude?" Rachel demanded. "You all holding him in reserve?"

"It's only," Mathilda fumbled, "Charlie seems more your age. There aren't so very many boys out here on the ——"

Rachel was furious. "I've got no more choice in the matter than a heifer pent up with two bulls!"

"Rachel!"

"Well, two he cows, then."

"Rachel, that's enough! Shockin'!"

Still beyond sound of a hail, they saw Georgia come out of the house. She gave them a sketchy wave, as if uncertain it could be seen, and trotted for the corrals. Rachel knew Georgia would be entirely game to straddle a bareback horse, skirts and all, and come walloping out to meet them. But another figure appeared in the doorway of the cabin, and Georgia stopped.

Rachel restored herself by filling in the inaudible exchange. "'GeorgYAW!'" she imitated Hagar. "'You git back yar!' 'Naow, maw ——'" she switched tones, as Georgia was seen to answer back. "'GEORGyer!'" They saw Georgia turn back. "'Aw, dern it, maw, heck,'" Rachel finished for her as she disappeared into the house.

Ben and the hands were riding the ridges far out on either side, and Rachel's show went kind of flat. Andy seemed not to have heard, and mamma just looked pleasantly good-natured and vague. It was the last, nearest thing to a light or trifling moment that they had.

Effie had not come home. Her brothers had expected to meet her only a few hours out, but no one had come in that night. When there was no sign of them next day, the Rawlinses' two cow hands had been sent with Whittaker's rider to search the road. But three days had now gone by, and no word had come.

Zeb had welcomed them quietly and gravely, and since had sat staring into the fireplace. Once he said, "Being's Ben and Andy are here now, I believe I'll just hitch up and ——"

But Hagar said, "I'm going with you, if you do." And that was the end of it.

Nobody could find much to say more. They had expected to find the cabin thronged, but it had become a sad and awkward place to be. Rachel and her brothers took their time carrying in all the fancy cooking they had brought. Hagar sat inert, looking cadaverous, even failing to protest when Mathilda and Rachel got supper on.

As they gathered at the table, Hagar pulled herself together in a last courageous effort to dissimulate. "Like one time in Hog Scrape," she said. "We had this here bull goose ——" She checked herself and looked timidly at Mathilda. "He goose ——"

"Gander?" Mathilda suggested.

"This here bull gander," Hagar accepted.

The men ate doggedly, as if set on keeping up their strength, as Hagar rambled on. Hog Scrape was what Hagar called the Tennessee hill village where she had been born; actually it had some commonplace name. Willetsville. Like that. Over the years she had piled up enough anecdotes about it to fill a history book. Rachel had always thought her stories funny, and so had Ben. Tonight Ben was preoccupied, and Rachel could not find the funny part, either, under the layers of foreboding.

It seemed the gander had settled in Hog Scrape of its own accord. Didn't belong to nobody. Used to sally up and down the boardwalk like he owned it; dogs learned to slink out of his way. Got to know everybody friendly-like, and right neighborly, too—always helping folks out. Like if a drunkard was asleep in the street, the gander would run the hogs off and make the teams go around him. Only, there was this lay preacher they had in Hog Scrape, kept running the gander out of meeting. Claimed he wasn't house-broken, rightly. Until finally the gander had enough, and took exception ——

She trailed off, as if she judged nobody was listening, and Mathilda tried a politeness. "I used to know a —— What was his name?"

"Harlow," Hagar answered. "Only name he answered to, anyway. Though, naturally, he couldn't tell you; small use asking him."

Mathilda looked puzzled; she had meant the lay preacher. But Hagar's stories generally escaped her somewhere along the line.

"So Harlow called a feud on this here lay preacher," Hagar picked it up again. Every time the lay preacher come in view, Harlow taken after him, hissing, and wing whopping, and tearing the feller's britches; and him awhooping, and acussing, and abusting in any place on anybody, for cover. Sometimes five times in an hour.

She got up to fill a platter, shuffling painfully, but talking on, unwilling to be helped, as always. She said it got so everybody was throwed by such dern carryings-on, and there was talk of a law. Some wanted a law against ganders, and others wanted it against lay preachers—both had their followings. But in the upshot, one evening when a cloud set itself down on Hog Scrape, the lay preacher thrun a shot at the gander and missed, and taken the constable in the leg. And the constable, he answered fire, out of anguish, and ——

She was coming back to the table when she stopped abruptly and her wandering story stopped. She stood looking downward, as if not seeing the dirt floor, but something deep beneath. Zeb bumped table and bench as he surged up ponderously to go to her, but before he could leave his place, Hagar let the platter fall. She dragged herself to a seat by the fireplace and there folded up.

"I can't go on," she said, and hid her face. "I can't play up no more."

Zeb came to her and put his hands on her shoulders. "Best you lie down a spell," he said gently. "I'll heat up some ——"

"No," Hagar said in a dreadful voice. "No, I can't stand it back there, all alone in the black dark."

The Zacharys had no way to leave there. No place for them all to sleep, either, until the main room was changed around and shakedowns fixed on the floor. The Zachary hands went out to spread their blankets in the barn, and Ben and Andy slipped away to join them as soon as they could. Georgia made more coffee and withdrew.

At last Zeb, who had been dozing in his chair, made a feeble effort to take Hagar off to bed, but retired alone when she refused. After that the three women just sat, while the night dragged on.

Rachel had been asleep in her chair when she was startled awake by Hagar's voice. There was no clock in this room, but the embers in the fireplace were low, as if the night was old.

"I pray God she's dead," Hagar spoke out strongly, her voice dry and harsh.

"Hagar," Mathilda protested helplessly.

"I know whereof I speak," Hagar said. "I was in the hands of red savages long ago."

And this became the dreadful night in which they learned what had crippled Hagar and made her strange. They did not know how to stop her or to close their ears, no matter how much they might wish forever they had never had to hear.

Hagar had been orphaned by the time she "come of full growth." Two uncles and a brother were starting for California by wagon across the plains, and she had made them take her along. But they were late at Independence; the last wagon train of the year had pulled out a week before. They could not afford to lay over until spring, so they joined one other belated (*Continued on Page 96*)

"I'm originally a Route 107 girl and my husband is from the Jersey Turnpike."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 94*) wagon and set out to overtake the train.

They never caught up. A woman and her three-year-old boy, from the other wagon, and Hagar herself, were the only survivors when the Indians struck. She judged they knew how the savages had used her then, and the other woman too. For a few days the two women took turns carrying the child as they rode the Indian ponies bareback. But one day the mother could comfort the little boy no more, and he began to cry. Hour in and hour out he cried, until they came to a stream. There an Indian took the child by the feet and slung him high in the air, into the river. He was hardly more than a baby, didn't know what swimming was, but there under the river he fought for his life. Soon they saw him crawling to the bank, slipping in the wet clay, but making it out of the water.

A young savage fitted an arrow, and shot the little struggling fellow in the face. The child went under—yet, in a few moments appeared again, floundering and strangling. The arrow had fallen away, but the little face was streaming blood. The bow twanged again, and again the river closed over the child's head. Then, unbelievably, the little boy appeared one time more. One eye socket was empty, but he was trying still. It took still another arrow before the child went down to stay, under the water.

The mother slumped to the ground and could not be beaten to her feet. The savages scalped her before they went on. Hagar worked herself free of the horse upon which she was tied, and tried to get hold of the bowman, to kill him with her hands. After that they always bound her ankles together with rawhide under the horse's belly when they rode, and that was how they crippled her forever.

"At first I prayed to die. Wouldn't you think, as time run on, the body would die and let the soul go free?" Hagar had at last stolen two of the fastest horses the savages had, and got away. Some soldiers found her, finally, on a wagon trail.

"The body heals as best it can. But it was Zeb Rawlins raised me up among the living again. A whole man, then, and a proud one, and I told him all. Yet it was Zeb gave me back my soul. Or so I thought, until this very now."

Hagar's voice had gone lifeless, a dragging monotone; yet she felt the need of telling them one thing more. "This one thing I know. The red savages are no human men. Nor are they beasts, nor any kind of earthly varmint, for all natural critters act like God made them to do. I say to you, they must be cleansed from the face of this earth! Wherever one drop of their blood is found, it must be destroyed! For that is man's most sacred trust, before Almighty God."

"Suppose," Mathilda said, with surprising self-possession, "suppose a little child—a helpless baby—came into your hands ——"

A dreadful glow came up behind Hagar's cavernous eyes. She extended her hands, gnarled and clawed, and they were shaking. "One of—of ——" She groped for an epithet befitting her unspeakable revulsion, but found no word so deadly. "One of—*them?* Into these hands?"

Mathilda remained steady and rode it through. "I have no question to ask," she said.

Hagar crumpled weakly, and her words were faint, "If Effie is in their hands tonight . . . how can I ever again say . . . God's will be done?"

Rachel held deathly still, hardly daring to breathe. She believed Hagar Rawlins to be insane.

Ben was harnessed and hooked before dawn, and he found his womenfolk more than ready to be taken home.

Two days more, and the Kiowa moon had waned. Mathilda thought Ben should take Andy and his two hired hands and go help look for the missing wedding party. But Ben had become wary since Seth's visit. Moon or no moon, he would not leave his womenfolk alone.

It was Georgia who rode out to where Ben was working the calves, with the word that Effie was dead. An ambush in the ruins of No Hope, only twenty-five miles from home, had left no survivors. Those last rains, as the year turned dry, had not only delayed discovery but had prevented pursuit.

Ordinarily the Zacharys would have been expected to hurry back there. But in this case Georgia believed, and told Ben, neighborly custom did not rightly apply. Shy off, she advised them, at least until her sister's body was brought home. She'd be able to tell better, then, how her mother was going to ride this thing out, and she would secretly fetch word. Might be the Rawlins cabin would be no fit place for visitors of any kind, she put it tactfully, for quite some time to come.

She and Ben agreed upon a rendezvous, where he could look for her at certain times. By picketing her horse on the crest of a particular ridge, she could let him know from about five miles off if she was there; save him some of the ride. She'd come there any day she had something they ought to know.

Now there was a strange delay. Ten days passed before the body of Effie Rawlins was brought home. It turned out that Jude had gone on down the Trinity, all the way to Fort Worth, to have a proper casket built. The coffin he at last brought back was strong and heavy as a safe, with the lid sealed down, and no way to open it intended.

But Hagar was determined to make sure for herself that the body Jude had brought home was really Effie's. Though they did all they could to restrain her, she got up in the night, found tools and forced the coffin lid. Inside she found only a sealed lead box, about a foot wide by thirty inches long.

TO BE CONTINUED

Street of Fear (Continued from Page 39)

brought in her own. "So then she insists on cleaning the joint," Sullivan went on, after Archie Henderson had replaced his telephone and made one or two Chinese notations on his desk pad. "Tells me it's only neighborly, lieutenant. Neighborly! Anyways, she's a lot different type than that blonde she lives with—the Christine Edmunson you're interested in. . . . Hah, Sweeney?"

"What?" Sweeney said, lounging indolently by the street window. "Oh; sure, sure, lieutenant. Day and night. This Schneider girl"—and over Sullivan he winked and gestured knowingly at Archie Henderson—"well, Bernie likes her, and I kind of got the idea that Bernie's going to look out for her. You know—hands off, everybody. No passes allowed."

"I'll look out for her," Sullivan replied grimly. He was a slim, quiet young man with black hair, a poker-faced Irish sobriety, and extremely elevated moral standards. At home he had three older sisters, very prim and devout, who had nurtured their Bernie, and still did, with anxious solicitude as to worldly evils, particularly bad women; and, therefore, his ideas of feminine decorum and of any and all romantic entanglements were puritanical and unswerving. "There's not going to be passes from you, anyhow—not with that girl. And don't you forget it."

Which exchange showed pretty much the difference between them. When they worked together on an assignment of this sort, Sullivan made the first contact and Sweeney the kill; and so, downstairs in the squad room, for exactly opposed reasons, Sullivan was referred to casually as Brother John, and Jack Sweeney, with open and envious admiration, as Mr. Knockover. Now Archie Henderson glanced from one to the other of them.

"You'll look out for yourselves," he instructed curtly, "and for those diamonds. That's the important thing. But let the blonde over there—this Edmunson woman—make the first move at you, Sweeney, and don't rush her. We might have Louie Prince under lock and key for that hotel robbery last month, but all we've got on him so far is one shaky identification. And I'll tell you this much: that lawyer of his is going to beat us in court on it, and surer than hell, too, unless we have those diamonds to throw at him. Now we've searched that apartment over there, and we couldn't find anything, but this blonde has been Louie Prince's sweetheart for the last couple of years, and she'll know exactly where to put her hands on that boodle of his, in case of necessity. So work around her, Sweeney, but work smart and careful, because the chances are that she's quick as a steel trap. You following me? And the way I want you to accomplish the thing ——"

> Any man who has lived through a housecleaning knows why hurricanes are given feminine names.
>
> J. M. STRAUSS

They listened, then, they remembered and they obeyed. There was no frontal attack on the beautiful blonde, consequently, by Jack Sweeney, but the next Wednesday night, Brother John, with his sober and respectful manners, escorted Miss Mary Alice Schneider around to one of the neighborhood movies. On that occasion he laid out a full and enticing dossier on Jack Sweeney. A swell guy, Sullivan told her, but a guy who seemed to be going a little hog-wild now, ever since that uncle of his had died out in Los Angeles and left him twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars. "And the kind of girls he's been spending it on!" Sullivan added, easily able to imagine Jack Sweeney in such a position, and so shaking his head with genuine and heartfelt disapproval. "Well, I'll tell you, Miss Schneider. If he had a million, he'd let those girls get it away from him, every dime. I just know it."

It was crude and uncomplicated psychology, relayed in the blonde's direction through the eager and dewy-eyed innocence of the Schneider girl, but in the end it worked out just as it had been intended to do. The blonde had those diamonds, if Lieutenant Henderson was right, but there was no Louie Prince available to convert them quickly and safely into hard cash, and so the blonde must have been as tantalized by them as if they were a stack of nice, new Confederate money. She was in straits, dire straits; she had eighteen dollars and forty-two cents left now in her savings account, and, by means of a newspaper ad, she had been forced to take in the Schneider girl as a paying guest.

In such extremities, therefore, it was assumed that Jack Sweeney, rich, generous and impressionable, would appear to her as manna from heaven, and the assumption was proved perfectly correct. By the end of the week she was waiting for Sweeney in the downstairs hall, and dropping her packages and having all sorts of difficulties with her key ring; and following that, after a casual token resistance just protracted enough to shut off any lingering suspicions on her part, Jack Sweeney began to work on her, high, wide and handsome.

What followed was remarkably good fun while it lasted, even for Brother John. They became great chums, all of them—Sullivan and Mary Alice Schneider, the blonde and Sweeney—and there were Broadway shows several times a week, and late suppers, and ten-dollar tips. It was an old and comfortable routine to the blonde, although a new and entrancing one to the Schneider girl; and the thing that began worrying Sullivan a bit, and then worrying him some more, was the fact that Mary Alice was soon getting deeply involved in such an unhealthy existence—and involved way out of her depth too. But then, why wouldn't she? Take a good, decent girl from some Adirondack way station, bring her to New York for a secretarial job, throw her in with a smart cooky like Christine Edmunson and give her the primrose path and the high life night after night. What would be the ultimate effect on her? Couldn't he guess?

Of course, he could. By the end of the first week he was pretty sure that he could have kissed her good night if he had been that kind, naturally—and that low. By the end of the second, bold as brass, she was actually snuggling up to him in the back seat of Sweeney's convertible; while, on the other hand, and by the end of the third week, such drawn-out and lighthearted intimacy with Mary Alice became more than a little upsetting to Brother John's nervous system. He couldn't understand what was happening to him. Every time she so much as touched his hand or looked softly at him with her dark eyes, he felt—well, awfully peculiar.

So then he changed. He became sullen with the Schneider girl, very irritable and picky; and one Saturday night when they were all back in Christine Edmunson's apartment, and while Sweeney and the beautiful blonde were out in the kitchen mixing up drinks for everybody, the thing came to a head between Sullivan and this Mary Alice. She had drunk at least three glasses of champagne that evening—just tossed them off elegantly, like cream soda—she seemed to feel happy, vigorous and glowing after them, and she certainly looked that way; and when she came out of her bedroom in a new and décolleté evening dress—the dress Brother John had been ashamed to look at all evening—and (*Continued on Page 99*)

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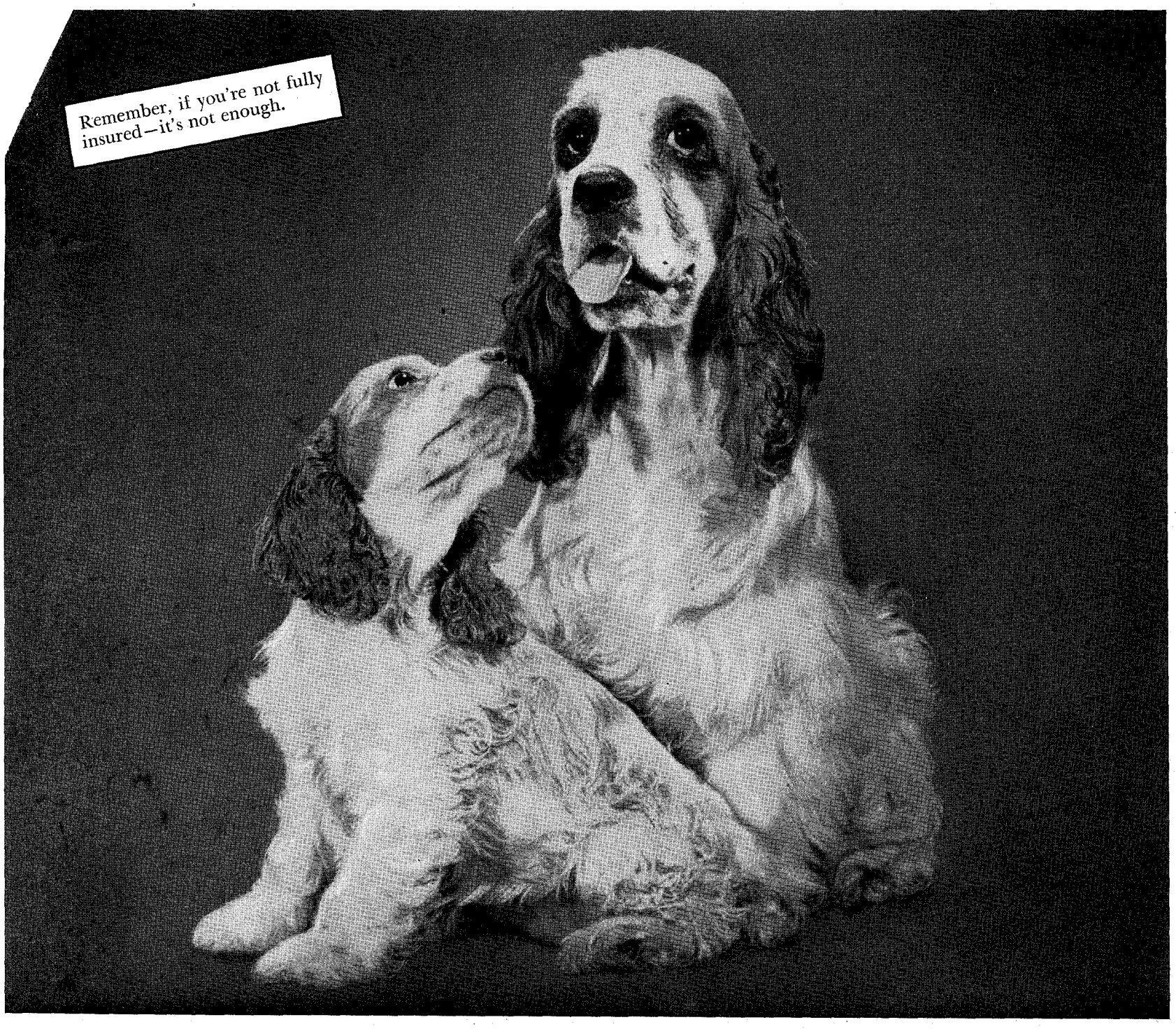

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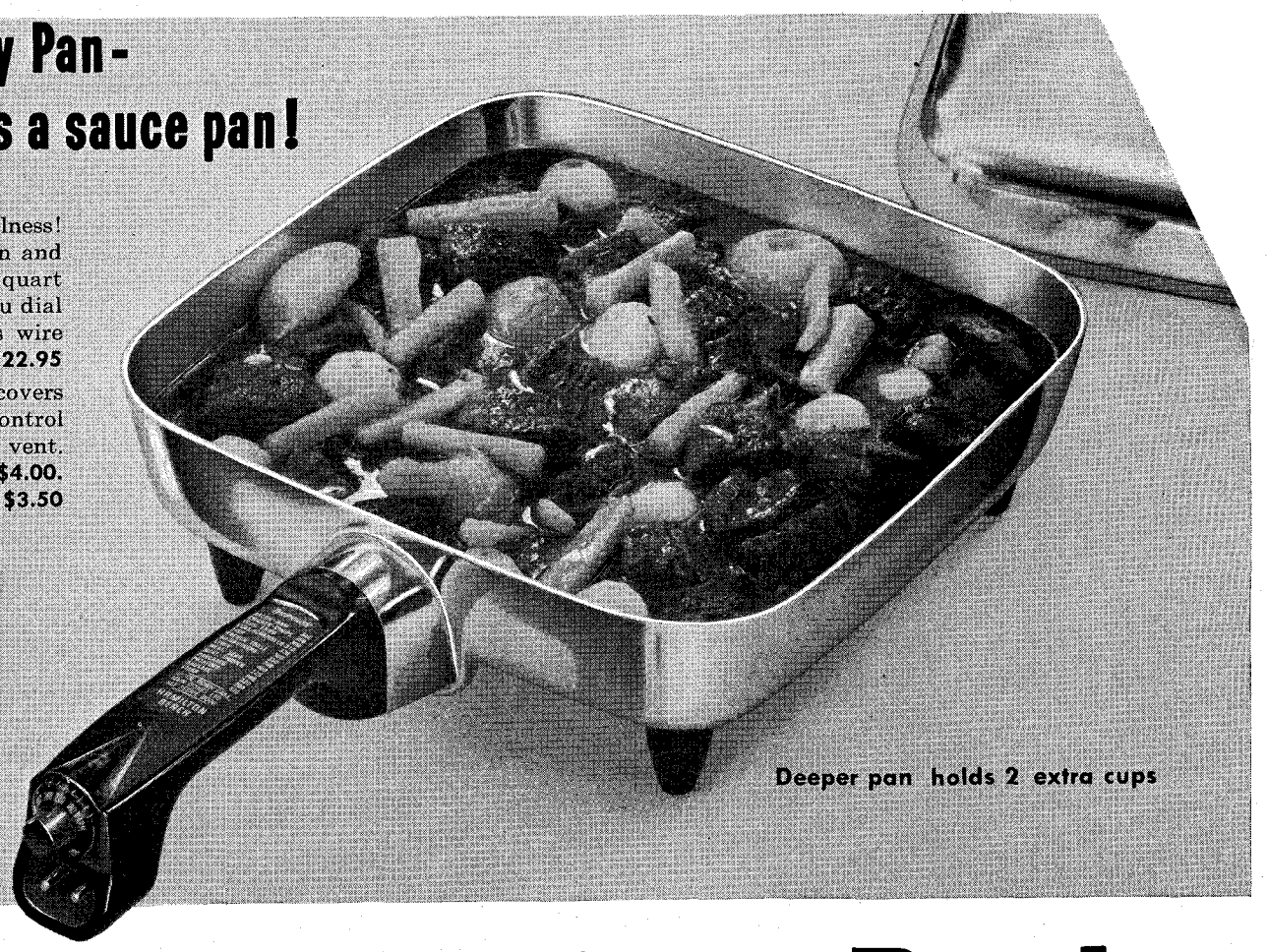

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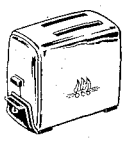

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(*Continued from Page 96*) a new hairdo, Sullivan felt a strange and oppressive emotion crushing in around him.

"What's that?" he demanded, after studying her for some moments with a dourly unmoved countenance. "What happened to you? To the hair?"

"The hair?" Mary Alice said, fluffing it out prettily and complacently. "Oh, my! You're really the sharp one, aren't you? You've been talking to me for about six hours, but you never notice a thing until we get all the way back here."

"That's all right!" Sullivan informed her truculently. "I asked you a question. And where did you get that perfume you have on—that essence de boudoir?"

She became slightly flustered. "Why," she said, "it's some of Christine's. What's the matter with it?"

"What's the matter with it?" he demanded, now absolutely furious with her for some reason, and so mimicking her in the most brutal and contemptuous manner possible. "You're beginning to make me sick—that's the matter with it! I suppose you imagine that you're something pretty special, maybe." And he laughed coarsely. "A real hot shot."

She flushed up. "That's a nice way to talk," she said, her voice wavering. "I don't seem to understand you any more; you're always picking on me. What's wrong, Bernie? Why are you treating me like this?"

"Like what?" Sullivan inquired, feeling himself tormented almost beyond his strength, and despite all his restrained upbringing from the three Sullivan sisters, by such a display of dazzling feminine shamelessness. "Like a gentleman? You have any objections to that?"

"No, no," she said; then smiled clumsily, perhaps thinking to placate him in such manner. "But you've been acting so funny tonight or all this week; you keep snapping me off every time I open my mouth to you. What is it?"

"Now I wonder," Sullivan said, his lips curling. "And what are they doing out in that kitchen? What's keeping them?"

He intended to divert his thoughts in that way, but he did not; he emphasized them. It had been the wrong question to ask. Out in the kitchen he heard a soft murmur or two from the blonde, and then a faint, playful scuffling about.

"I don't know," Mary Alice said, also hearing it. But she did know, just as Sullivan knew.

"Christine!" she called. "Christine! Is there anything you need out there?"

"H'm'm'm'm?" Sweeney said, his voice muffled.

That was the answer she got, and following it there was nothing at all but sudden and beating silence out there. It went on some more, and then Sullivan lifted his head blindly. That Sweeney, he thought. That dirty so and so! Sure! He was all right! It would have been a laugh to him, a big joke, to imagine for one second that what you wanted from a girl you had to find at the right time, in the right way, and under right and honorable conditions. Sweeney took what offered itself; had his fun. But Bernie Sullivan ——

His expression changed so much, and so quickly, that the three Sullivan sisters would never have recognized him. Waiting! he thought furiously. Always waiting! But for what? He turned to the Schneider girl and that evening dress, glaring at her not like Brother John, by any means, nor like Bernie Sullivan either—not really.

And she understood what was meant. "Bernie!" she squeaked out. "Bernie!" Her tone immediately became panic-stricken and anxiously distracted; her expression also. She backed off. "Please, Bernie!" she begged frantically. "Don't spoil everything now. We've had so much fun together, and you've been so —— Christine! Good heavens! Christine!"

They could have heard her up on the top floor; the whole thing was absolutely disgraceful. Using some of that good Adirondack muscle of hers, she wrenched free, leaving Sullivan to sprawl awkwardly after her, like a clown; then Sweeney and Christine Edmunson ran in; and Mary Alice pointed wildly at Sullivan and began to blubber when the beautiful blonde attempted to soothe her.

"Why, Bernie!" Jack Sweeney said, "Bernie Sullivan! Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Which, of course, ended the one chance that anybody would ever get with a girl like the Schneider girl—the one and only. Sullivan knew that, and so Sullivan spent a miserable Sunday morning thinking of it, and a miserable Sunday afternoon; and then that evening, since the jolly foursome was all done with, quite obviously, the Edmunson woman went off to visit an aunt over in Brooklyn.

Sweeney reported that by phone to Archie Henderson; and afterward, about eight o'clock, Sweeney put on a clean shirt and a new, hand-painted necktie, and began brushing his hair at the bathroom mirror, long and lovingly, with typical Sweeney smugness.

"You know what I think?" Sweeney said. "I think I'd better go over there and try to patch this thing up, Bernie. You monkeyed it all up last night. You see that, don't you?"

Last night, Sullivan told himself quietly—and forever. He sat down, not answering, just putting his head in his hands; and he did not move after that for about half an hour. It did him no good to keep on assuring himself that Jack Sweeney would know how to handle this—how to talk to her, how to pat her hand, how to joke about it. She wouldn't forget, and she wouldn't forgive either—not that girl.

But still, Sweeney was Sweeney—Mr. Knockover. Mr. Knockover, Sullivan thought again, for some rather obscure reason; and Mr. Knockover had shaved for the second time this evening, and brushed his hair, and put on the hand-painted necktie. Sullivan lifted his head suddenly; half got up. No, he thought; Sweeney wouldn't; not even Sweeney.

He sat back slowly; moistened his lips. Not even Sweeney? By nine-thirty it became impossible for him to remain quiet. He went out into the hall and rapped at the apartment on the other side of the landing.

Sweeney opened to him. There was a tray with coffee and used dishes on it in front of the couch.

"Get out of here!" Sweeney commanded him, turning his head to glance back of them at the kitchen passage. "I'm just about getting the thing fixed up for you, stupid. What is it, anyway? What do you want?"

He wiped his lips hurriedly. Any stain on the napkin? Sullivan asked himself, quite calm and logical about it. Yop, a raspberry-red smear over in one corner. So it wasn't only the blonde's perfume that Mary Alice was using now; it was the blonde's lipstick also.

"Thought you knew," Sullivan told him, quietly enough, but through clenched teeth. "Because I told you about that girl a couple of weeks ago, didn't I? Didn't I?"

Then he hit Sweeney, and Mary Alice Schneider walked in from the kitchen with a fresh helping of what looked like raspberry tarts—and Archie Henderson, just in time, got off the self-service elevator behind them. He glanced at Sweeney, who was sitting up on the hall floor and shaking his head groggily; he glanced at the Schneider girl, who was remaining quite rigid on the other side of the doorway; and he glanced at Sullivan.

"Oh, Bernie!" the Schneider girl wailed pitiably. "Bernie! Are you out of your mind?" Making a distracted gesture, she ran forward to help Sweeney or to prevent further hostilities, and then, for the first time, noticed Archie Henderson. She stopped short. "But who are you?" she inquired breathlessly. "Do you want this apartment?"

"Who am I?" Archie Henderson said. "The law, madam—that's who. And what I want in here ——"

He explained curtly, without adornment, but Sullivan never lifted his eyes from those raspberry tarts. Raspberry tarts, he thought mutely, not lipstick. What had he done?

"And tonight," Archie Henderson concluded, "after Sweeney phoned me, Eddie McGinnis and I followed the Edmunson woman. We picked her up about an hour ago, and those diamonds, just as she was leaving the aunt's apartment over in Bay Ridge. Now then, Sullivan, I saw

... ...

Apology

Although you'll find our
house a mess,
Come in—sit down—
converse.
It doesn't always look like
this:
Some days it's even worse.

By Norman R. Jaffray

... ...

what happened, and I'm going to ask you only one question. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"That it's my fault," Sullivan declared huskily. "That's all, lieutenant. Not his."

"You bet you it is," Sweeney said, getting up now, and tugging viciously at each coat sleeve. "And I was trying to explain for you; I was just sitting here and telling her how those old-maid sisters of yours got you all screwy about girls. But O.K. You just better remember this, Sullivan, because it ain't over between us, and don't you think so."

"That's enough," Archie Henderson said flatly. "I know your antics when there's a young lady involved—and I know Sullivan. He's the one that surprises me in all this. Not you."

"Not me?" Sweeney said. He went out then with Archie Henderson, defending himself heatedly, and Sullivan at last raised his eyes from the raspberry tarts.

"What did he tell you about my sisters?" he asked, clearing his throat carefully. "What kind of guff was he giving you in here?"

"I don't think I remember," the Schneider girl said, very short and cool with him. "Does it matter so much? Are they so awfully important to you?"

"They brought me up," Sullivan pointed out doggedly. "So I owe them something. Why wouldn't I?"

"Exactly," Schneider said, not glancing at him, but smiling coldly and venomously at the wall opposite. "Why wouldn't you? You owe them your whole life. Of course. Obviously."

There was a short, uncomfortable silence.

"And Archie Henderson had to catch us," Sullivan mumbled, another and very unhappy thought presenting itself. "He's always popping up like that just to see how we're handling something. Now he's going to blame Sweeney for this—and you don't know the kind of a guy Sweeney is. He'll lay for me around at the precinct some afternoon, and he'll knock my brains out. He fought amateur."

"Then I'm glad," Mary Alice Schneider told him—very composed, though, very dignified and ladylike. "You knocked mine out, if you want to remember. I was some kind of cheap pickup for you; I was just a diversion for a rainy evening. Well, I suppose the Sullivan sisters taught you that too. They taught you everything you know, didn't they? Everything but how to conduct yourself with a lady."

"Suppose I just couldn't stand it?" Sullivan demanded of her, very quietly. "Suppose that? Being near you all the time, and not being able to say what I felt about you or what I wanted for us."

"Oh, you'll stand it," Schneider said, her new and unsuspected feminine spitefulness again revealing itself. "That isn't going to be any problem at all, I'd say, because you still have those three wonderful sisters of yours. Remember?"

It was open war, and Sullivan knew it. It was also the supreme test—and Sullivan passed it.

"Will you stop harping on them?" he practically shouted at her. "They're not bossing Bernie Sullivan around—and you aren't either! I'll do what I want, when I want—and they'll take it or else!"

"Or else you'll tell them off," she murmured contemptuously. "Oh, of course; I can imagine their little Bernie standing up and declaring himself. Well, that'll be the day, if anyone wants my opinion; and I'd just love to see it."

But she did see it, as things eventuated. For the rest of that week Sullivan came around stubbornly to call on her night after night, and to explain everything; and on the next Sunday afternoon the three Sullivan girls invited her for afternoon tea, perhaps not altogether of their own volition. That old Jack Sweeney was there too—perhaps for moral support—with one of his lady friends; and he seemed to be very much impressed when he answered the doorbell for Mary Alice, and noticed the swagger coat, the smart hat, the new gloves and the matching pocketbook.

He whistled softly. "Pretty sharp," he said, "You trained right down for them, eh?"

"Trained down for who?" Mary Alice said, sounding quite calm about it, but not feeling that way. "You're always so smart, aren't you?" Then she hesitated in the Sullivan vestibule, a kind of wild panic sweeping over her at the worst possible instant. "Listen," she said breathlessly, "and admit it honest to gosh, Jack. Do you think they'll like me?"

Sullivan bounced in after her from paying the cab driver.

"You mean the way you look now?" Sullivan demanded. His reaction was altogether flattering—first honest amazement, then honest indignation. "They'd just better make up their minds," he declared ominously, pushing the door back and scowling from end to end of the Sullivan living room. "That's all. Because Bernie Sullivan likes you—and Bernie Sullivan likes you a lot too. So what are you worried about?"

"Nothing," she said, having all that she wanted then—all that was necessary. "Not a thing, Bernie. And perhaps we'd better go in now. I imagine they're waiting for us." THE END

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Hunt...for the best

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The Lady Cops of the Dope Squad

(Continued from Page 37)

drug addicts, as it happened, had guessed correctly. From their viewpoint, Dorothy was very wrong indeed. She was an undercover policewoman who had gathered evidence for many dope arrests.

When she ventured out on the assignment which got her trapped, there were already rumors and questions about her in the half dream, half sharply real world of the dope trade. Many users and peddlers knew of her buying drugs, but all agreed that no one had seen her actually use the stuff.

Another circumstance made her plight precarious. Usually, two armed policemen followed her at a distance as protectors. That night they lost her. The drug user who was her contact had, deliberately or otherwise, intercepted her on the wrong corner on spotting her car. Her guardians, going to the right corner, drew a blank. After hours of cruising around and hunting, they telephoned headquarters at two A.M., "We can't find Dorothy anywhere." A call to her home revealed that she hadn't shown up there. Her husband, upset and fearful, joined in the search. Police checked the hospitals, and finally the morgue. No Dorothy. They broadcast the license number and description of her car, without other identification. Not even the car, obscurely parked, could be located.

The quickest way to rescue Dorothy, the police concluded, would be to broadcast a complete description identifying her as a policewoman. That would put pressure on anyone forcibly holding her, and might save her from danger.

"But if we did that," a police official explained later, "it would have revealed that we were using women undercover investigators and have wrecked our whole highly successful system of arresting dope pushers through them. We faced a tough choice: Save Dorothy or smash the dope rackets. We set one P.M. as the deadline. At one, we would broadcast for Dorothy. At about twelve twenty-five the phone rang. A feeble voice, barely recognizable as Dorothy's, said, 'Sorry, I've had trouble.'"

Then Dorothy told her story: Fortunately for her, the big drug peddler she named was one from whom she actually had bought drugs, but who had not yet been arrested on her evidence. When he finally arrived, he said, "Sure, she's all right. Sell her a couple of bags of the stuff."

Anyone of lesser courage might have paid up and hurried away, but not Dorothy. By then, the room held almost a small convention of dope peddlers. Calmly she explained, "This is Saturday morning and I'm going away for the weekend with some other junkies. Any of you other folks want to sell me some stuff, so's we'll have enough for a long weekend?"

When she finally walked out into the fresh air, her purse held eight packages of illegal drugs.

Women such as Dorothy Garvin are one of the reasons that Philadelphia now claims the happy distinction of being the most-dope-free big city. Attractive young policewomen, mostly rookies direct from the Police Academy, paced a remarkable enforcement campaign. Often at great risk, they ventured into the haunts of the half-crazed dope world. There they collected evidence at first hand.

City officials say the campaign made it very nearly impossible to buy heroin, the powdered opium derivative which is the enslaving best-seller of the underworld drug trade.

The Philadelphia cleanup so impressed Price Daniel, then chairman of the Senate judiciary subcommittee on narcotics, and now governor of Texas, that he termed it "the most effective program for stamping out the illicit drug traffic of any city in the United States."

After direct police testimony to legislators, both Federal and state governments enacted stiffer penalties for inveterate dope peddlers. The state law authorizes life for third offenders. The Federal statute, signed last July by President Eisenhower, permits juries to impose the death penalty for the sale of heroin to youngsters under eighteen.

The devastation done by the drug habit among juveniles and females led some of the policewomen to volunteer for undercover duty. One mother of several small daughters explained, "We felt that we were helping to protect our children. Drug addiction, besides being torture in itself, is the straightest downhill road to prostitution. A woman caught by the drug habit will do anything to get the stuff. So they become double victims. Nearly all of the women addicts we encountered were prostitutes or on their way to becoming such."

As city officials point out, the "Police Academy Debutantes" did not wage or win the battle against narcotics alone. Hundreds of plainclothesmen and uniformed police, Federal narcotics agents, Pennsylvania and Federal judges, and three consecutive Philadelphia district attorneys contributed mightily.

The story begins, in fact, not with a woman but with a man. Thomas F. McDermott, square-cut and fifty-one, with wavy gray hair and direct blue eyes, is a career detective. He holds a rare professional distinction: Plainclothes investigator for twenty-eight of his twenty-nine years as a police officer. His role in the dope drive helped to win him promotion to chief county detective.

In 1954, Tom McDermott was a detective lieutenant in search of a tough assignment. He found it when Police Commissioner Gibbons assigned him to work with the veteran Joseph M. Bransky, regional director of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Enforcement was then undermanned and anemic. Bransky had only seven investigators to handle three states, including the Philadelphia area.

"At that time," McDermott says, "nobody had the men or money for real undercover work. Junkies—drug addicts—spend as much as fifty dollars a day for the stuff. When an undercover investigator must buy evidence at five to twenty-five dollars a bag, it takes a lot of money."

At Bransky's suggestion, relayed by McDermott, Commissioner Gibbons assigned some city policemen to co-operate with the Federal agents in undercover work. To finance them, Richardson Dilworth, then district attorney and now mayor of Philadelphia, persuaded City Council later on to earmark a sum for the weird purpose of having the city buy illegal drugs.

There began a fantastic make believe. The headquarters of the narcotics drive operated like a theatrical casting office, though the process was reversed. First McDermott and his colleagues picked their undercover men, usually fresh faces of the Police Academy rookies, unknown to the underworld. Then they cast each for a plain-clothes role which would fit him snugly into dope circles.

Because drug addiction flourishes among some jazz musicians, rookie Patrolman Joseph Addairio posed as a clarinetist. A police photographer provided him with a sheaf of photos of himself in soulful attitudes, eyes half closed, fingering his clarinet. Lugging photos and instrument wherever he went, he made fifty-five purchases of heroin. Actually, he was constantly on the spot. If a suspicious dope peddler had commanded "Play!" he couldn't have tootled a note. He didn't know how.

Gilbert Henegan, another rookie, who preferred police work to civilian jobs after three years in the Army, had spent two years on a GI scholarship, studying business psychology. Gleefully, McDermott and company decided that Henegan, with that background, should "go into business for himself" as a dope peddler. This gave him a ready approach. He went comparison shopping among other peddlers "to be sure my stuff is good." In five months he bought illicit drugs 137 times from sixty-two peddlers.

Patrolman Burdell Beaman, a Korean combat veteran scarcely larger than a schoolboy, adopted an extreme disguise. He dressed in woman's clothing. As his deep, resonant male voice would have been a giveaway, he pretended to be a deaf mute. It quickly developed that dope peddlers were not immune to anything which might pass for feminine charm. Beaman's success was so noteworthy that it prompted the use of undercover policewomen. Never uttering a word, the policeman, with a little girlish hip swinging, managed to buy sixty-three packages of heroin.

"The success of these and other policemen assigned as undercover agents astounded the Federal Bureau of Narcotics," McDermott says. "Nobody ever had hit the jack pot like this anywhere before."

In three typical years, 1952–53–54, the handful of enforcement officers arrested a total of seventy alleged narcotics sellers in Philadelphia on Federal charges. More than a third were later freed. Most of those who went to prison were out again, McDermott says, in little more than a year. "They went in and out so fast that they enjoyed what has been termed 'revolving-door justice.'"

The first blow of the new city-Federal enforcement campaign fell early in 1955. On the strength of undercover evidence, police raiding parties rounded up eighty-two dope sellers in a single night. By the end of the fourth big raid, less than a year and a half later, the score stood at 408 arrests of alleged heroin peddlers. Confronted by grocery cartons full of evidence, 391 went to jail. Nearly all are still there, serving some of the stiffest sentences possible under laws in effect at the time.

A combination of state and Federal court action whipsawed the dope racketeers into prison. After the first raid, the sellers posted $1000 in Federal bail as usual. Then a nightmarish thing, from their viewpoint, befell them. City police herded them in vans to City Hall, where they were held in $10,000 to $50,000 state bail. While their lawyers fumed, few managed to scrape up the big sums.

The legal strategy which kept the dope dealers in jail is credited to Dilworth, the district attorney who is now mayor. The sale of narcotics in Pennsylvania is both a Federal and a state offense. Previously, Philadelphia had left the prosecution to the Federal Government, although it could have tried dope dealers in the local courts for the identical offenses. Now Dilworth urged, "Let's go after them ourselves." The Federal prosecutors also wanted them. So, for the first time, the dope racketeers got both barrels.

A competition in speedy justice began. Fully half of the first raid defendants were indicted and headed for trial by the state before any Federal action was taken. Judge Vincent Carroll, of Philadelphia, cut short a vacation to conduct a special state narcotics court. Most defendants "copped the plea." Confronted by testimony involving repeated sales directly to law officers, instead of a transaction or two with addicts, nearly all hopefully pleaded guilty. Carroll dropped the ax on their dreams of short terms. Where the average Federal court sentence had been about two years, Carroll imposed sentences averaging five years and running as high as twenty-five years in one notorious case.

The Federal district court, always relatively fast-moving, meanwhile hurried up its narcotics trials. In instances where it dealt out routine short-term sentences to defendants not yet tried by the state, Judge Carroll haled the defendants before him and imposed two years on behalf of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. With a nice reciprocity which the dazed dope peddlers failed to appreciate, the Federal judges tried Carroll's original defendants and gave them terms to run concurrently with their state sentences. Although this did not extend their time, it made parole almost impossible. Anyone getting out of

"I may not get your entire superstructure in this."

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state prison could be sure of getting right into a Federal penitentiary.

During the trials, the police handed the narcotics trade another awful shock. Traditionally, law enforcement relaxes during court sessions. Many enforcers must attend court to testify. The underworld assumes that the others rest on their laurels, in the form of satisfying newspaper headlines. Drug peddlers who escaped the first raids began doing a brisk business with clients of their jailed competitors—or so they thought. Much of the business, they later learned to their sorrow, was with a fresh platoon of undercover police.

What jarred the drug peddlers to the bottoms of their cynical souls was a painful discovery: Many of the new evidence gatherers were girls barely out of their teens. Never before had they encountered the like. The drug trade's slang for a law enforcer was, indicatively, "The Man." Now, incredibly, young women sprang the trap. Many pushers quit trusting the entire opposite sex.

The foray of the female undercover agents was thoroughly planned. If anything, they were more carefully selected and coached than the men. McDermott and two other raid leaders, Lt. Glasgow Driscoll and Capt. Clarence J. Ferguson, stood in the back of rookie classes at the Police Academy and studied each new policewoman. Could she pass as a dope addict? Occasionally a new girl was tapped on the shoulder and summoned into a side room. It was, one said later, a little like being pledged to a sorority, but a strange, dedicated group to be associated with the lowest, not the highest, in society.

"We told each girl," McDermott says, "that the work was sordid, dirty, thankless, risky—and that they didn't have to do it. Very few backed down."

To minimize the risk of being found out and possibly knifed or strangled, the volunteers went through special schooling in underworld craft.

Then each girl was teamed up with a pair of patrolmen. The men followed her in a car with a miniature chemical laboratory. At the first opportunity, they tested whatever she bought. If it was heroin, it purpled. To detect phonies, some pushers peddled powdered sugar, talcum, even scrapings of wall plaster. If the powder failed to purple, the girl had to rush back to the pusher and complain that it didn't give her "a lift." The quick-test system not only convinced the pusher that she was an addict; it gave her an opportunity to buy unquestionably genuine heroin which could be preserved as evidence.

The patrolmen operated under orders to protect their girls from violence. It was a tough assignment. At least one girl made it more so. She felt it cramped her style. "No man will do as a woman asks," she confided. "Tell a man how you want him to cover you, and he'll do it his way. Then everything goes wrong. I finally dumped my 'protectors' altogether."

"Those girls," one police official says with tribute in his voice, "broke the back of the illegal narcotics trade here. They made the cleanup just about as complete as possible. Take Margaret Logan ——"

Margaret Logan is a little redhead in her twenties, with freckles and a smile. After six years as a hospital nurse, she took a civil-service examination for policewoman. The work, she assumed, would be in the Juvenile Division. Nearly all policewomen normally are assigned there. "People of all ages confide in me," she remarks, "so I thought I could put that to some use." Tapped while at the Police Academy, she found herself playing a grim confidence game.

It was shortly before Christmas, 1955, In an atmosphere of tinseled gaiety, Margaret went Christmas shopping for narcotics. Ironically, her first three purchases of heroin were neatly done up in holiday wrappings held together by "Merry Christmas" stickers.

"The pusher in this case used a drugstore as his place of business," Margaret says. "There were three pay phone booths. Once you became acquainted with him, you could call him over any of the three phones. He would put the stuff, wrapped, in the booth you called. Then he would sit at a counter stool just across the store and watch. You would come in, pretend to phone, pick up the stuff and put a five- or ten-dollar bill for it in the coin-return slot. The packages I bought from him were in Christmas trimmings, I think partly to fool anyone who saw them and partly because, in his way, this dope pusher liked to feel that he was a nice, jolly fellow."

Of all the undercover agents, Margaret struck up perhaps the coziest acquaintance with the dope trade. It was entirely unintentional. A pusher casually left her for thirteen hours in a small room with eight real addicts.

"This pusher was one I had bought from before," she relates. "When I phoned him for more at nine-thirty one morning, he told me to meet him at a small home in South Philadelphia. There were seven people waiting there, and another arrived later. All gave the pusher ten or twenty dollars. He added my money to a roll of bills and said, 'Now I'll go buy some for you.' That was about ten A.M. He didn't return until eleven that night. He went to New York for it."

Her biggest trouble came when the pusher finally arrived with the stuff, Margaret said. "Everyone wanted to 'shoot it up' right then and there. Everyone but me, that is. I pleaded that I had to share mine with a boy friend who had been waiting for me all day. They said O.K., and I scooted with the evidence."

Often, friendly drug addicts helpfully directed Margaret to private homes to buy narcotics. She went to fancy midcity apartments and also to humble dwellings.

Sometimes the sociability between undercover policewomen and their male quarries became too close for ladylike comfort. Several girls, acting their underworld roles realistically, were mistaken for prostitutes. An amorous dope addict with long sideburns cornered one of them in a second-story rear bedroom. The girl argued, fought—and finally jumped out of the back window. She landed on concrete twelve feet below. Picking herself up, she fled. The bewildered dope addict stared out of the window after her, but did not feel ardent enough to jump.

Policewoman Geraldine Galcik, on the other hand, sometimes felt "over-protected." Gerry, self-reliant daughter of a Czechoslovakian-born truck driver, could model in a smart Manhattan fashion salon. Slim and blond, she measures 32–20–30. Her blue eyes are merry, her smile quick, her mental reactions smooth as oiled steel. A former telephone operator and department-store detective, she now holds an odd record. She is the "most-arrested" policewoman on the force. She can, of course, explain.

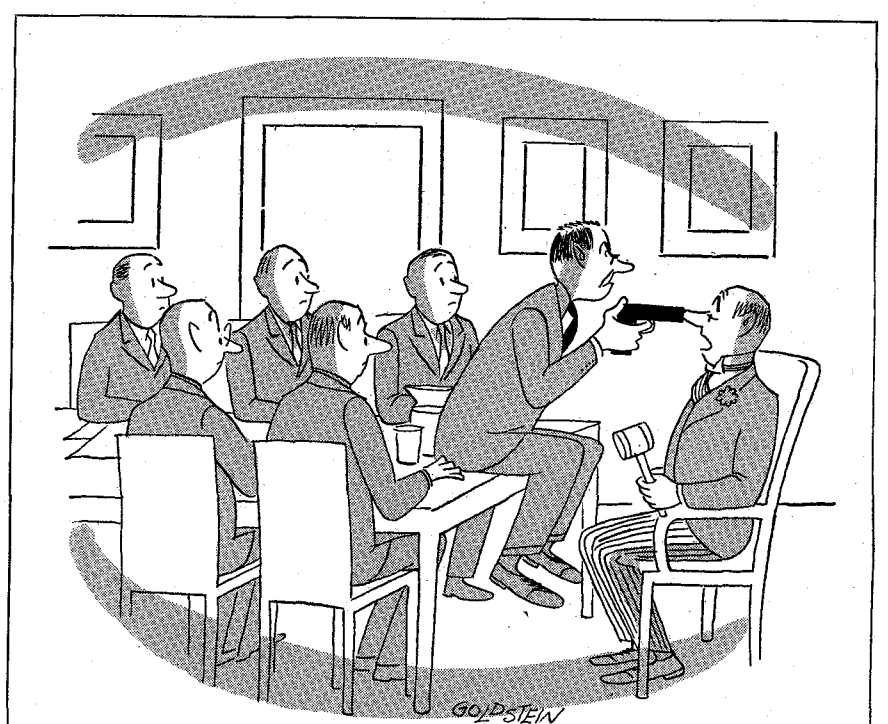
"For my first ten months on duty, I served in uniform with the Juvenile Division. I worked in nearly every police district, and knew hundreds of patrolmen. That handicapped me later. In narcotics investigation, I posed as a poor little rich girl who had all that money could buy and was out for thrills. I dressed well and drove a brand-new sports coupé. Naturally, I had to go into the worst neighborhoods to contact drug sellers.

"Frequently I'd be parked in some dim slum with just a pusher while I tried to persuade him to sell me the stuff. A patrolman, seeing what looked like a decent girl in a bad neighborhood, would rush over. It may comfort the mothers of Philadelphia to know this, but it was no help to me."

Often the patrolman would recognize Gerry from her Juvenile Division work. She would whisper, "Arrest me, quick." Time and again, she and her companions were hauled into district stations and booked for investigation. The ease with which she talked herself free impressed the dope trade.

On her first assignment, however, Gerry had a nerve-racking time. She was given only the approximate address and nickname of a big pusher in South Philadelphia and was sent out "cold" to locate him.

"In my rich-girl role, I put on one of my best dresses and hoped nothing would happen to it. I had only a general idea of where I was going, but I knew it wasn't a nice neighborhood. The man I was to find was both a junkie and a pusher, a nasty combination. He was a barber by trade, nicknamed Reds. I pulled up my car to a (*Continued on Page 104*)



"The chair recognizes Mr. Kedlow."

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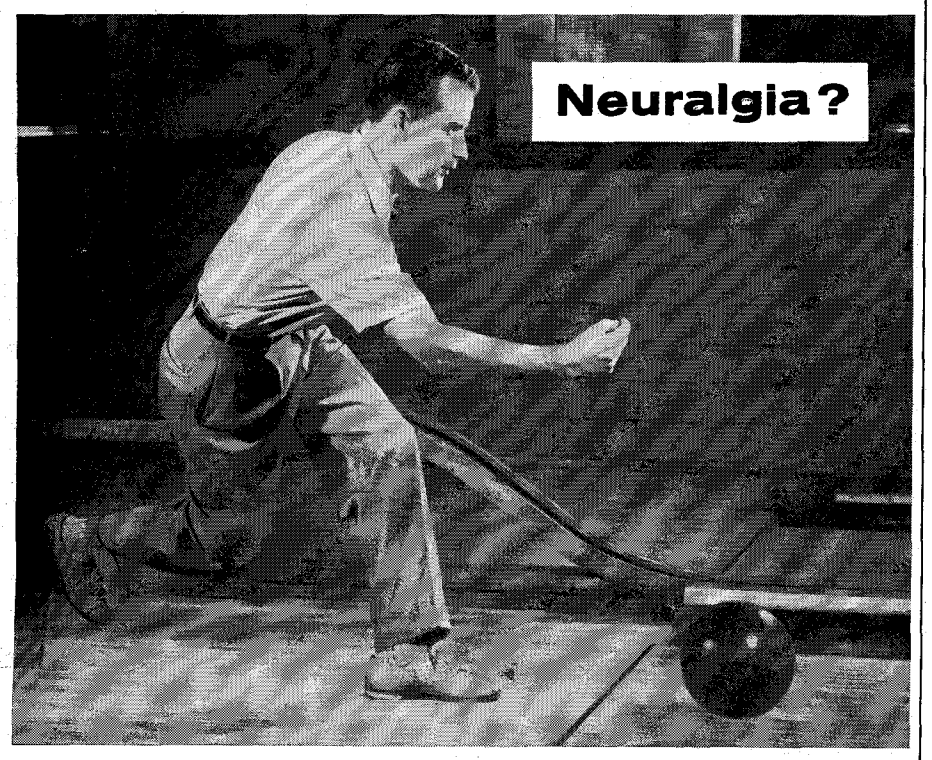

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(*Continued from Page 102*) barbershop in the vicinity, tooted the horn and called out for Reds. About five men came streaming out. Eventually I found out which one was Reds. I told him I wanted to buy some stuff. Beforehand, I had gone through the police files and memorized a few names of users in that neighborhood. When he asked what people I knew, I rattled off the names, meanwhile hoping and praying that none of them was standing around. Luck was with me.

"What impressed Reds most, though, was my hairdo. He took a professional interest in the way it was cut short in front and waved in back. Then the subject of the conversation changed. I guess he liked a lot more about me than my hairdo. He insisted on getting into the car with me. What was I to do? 'Sure, get in,' I said. We drove to six or seven addresses without getting the stuff. He was stalling me deliberately, while he gave me almost a third degree. He asked, over and over, who I was, how I got my money, who I knew. The whole time I was petrified."

Finally Reds took her ten dollars and went into a house. Twenty-five long minutes later, he came out and handed her a bag of heroin.

"I had made my first buy. Looking back, I guess the hardest part was waiting those twenty-five minutes to find out whether I had succeeded."

At times during investigations, Gerry's parents never saw her for three days at a stretch. Occasionally whichever one sat up later would leave a little note stuck in the television screen: "Gerry got home last night. She's O.K." They worried, she says, but they never urged her to quit.

Boy friends, however, created a real problem. "My best boy friend got so tired of my canceling dates that he broke off entirely," she recalls. "He just got fed up with hearing me say: 'I can't tell you why; you'll just have to trust me.' After the news of the raids revealed what I was doing, though, he sent me a big bunch of red roses and a note. Everything's happy now."

An even crueler test of a woman's ability to keep silent was endured by Gerry's partner, Dorothy Garvin, not long after Dorothy was imprisoned overnight by the dope racketeers. Her ordeal required her to remain absolutely still while a heavy man stepped on her head. At the time, Dorothy was too widely known as a police agent to dare to show her face. But she sat in the back of Gerry's sports coupé, with a bulky quilt handy for concealment, pointing out suspected pushers for Gerry to contact.

Abruptly, Gerry heard herself hailed. Dorothy instantly recognized the man as a pusher and ducked under the quilt. Gerry parked. The man came over. So, suddenly, did two other men, his pals.

Gerry, who has a flair for elementary mathematics, says, "You can't seat three men and a woman in the front seat of a coupé. Before I could say or do anything, a huge man with an enormous foot yanked open the back door and stepped right down on poor Dorothy's head under the quilt. I began yelling and carrying on to get him away from the car before he put his other foot on what was left of her head. I pretended I'd dropped some dope in the street. We hunted that. When we came back to the car, I told them I had chinaware wrapped in the quilt and that the 'big old clumsy' had almost broken it. I talked enough to drive him away. The other two men got in front with me. We drove and talked for an hour before I finally made a purchase and got rid of them. Then—and only then—was I able to see whether poor Dottie was still alive. She was. Through it all, she never even let out a sound. Later she joked, 'My mother used to tell me my thick head was of no use. Now I know better.'"

Altogether, the undercover policewomen and men purchased illegal heroin more than 2000 times in a year and a half. Under the law, any trace of heroin hydrochloride in such a purchase constitutes acceptable evidence. With the evidence in hand, the district attorney's office, headed consecutively by Dilworth, Samuel Dash and Victor H. Blanc, was enabled to draw up indictments even before the arrests. The culprits were rounded up in five sweeping raids in 1955 and 1956. In mobilizing for one foray, the 160 patrolmen under Deputy Police Commissioner Albert N. Brown made their field headquarters in Convention Hall, the mammoth auditorium where Democratic and Republican national conventions have been held. As usual, the raiders surprised the sleeping dope pushers between three and four A.M. By dawn, the big hall held the most ill-tempered convention it ever had seen.

The undercover investigations and raids laid bare the city's whole sordid crime structure. Among the revelations and results:

No widespread dope rings existed in Philadelphia. The largest mob numbered six men. Retailers usually bought their heroin from "wholesale importers" in the New York City area.

Some wives frown on their husbands' poker parties. Others have lucky husbands.

EDWARD H. DRESCHNACK

A large proportion of the racketeer population hastily left town. "Even some on whom we had nothing took fright and ran out," Chief Detective McDermott reports. "Most, we believe, went to New York City, Chicago or Detroit."

Philadelphia's general crime rate fell off 42 per cent in the half year of the first big raids. "While there will always be some dope sales and crime," McDermott concludes, "our experience shows that if you control illegal narcotics, you can reduce the entire crime rate."

Narcotics and other forms of major crime proved to be thoroughly interlocked in an unholy alliance. The insistent urge to use drugs spurred junkies into other crimes to get the money.

"One undercover man telephoned me one day in great concern," McDermott says. "'These junkies want me to drive the car in a payroll holdup,' he reported. 'They even offered to steal a car for me. What shall I do?' We told him to string along with them and learn all he could. His information enabled us to head off the holdup and arrest the gunmen without bloodshed."

An undercover policewoman, meeting an addict who explained he was "sick"—the jargon for needing dope—walked with him in West Philadelphia in search of a dope peddler. During the stroll, the addict took a small object from his pocket and methodically opened parking meters along four blocks of a main thoroughfare. Totting up his take, $6.80, he crooned, "More than enough to buy a five-dollar bag."

Then he waved the small object. "Nice little key," he crowed. The policewoman took a second look. It was an official parking-meter key. Its display led to the capture of an elusive gang of meter robbers, including drug addicts. Where had they obtained the keys? From a crooked employee in City Hall. THE END

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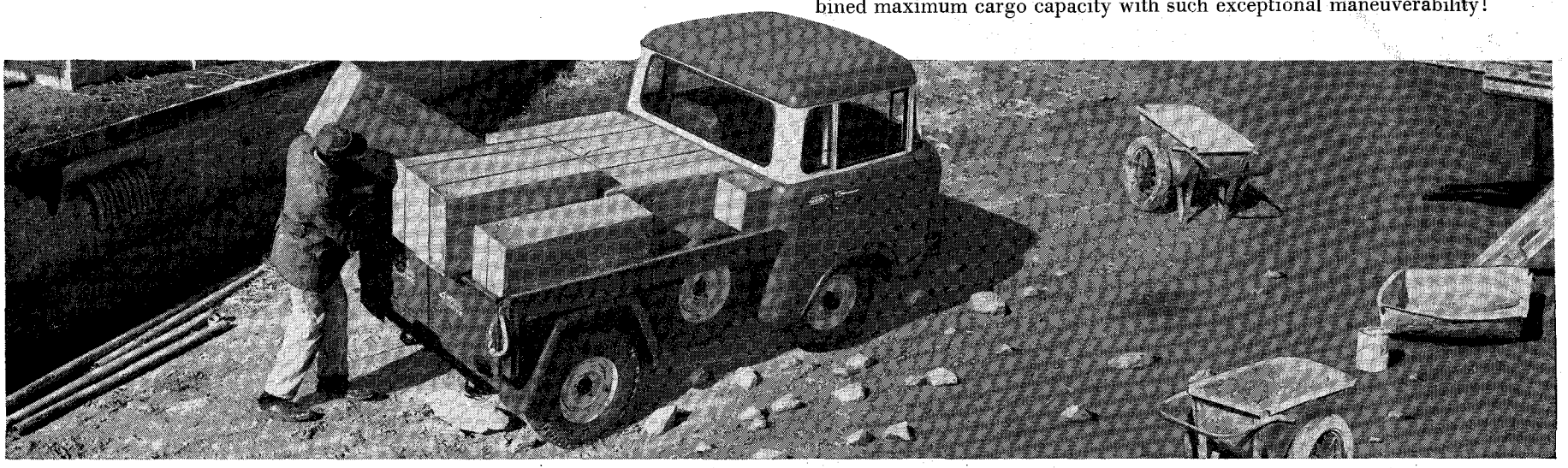

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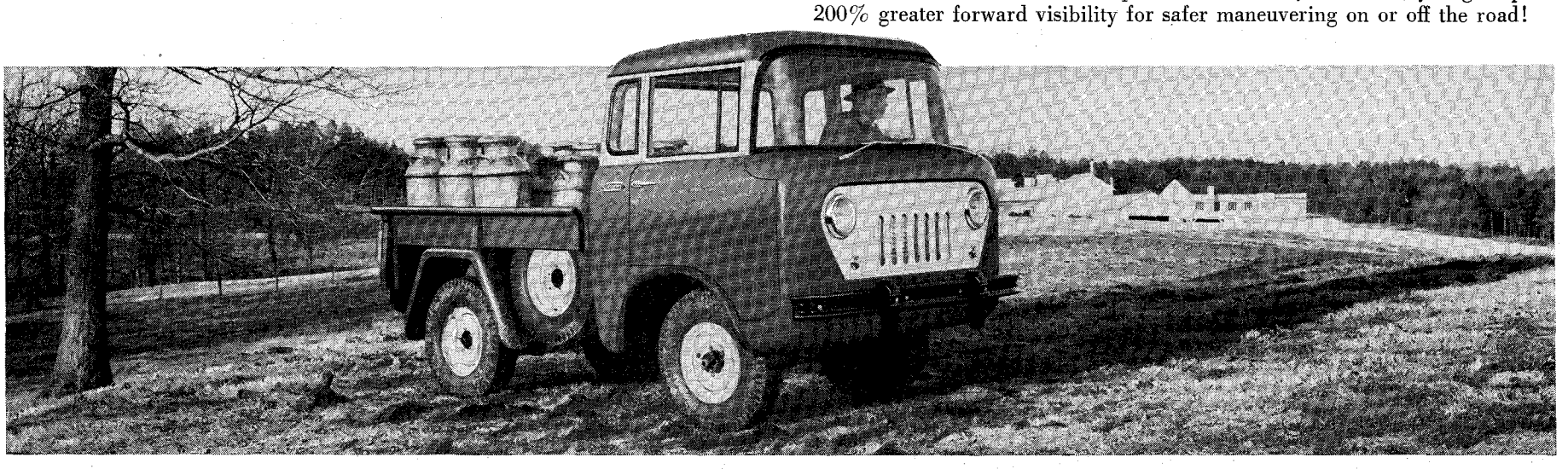

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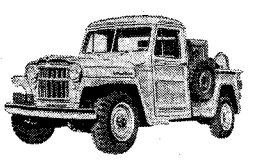

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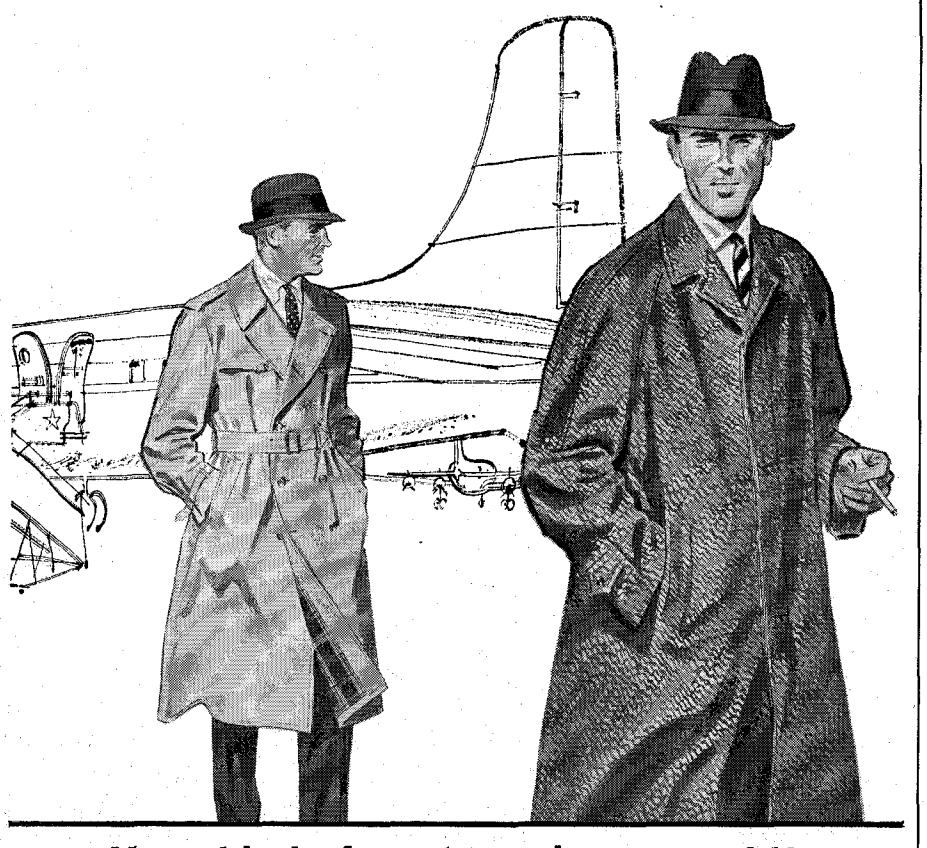

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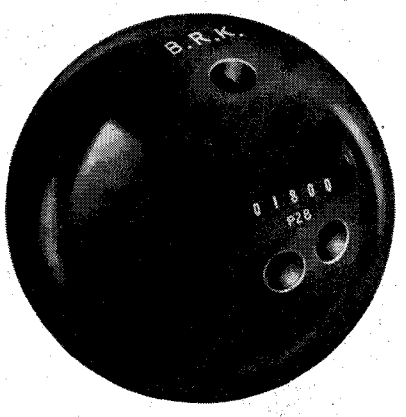

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Everybody Laughs at Me

(Continued from Page 30)

star. It takes talent not to be a movie star, and I was one of the best.

I have examined my conscience and I find that by stretching things a little, I can blame it all on Bing Crosby. Seventeen years ago, shortly after I arrived in America from Denmark, I wound up in Hollywood in a modest "Rooms for Rent" house. I was out of work and almost out of money, and Bing gave me a chance to perform on the Kraft Music Hall show.

I used material that had been hastily translated from Danish into English. Most of the time I didn't understand what I was saying, but there were enough laughs so that Bing kept me on the show for fifty-four weeks. I look back on this as a minor miracle, especially since producer Cal Cuhl and writer Carroll Carroll were frankly skeptical of my material and delivery.

Carroll eventually confessed. "So help me, Victor," he said, "we used to sit in the control booth with your scripts and look at each other. I said to myself: 'How can this guy go out there and get laughs with this stuff?' You used long pauses—that's a cardinal sin in radio—and then you'd say something and the roof would fall in."

Four or five months later, I was invited to attend the famed Bohemian Grove encampment near San Francisco. This yearly event, sponsored by the Bohemian Club, of San Francisco, attracts names from every corner of the nation. While at the camp I was asked to perform, and among those in the audience were Herbert Hoover, Lauritz Melchior, Lawrence Tibbett, Edward Arnold, Earl Warren, now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Lucius Boomer, then general manager of The Waldorf-Astoria.

When he got back to New York, Boomer called Sonny Werblin, of the artist agency, Music Corporation of America. "Sonny," he said, "at the Grove in California I heard a young fellow doing crazy things with a piano. I can't remember his name, but I want him for The Waldorf."

M.C.A., which almost always gets its man, tracked me down in Hollywood and learned that I was tied up in an agent's contract with Rudy Vallee. After prolonged dickering, M.C.A. bought up my contract from Rudy and I was booked into The Waldorf.

I went to the Copley-Plaza Hotel, in Boston, to break in my act. This is a show-business term meaning that if it doesn't break up completely, they'll let you try it again in New York. The audience survived, and so did I, and shortly afterward I began a long and happy association with The Waldorf.

At M.C.A., meanwhile, little beavers had been going through my scrapbooks with the help of a Danish-English dictionary, and discovered that I had been the star—and I use the word with reservations—of six films made in Denmark. Presently I got a delirious communiqué from the agency's movie department telling me to rush to Hollywood. I had been signed for a feature role in Meet the People, a medium-sized colossal with Lucille Ball, Dick Powell, Bert Lahr, June Allyson, Spike Jones, Vaughn Monroe and many others.

When I showed up on the set, the director greeted me with a pitiful moan. "Not again!" he said. "We've already got fifty blue-chip people in this picture and we're stuck with 'em. So here's another one. What do you do?"

"I have fun with a piano," I said.

"Yeah? Well, have some fun."

After this rude audition the director gave me a friendly professional nod. "Very funny, Mr. Borge. But take my advice. This picture is a mess. Don't get into it. There isn't any room for you anyway."

I took his advice and no harm was done. I had just arrived back in New York as a retired movie star when I collided head on with Jules Stein, the high priest of M.C.A. People have been known to collide with him and disintegrate. "Borge," he said, "you're the biggest idiot I ever met. How can you turn down an opportunity like this?"

"Jules," I said, "I don't want to be pushed into this thing. I want to work. I'm not exactly a beginner in the movies. I know what I can do and ought to do."

I was just about getting used to the New York newspapers again when the M.C.A. frontier scouts came up with another one.

I hurried back to Hollywood and found myself wading through six inches of carpet in the office of Mr. Joseph Pasternak, of M-G-M.

"Borge," he said, "I'm going to make a big picture with a part for you. You are one of two sailors, and you go back and forth and you say a few words."

"No piano? No comedy?" I asked.

"Look," he said testily. "No piano and no comedy. That's for the stars. I created Deanna Durbin and I created Stokowski, and I can create you. I know what I'm doing."

"I'm sure you do, Mr. Pasternak," I said. "Unhappily, I have the same opinion. I also know what I'm doing."

"You do?" he said.

"Yes. I'm leaving."

On the third try I signed up for an RKO picture called Higher and Higher. This production was primarily designed to boost a rising young singer named Frank Sinatra, but I was promised a substantial part.

In typical Hollywood fashion and in spite of my heavy Danish accent, I was cast as Sir (*Continued on Page 109*)

Small-Town Folks

By Maude Rubin

We live here in each other's
laps, you say—
This small tight circle of a
tight small town
Where small concerns, small
interests interplay.
Small privacy is here—each
man a clown
For commonplace
amusement or for gibe
That thrusts at pride or
pretense laughter's
sword
Sharper than pain. By
members of the tribe
Each falsity is pierced, its
source explored.
But when an infant's cry
breaks midnight air,
When illness comes—or
loss—to test the heart,
The town sends up a
whispered chorus prayer.
On tribal strength we lean,
no one apart.

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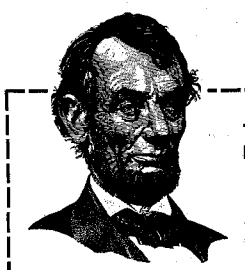

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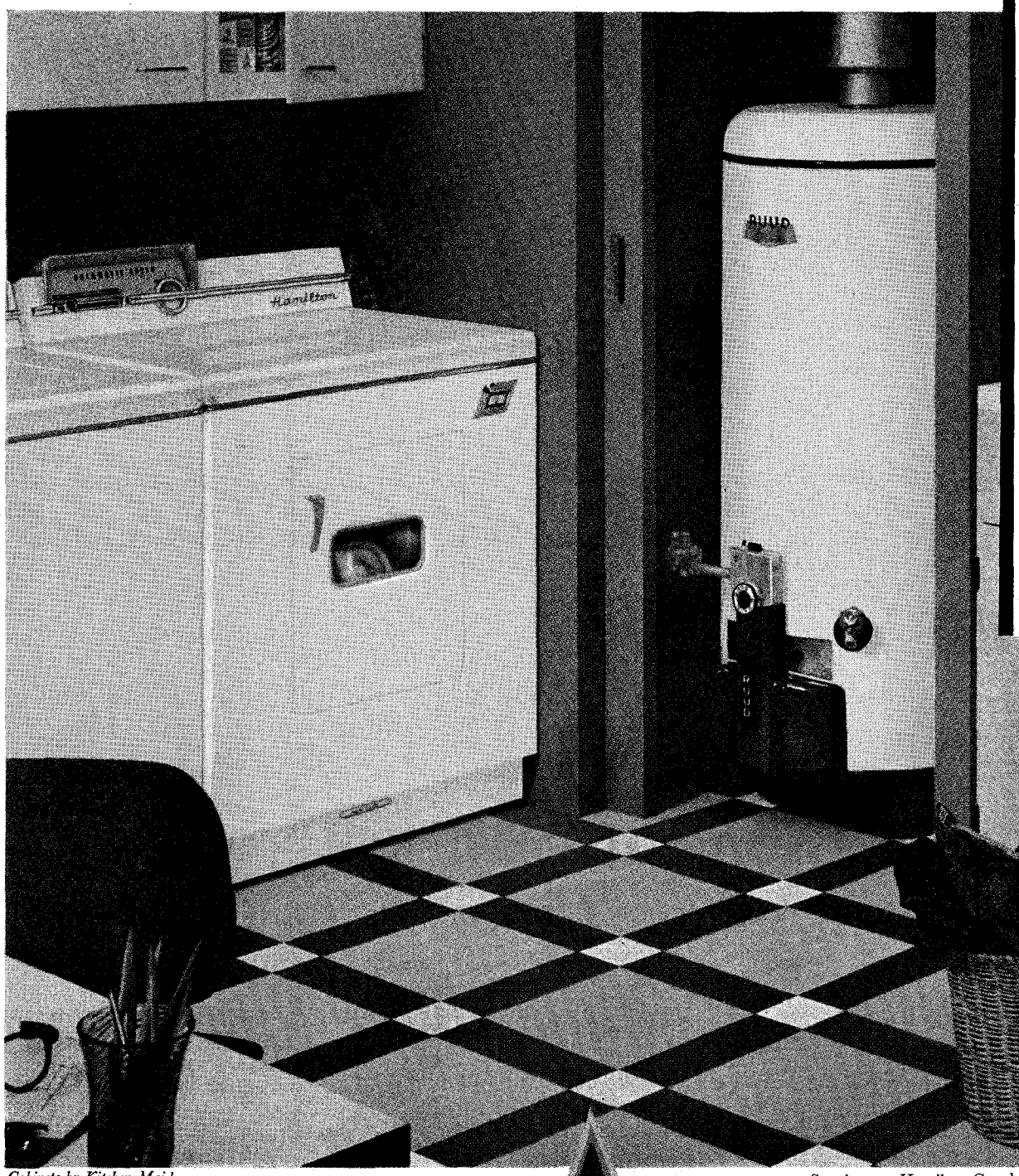

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(*Continued from Page 106*) Victor Fitzroy-Victor, an English nobleman.

As the filming progressed, Sinatra went higher and higher, and my footage went lower and lower and virtually sank out of sight. When you are low man in a Sinatra picture, you are shaking hands with the sandhogs. But these little inequities eventually balance out. When the film played Copenhagen, the marquee lights read HIGHER AND HIGHER—STARRING FRANK SINATRA AND VICTOR BORGE.

That picture marked the beginning and the end of my American movie career. I went back to The Waldorf, and later to theaters and night clubs and auditoriums all over the country.

I played The Waldorf year after year—I still hold the record there—and in a roundabout way my engagements there and in other hotels contributed to the evolution of my Broadway one-man show. I have always rebelled against time limits imposed by hotel managers, night-club operators and stop-watch characters in radio and television. I feel that the length of my performance should be judged by showmanship only. I know when an audience has had enough, whether I've been on ten minutes or three hours. The audience knows it, too, and we usually agree.

Night clubs and hotel supper rooms have a time limit for the performer. Since food and drink are not served while the artist is on stage—in the better places, at least—the cashiers feel the pinch during the show. The management is not happy until dishes and glasses start rattling and the cash register rings again.

At The Waldorf I had a strict fifty-minute limit, and many times I felt as though I were working with a ball and chain. They would turn up the room lights at the end of my allotted time, but usually I kept going. If the audience wanted more, I stayed on as long as ninety minutes. One evening my good friend, Joe Binns, executive vice-president of the Hilton Hotels Corporation, came to what is now the Empire Room with a magnificent three-tiered cake.

"Had this made just for you, Victor," he said.

I was deeply touched, and his thoughtfulness was an inspiration. I was going strong when my monologue was suddenly interrupted by the clanging of an alarm. I looked around wildly, but couldn't locate the source of the sound. At that point Joe stepped up to the cake, cut it open and extracted an alarm clock with a bell big enough for a Swiss cow. I got the point, but I couldn't reform overnight. In fact, I never did, and the hotel soon began charging me overtime for the musicians on the bandstand. I am happy to record that, in this case, justice prevailed. Thanks to the fabulous Philippe of the Waldorf, we now deliver as many as 6000 Rock Cornish hens weekly to this enormous establishment, and I understand that Joe Binns eats most of them.

It was about that time, I think, that I began longing for an arrangement whereby I could pick my own spots, control the music and stay on stage as long as good showmanship allowed. With the help of my friend, George Weigl, I assembled an orchestra and took to the road.

Thumbing through my diaries now, those many journeys back and forth across the valleys and plains echo in my mind like bits of the medley which I mentioned when I began this story many pages ago.

I can see myself at my Carnegie Hall debut on October 13, 1945, when I had a fever of 103, and was so dizzy from medicines that I could barely make out the keys. I had determined to go through with it even if they had to carry me home, but I must not have been very funny that night. One of the part-time music critics for The New York Times summed it up like this: "Mr. Borge plays the piano so well, even when eating a sandwich at the same time, that one cannot help wondering why he doesn't just play it, leaving the 'humor' to other times and places." I haven't played Carnegie Hall since and, for the record, the critic is no longer with the Times.

There was another evening, in London, Ontario, when a stray dog trotted across the stage while I was playing Clair de Lune. Without dropping a note, I immediately switched to the popular song, Trees, and the roar from the audience scared the dog out of the theater and any other ideas he might have had.

I recall arriving at the auditorium in St. Louis and seeing parked cars lined up for a mile. Thousands of people were streaming toward the building, and George Weigl said, "Look, maestro! Full house tonight!" But when we went on stage there were only a few hundred people on hand.

It didn't take long to solve the mystery after we began hearing a thunder of voices during our show. It seems there were four thousand screaming people in another hall under the same roof, watching Strangler Lewis strangle Man Mountain Dean. During the intermission, I asked the house manager if our little concert might disturb the muscle men across the way.

"Oh, no, Mr. Borge," he said seriously. "You go right ahead. You won't bother those fellows one little bit."

There was a morning when I went to a tobacco auction in Danville, Virginia, and became spellbound by the rhythmic chanting of the auctioneer. I mumbled something complimentary just as the man paused for breath. He promptly pointed my way and cried, "Sold to that gentleman over there!" What could I do with all that tobacco? Well, I had it rolled into cigars and they were very handy, indeed, when Sanna and I celebrated the birth of our son, Victor Bernhard Borge, who will soon be three years old.

I can remember going to Atlanta and finding, with some irritation, that someone had neglected to confirm room reservations for me and my twenty-seven musicians. When we were finally settled at the Henry Grady Hotel, the manager said cryptically, "A musician friend of yours had reserved several rooms, but he heard of your trouble and asked me to release those rooms to you." I said I didn't have any musician friends in Atlanta.

"I wasn't supposed to mention his name," he replied. "Guess he might be embarrassed or something. Anyway, he says he never misses one of your broadcasts."

"For heaven's sake," I said, "who is it?"

"Fritz Kreisler," he said.

With each new journey into the distant outposts of my adopted homeland I saw more and more of its greatness and its strength. I played the large cities and I played the sticks. I bumped over back roads in a battered bus, and I hired small planes that often had to land in some farmer's field. I went to places so remote that the people there thought Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov were executed Russian spies, whereas in the big cities the music critics thought it was I who had killed them.

But all of this was America, and I wanted to belong. I had long since taken out my first citizenship papers and finally, early in 1948, I thought I was ready for the last step. Many another refugee, I think, would understand the conflict in my heart about this important step. I had and always shall have abiding affection for my native Denmark. But now I was in America. I had purchased a home in California and we were bringing up our twins, Janet and Ronald. My future was here, and I had new friends and new horizons. My parents lived happily together and as my love for my mother was shared with my affection for my father, so are my feelings evenly divided between my motherland and my new fatherland, and, like any good son, I shall do what is within my power to make it a happy marriage.

In March, while I was playing Boston's Copley-Plaza again, I was asked to appear in Los Angeles for my examination. I was well read on American history and, of course, I was familiar with the democratic processes of the Government. I had also spent hours on the required reading. I was sure I knew all the answers. I was doing very well on the quiz when the Immigration officer assigned to me said, "Mr. Borge, can you ever become President of the United States?"

I knew that one, of course. I had had the privilege of discussing this high office with the man who was then in the White House—President Harry S. Truman. We were both Chopin devotees, and I had played for President Truman, in public and in private.

"Well," I said, and I could have cut my throat afterward, "first of all, I will never be running for President because I have so much to do, and anyway I doubt that anyone would vote for me."

My interrogator was in a different mood. He put my papers back into a folder with a chilling air of finality, and said, "Mr. Borge, you flunked! The right answer is that you cannot be President because you were not born here. Come back in two or three weeks and try again."

Well, who knows? He might have been a piano teacher once or, deadlier yet, a music lover. Furious because my thoughtlessness had caused this unnecessary delay, I rushed to the airport and flew back to Boston. Three weeks later, somewhat chastened, I went back to Los Angeles and passed the examination. Shortly afterward I was invited to return to Copenhagen to do a command performance for King Frederick. I had just accepted the invitation when I heard that my citizenship papers were being held up.

I flew West for the third time in two months, and began pacing the floor in my Chatsworth, California, home. I was scheduled to fly to Denmark in mid-April, and it was too late to advise Copenhagen that I might not get a passport in time. Two weeks went by without action, and I was losing so much sleep I should have gone to work as a night watchman.

Friends in Washington finally told me confidentially that the FBI was going over my records and my scrapbooks with a magnifying glass. I had furnished those records and books myself, and I was confident that even Joe McCarthy could find nothing to raise an eyebrow.

At the last moment—only hours before I was due to leave—I got a call from the Immigration office in Los Angeles and was told to rush downtown to the

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You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Irate Elmer objected to nearly everything about the public school that his children attended. So he made up several hundred copies of a list of his grievances. These ranged from objections to paying for school lunches to charges that the teachers were incompetent. Then he marched into a school corridor and passed out his handbills to all comers. The teachers became so upset that they dismissed their classes. The principal called the police. Elmer was prosecuted on a charge of disturbing a public school.

"Elmer was handing out a handbill containing abusive and untrue accusations," the prosecutor stated. "This upset the teachers so that they couldn't conduct classes. Therefore he is guilty of disturbing the school."

"A man has a right to air his views peaceably, and that is all I was doing," Elmer replied. "I didn't actually prevent the teachers from holding classes. In getting excited at my charges, they—not I—disturbed the school."

If you were the judge, would you jail Elmer?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Elmer went free. The court said the teachers did not have to accept or read what he handed out, or get so excited about it that they had to dismiss their classes.

Based upon a 1956 Georgia decision.

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Federal Building. A Government agent went into Federal Judge Pierson Hall's court with me, carrying a scrapbook of mine which was stuffed with letters. They were from generals and admirals for whom I had done several hundred armed-forces shows. There were letters showing I had made many Office of War Information broadcasts in Danish which were beamed to occupied Denmark. There were thank-you notes from the Red Cross, the U.S.O., the Treasury Department, many hospitals and various Cabinet officers. Even from the White House.

I was standing in the courtroom with my heart pounding when Judge Hall asked the routine question, "Is there anyone in this room who objects to this applicant becoming an American citizen?"

There was a suspenseful moment of silence, and then I heard a voice. "Yes, your honor, I object." My nerves jumped like live wires, and I turned to look at my detractor. He was the Immigration officer who had come in with me, and my scrapbook lay open in his hands.

"On what grounds?" Judge Hall asked quietly.

"On the grounds"—the man spoke very slowly—"that Mr. Borge gave a benefit performance in 1943 for a certain relief organization. I have here the letter thanking him for participating in the show, and on the letterhead is the name of a committee member whom the Government now considers subversive."

I racked my memory, trying to recall what group he meant. I had done scores of these relief shows without knowing who was on the committee or who wasn't. So had dozens of other entertainers.

Judge Hall beckoned to the agent and asked to see the letter. He read it carefully, closed the book with a snap and laughed softly. "Congratulations, Mr. Borge," he said. "You are now an American citizen."

"But, your honor ——" the agent sputtered.

"Your objection is overruled," the judge said. "It so happens that I know all about this dangerous group. During the war I was the Los Angeles committee chairman."

I went out of that courtroom with my precious piece of paper, and I stood in a corner of the lobby where no one could see me and I let the tears run down my face. At last I was Victor Borge, American.

That same night I was on my way to Denmark for a homecoming heavy with sweet nostalgia and oppressive sadness. I walked among the living and the dead; old friends with whom I had grown to manhood, memories of others who had gone on during my eight-year absence. I went to the cemetery where my parents rested, and to the house where they had taught me the beauty and everlasting richness of music. So much had changed, but there was much that would never change.

The images of my youth were even more haunting when I went to the Opera House for my first rehearsal with the Royal Opera Orchestra. Here were men, now bent and graying, who had played with my father during the long years when this orchestra was his whole existence. Here were men who knew every note of the masterworks when I was still a brash boy struggling with scales.

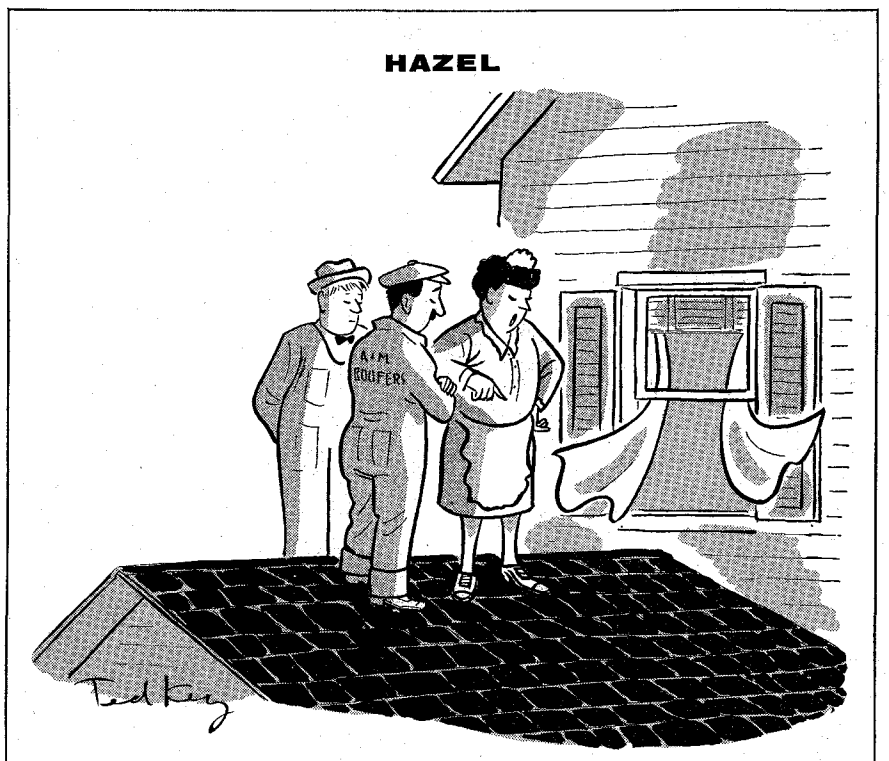
I had been warned by a friend that many of the musicians were afraid that they might be involved in a comedy routine. Perhaps they thought I would hurt the dignity of this fine old organization. I was going to do comedy, but I was also to play the first movement of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto. Still later I was going to conduct the orchestra—from the piano—in my own arrangement of a medley of popular American tunes.

When I lifted my baton I noticed the rebellion in their eyes. I gave them the downbeat and we began. We had played for only a short while when I stopped the orchestra. Some musicians were purposely playing wrong notes to test me. Without the score in front of me, I politely mentioned several mistakes and which instruments were responsible. As an example, I called out to one of them and said, "Sir, if I remember correctly, the fourth note in the third bar is a C-sharp. Would you look it up, please?"

The man riffled through his music and grimaced. "C-sharp it is," he said.

After I corrected a number of other errors the concertmaster, Peter Lynged, suddenly stood up and faced the orchestra.

"Enough of this, gentlemen," he said. "Now we can play. We are being led by a maestro."



"Now here's what we want done. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I played six concerts with this orchestra, including the command performance for King Frederik and Queen Ingrid, and there were no more false notes. They gave me their hearts and I was one of them. In Denmark there is a traditional gesture in which the orchestra says *au revoir* to a guest conductor or an artist by playing one sustained chord. They stand up during that chord and if a man is to be exceptionally honored, the concertmaster presents a laurel wreath.

During our last concert, as I walked out for a formal bow, the orchestra struck the customary chord. Then they suddenly broke with all tradition and swung into The Stars and Stripes Forever. When I turned to acknowledge this unique tribute, each musician was waving a small American flag. They also presented me with a wreath. If fate had willed me to die at that very moment, I could have asked nothing more from life, except one wish—that my father could have been there.

The years from that day to this have been abundant with fulfillment, even though, as in every man's lifetime, there have been shadows and wounds that will never quite disappear.

Elsie and I, who had been living apart for some time, realized that we had come to the crossroads. Her heart was not in show business, and the shallow roots put down in this transient kind of living were not enough. We were divorced six years ago, and she stayed in our California home when I moved East. She is now happily remarried and we are good friends, and share the problems and joys of our children.

In 1953—the year I won my gamble on a Broadway one-man show—I married Mrs. Sarabel Roach, of Owensboro, Kentucky. I call her Sanna because that name has no connection whatsoever to Sarabel, and she calls me Borge or Mr. B. because she doesn't like the formal sound of Victor and hasn't the nerve, yet, to hail me as Ol' Vic.

We live at Vibo Farms in Southbury, Connecticut, a place that has been described by some of our friends as an amateur madhouse. There is no particular reason for this, except that the place more or less rocks with musicians, press agents, writers, arrangers, producers, actors and other characters who are not completely sane.

The pandemonium is also enhanced—perhaps "aggravated" is the word—by Sanna's daughter, who is called Sanna, Jr.; our own two children, Victor and baby Frederikke; a performing poodle named L'Amour, and a boxer—that's a dog—that answers to the inelegant name Muggsy.

And since every program has a commercial, there are also 80,000,000 or so white birds called Rock Cornish hens. There aren't actually that many, but there are days when they seem to be perched on every tree, fence and window sill. We process thousands of these Vibo Rock Cornish hens every week, and they go all over the world, including the famous Maxim's in Paris. I admit there are times when it seems incongruous for an entertainer to be knee-deep in feathers, but I am also happy that my progress in the business is making people everywhere think that all Rock Cornish hens and Victor Borge are keeping young in the same freezer. Perhaps this is why some music critics—and this will be my last remark on the subject—are justified in saying, "Borge? He's for the birds."

So the medley comes to an end. Nearing the conclusion of these chapters, I feel that I have only scratched the surface of the ocean of incidents which have concocted what so far has been my life story, and I am eager to admit that an endless number of people have sweetened my existence with friendship and encouragements. They should all have been mentioned and credited with their invaluable influence on a life which has bestowed so much happiness upon its custodian. For instance, the people with whom I am in daily contact at Vibo Farms, my many friends in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, England and Canada, the millions of Americans who so vastly have contributed to freedom in parts of the world, and last but not least, the press, my co-workers and fellow artists in show business. It is like sugar in a cup of "do you want it now or later" coffee. Once you stir it, each grain becomes part of the unit.

I have only one more short, happy melody to play, and it goes back to the days when I was an impoverished immigrant, just off the boat from Denmark. I had no work then, and no prospects, and for a while I would have had no place to sleep except for the generosity of members of the Frederik Lunning family, who founded the Danish firm known as Georg Jensen, Inc., in America. One of the Lunnings gave me sanctuary in a Gramercy Park apartment until I could afford a place of my own, and other Danish-Americans helped when I needed encouragement and advice. I had always hoped there would be a way to show my gratitude, and finally it came.

Two years ago, a group of civic-minded citizens, including Just Lunning, present head of the Jensen firm; Baroness Alma Dahlerup, Jean Hersholt, banker Christian Sonne, Danish Ambassador to the United States Henrik de Kauffmann, and many others, got together in New York to plan a memorial statue of Hans Christian Andersen, the immortal story teller.

The site in Central Park was donated by the city of New York. Thousands of Danish school children had already contributed their pennies to the project, but the committee needed another $25,000. I was extremely interested in the project, and I was asked if I would give a benefit performance to help raise the money. Now, a benefit of this magnitude is a tiring, complex operation for all concerned, and often the profits are chipped away by unavoidable expense. So I went to a committee meeting with a counter-proposal.

"I do not think any one person should be the major contributor," I said, with an innocent sidelong glance at Christian Sonne, "but I will contribute half the needed amount if someone will match it, plus one dollar."

Sonne smiled and immediately wrote out a check for $12,501. Last year, while I was in Denmark showing my children the original Hans Christian Andersen home, the magnificent memorial statue was erected in Central Park in New York. It is a peaceful place dedicated to all the children of the world, and to the young in heart, and only happy stories will be told there.

So come to Central Park someday and sit for a moment beside the figure of the wise and gentle master of make-believe. You may find me at his feet, too, and I might tell you the most remarkable fairy tale of all—the story of Victor Borge, a Danish boy who had wild and impossible dreams. He wanted to come here with his music and his open heart, to bring you laughter and happiness now and then, and perhaps a tear or two. It all came true, and he lives here happily ever after. That is his reward. The rest goes to the Government.

Editors' note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Borge and Mr. Jennings.

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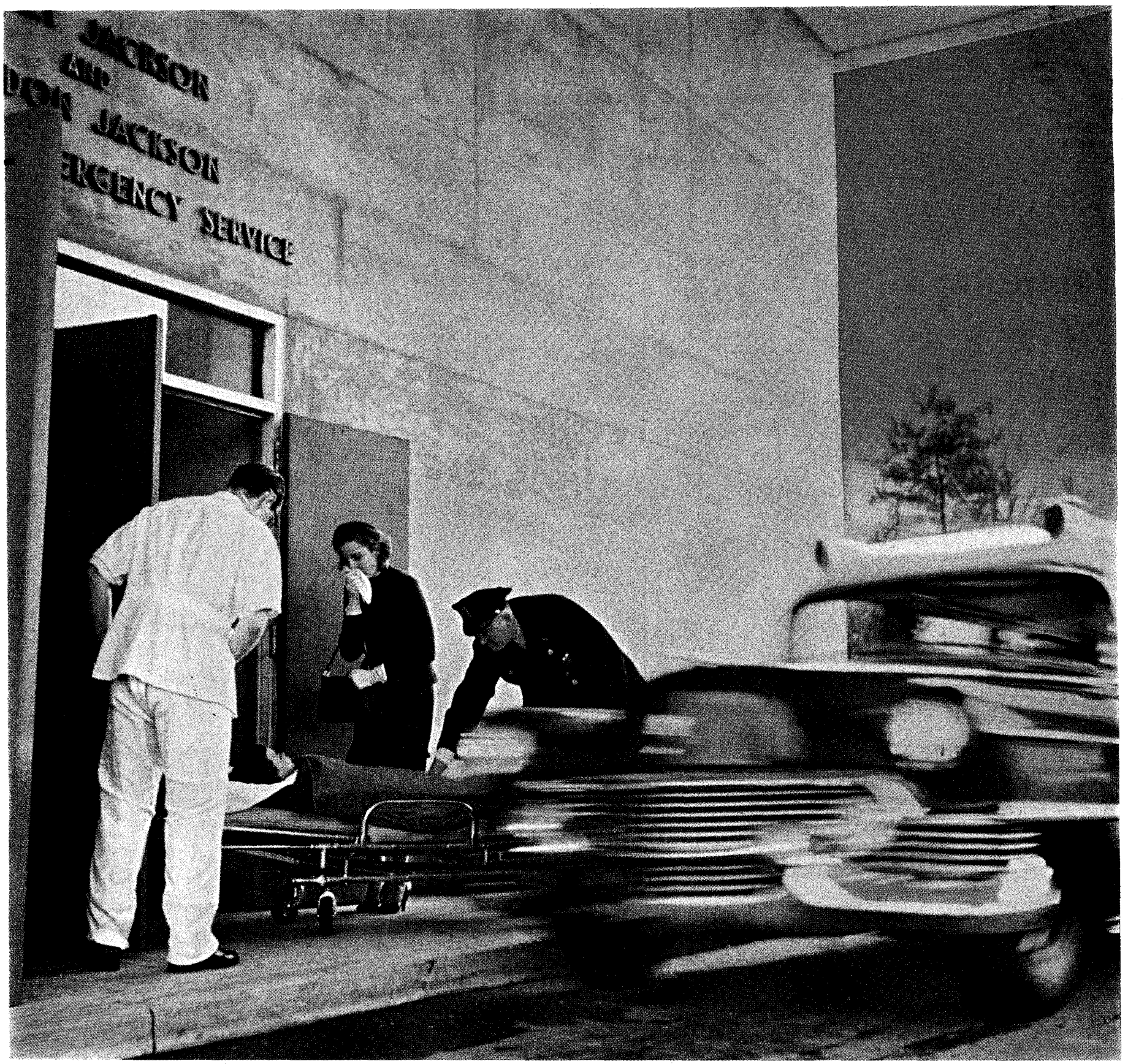

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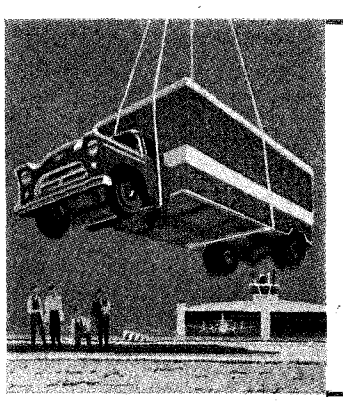

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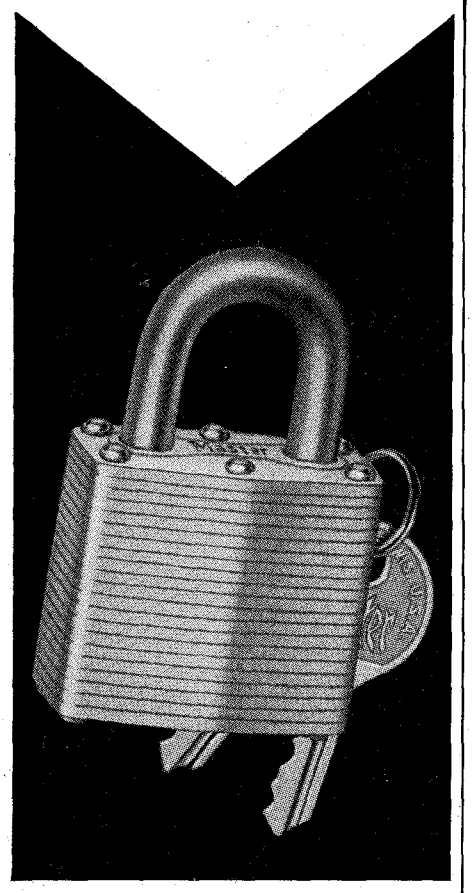

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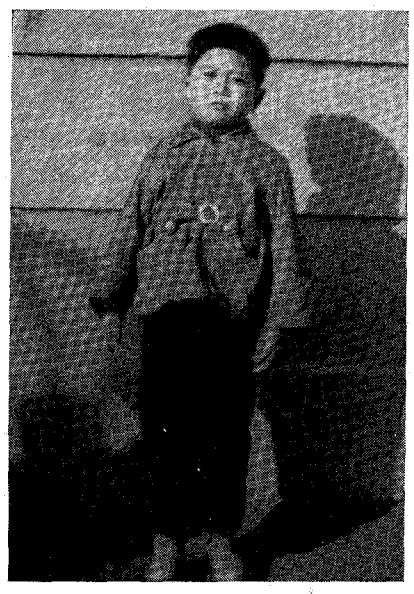
Through Horror to Freedom

This is Kim Kwang Hung, of Korea, a foster son of serialist Alan Le May of page 43. The author presents this recent photo as a follow-up on his touching story about Korean War waifs in the Post of last December eighth. Hung's father was slain by the North Korean Reds, after which his mother and her three children made their way through horrible experiences to freedom in the south. Now the mother makes a few cents a day as a seamstress in Pusan, where hundreds apply for every job. Mr. and Mrs. Le May, who live in California, are fostering three war waifs in various parts of the world, which, by the way, anyone can do for about $15 a month per child through Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc., 43 West 61st Street, New York City.



Kim Kwang Hung.

Ballplayers' Haven

Milton and Arthur Richman.

When the brothers Richman told Don Larsen they were going to write him up (page 25), the Yankees' perfect-game pitcher said, "What a cinch—I won't have to say a word. Considering how I practically live with you, if you don't know all about me now, you never will." Milton and Arthur Richman, both bachelors to date, live in the Bronx a pop fly's distance from Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds; and Larsen splits his time between his nearby hotel room and the Richman rooms—"Mom Richman," says one of her sons, "has looked after him as if he were one of her own sons." Indeed, many other ballplayers drop in at all hours; it's a sort of Mom Richman Baseball Salon.

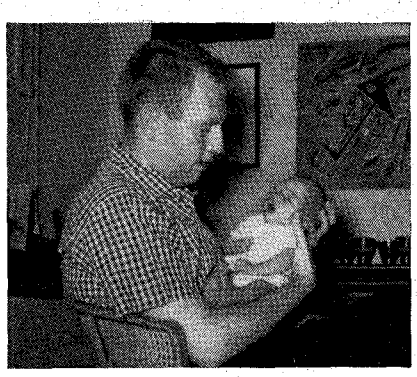
Milton Richman, a United Press man for a dozen years, had himself a minor-league career. "He was a dandy infielder, but couldn't hit worth a nickel," says Arthur, who can be objective about his brother. As for Arthur, he joined the New York Daily Mirror fifteen years ago while he was still attending Brooklyn College, and presently the dean of students told him, "Young man, regarding your class cuts, you may now choose between book learning and sports writing." Richman said, "Good-by, dean," and that was that.

The Progress of a Nice Idea

In 1952 some Detroit citizens organized what they called The Hundred Club, setting up a fund for widows of policemen and firemen who die in the line of duty. From this fund the club provides cash to cover temporary needs; later, the widows' debts or mortgages are paid up. Those kindly Detroiters started something very heart-warming on a local scale; and later, when Associate Editor Arthur Baum described the club in the Post (THE BLUECOATS' BEST FRIEND, April 7, 1956), he started the same warmth on a national scale.

After the Post came out, Bill Packer, president of the Detroit group, was astonished—and delighted—to find his club facing the extra job of answering appeals for guidance in launching similar clubs all over the country. Cleveland organized second—they called themselves Bluecoats, Inc., after the Baum story title, and then they quickly eased the sorrow of two widows, one of them, with her children, left almost penniless. Then came Memphis; Orlando, Florida; Lima, Ohio; and Bridgeport, which city is now evolving a club to cover the whole state of Connecticut. Meanwhile, twenty-five other cities are organizing, and new pleas for advice keep rolling Detroitward. That's pleasing, isn't it?

How to Subdue a Hobby



Meet Robert and Patrick Nelson.

For three years Robert J. Nelson has pursued the hobby of assembling a hi-fi system for his home. He has forty-two catalogues of parts which he pleasantly studies evenings; at Christmastime he gives his wife records to play on their set if he ever buys and assembles the parts, and meantime they both enjoy listening to the hi-fi sets of their neighbors. The neighbors built theirs during the past three years because Nelson got them interested in his hobby. In other ways Bob Nelson also uses his head. He is a reporter on the Peoria, Illinois, Journal Star, and not long ago he got a Western Union telegram all decorated with orchids—*re* the sale of his first Post story, page 24.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Licked My Jinx"

After 16 frustrating years on the pro golf circuit, this ex-boy-wonder finally copped the two big tournaments. Jack Burke tells you why he almost became a has-been in his twenties.

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